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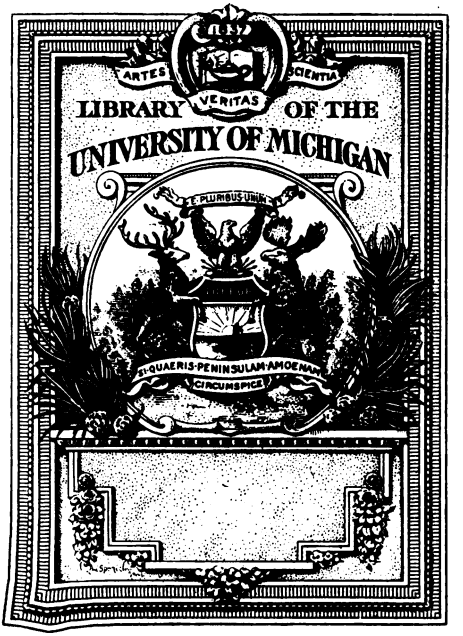
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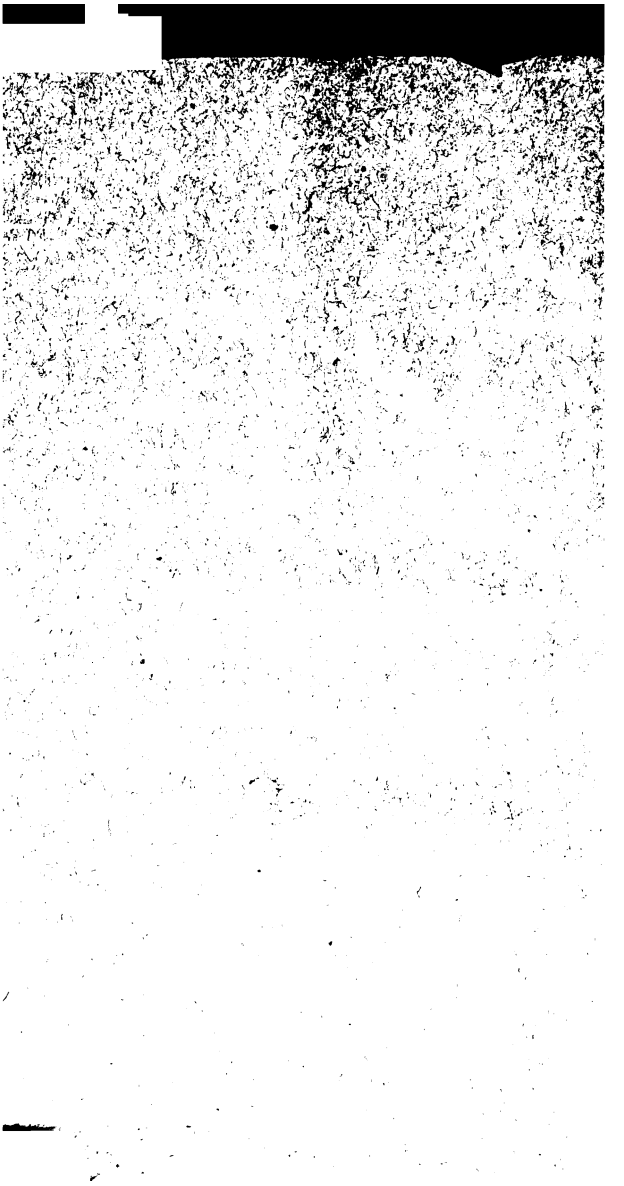

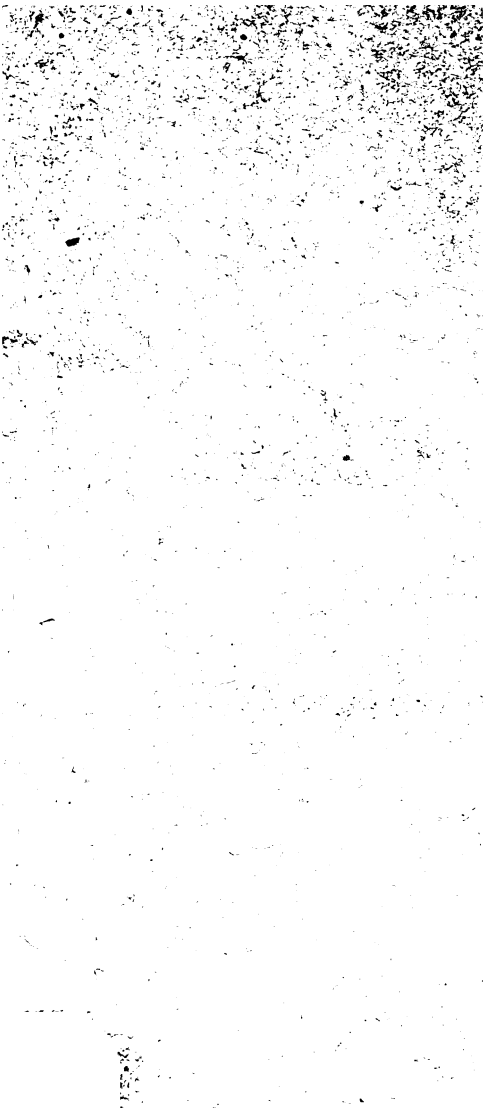

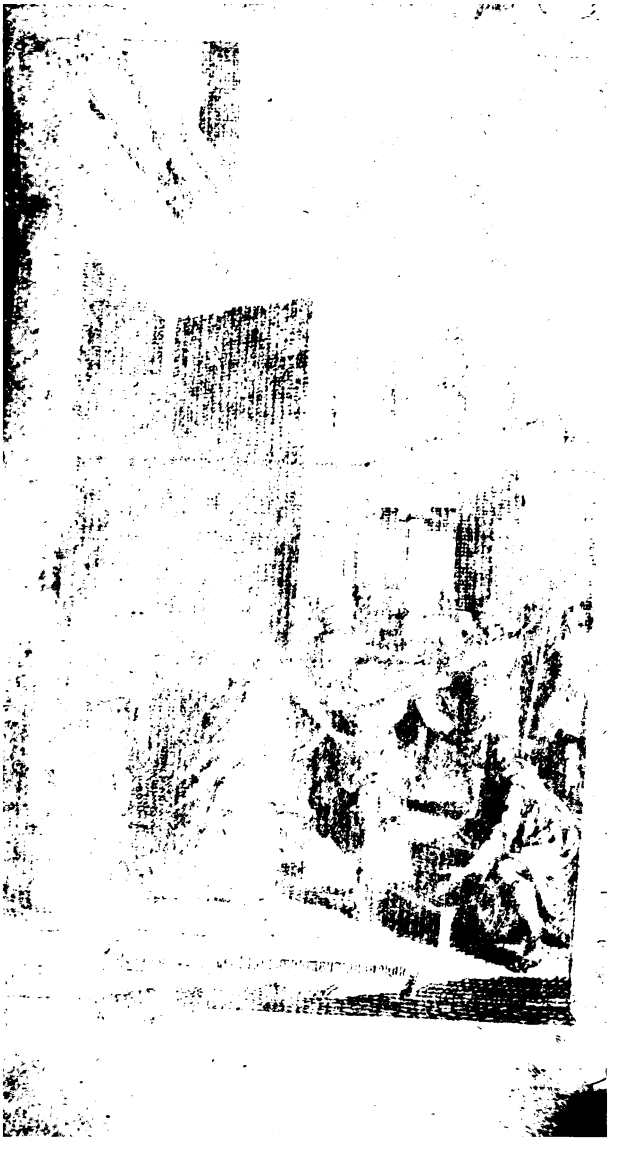

Lud. Du Guernier inv.

PLAUTUS's COMEDIES,

Wil. Stanley

AMPHITRYON, EPIDICUS, and [illegible]UDENS,

Made Engliſh:

WITH

Remarks upon each Play.

LAURENCE ECHARD M. A.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

———Non ego paucis
[illegible]ndar maculis: quas aut incuria fudit,
[illegible] humana parùm cavit natura:———
Hor. Art. Poet.

LONDON:

[illegible]ted for TIMOTHY CHILD at the White-Hart in St. Paul's Church-yard, and WILLIAM TAYLOR [illegible] the Ship in Pater-noſter-Row. M.DCC.XVI.

TO

ir *Charles Sedley* Bar.

SIR,

THE Tranſlation of the old *Dramatick* Poetry being as yet in its Infancy, requires the indulgent Patronage of ſome Eminent Perſon, whoſe *Wit* and *Judgment* intitle him to a ight of Saving or Condemning it; but eſpecially one whoſe own *Performance* has abundantly convinc'd the World that it may be done, and that better by us than our Neighbours.

SIR, Were it not too great a Treſpaſs upon your Modeſty, I wou'd inſiſt upon the Eaſineſs of the Stile, the

Politeneſs of the *Expreſſions*, and the Delicacy of the *Turns* in your *Bellamira*, even in thoſe parts of it which are purely *Tranſlation*.

The Conſideration of theſe and many other *Accompliſhments*, makes me fear this mean Performance will ſcarce merit the Pardon, much leſs the Protection of ſo compleat a Patron: But however ſhou'd ſuch a one be pleas'd to accept of this *Trifle*, mean as it is, it will undoubtedly be an Encouragement for greater Wits and abler Pens to proceed in the ſame *Deſign*, to the Improvement of our Language, and the Honour of our Country. And this is the utmoſt and only *Aim* of,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

LAURENCE ECHARD.

THE PREFACE.

THIS *Nation's Excellencies in* Dramatick Poetry *have been ſo extraordinary, and our Performance both in* Tragedy *and* Comedy *have diſcover'd ſuch ſtrange* Genius's, *that we have ſome reaſon to believe, we have not only ſurpaſs'd our Neighbours the Moderns, but likewiſe have excel'd our Maſters the Antients. But the want of Knowledg of the Antients has been one great Reaſon for our ſetting our ſelves ſo very much above 'em; for tho we have many Beauties which they wanted, yet it muſt be own'd, that they have more which we have not, except it may be ſome very few of our Pieces. But then their Excellencies are far leſs known to us than ours: for the common People are unacquainted with their Languages; and the more learned Sort, for want of due Obſervance and Penetration, have been ignorant enough of their* eſſential *Beauties; they, for the moſt part, contenting themſelves with conſidering the* ſuperficial *ones, ſuch as the* Stile, Language, Expreſſion, *and the like, without taking much notice of the Contrivance and Management of the* Plots, Characters, *&c.*

But a conſiderable Diſcovery of theſe Excellencies has been made by means of a late Verſion of Terence, *eſpecially by the Help of the* Preface *and* Remarks: *And this has made me hope, that two or three Plays of* Plautus's *cou'd not be very unacceptable after them; and ſince the principal Fault of the* Remarks *in that Verſion was their being too ſhort, I have made theſe ſomewhat longer and clearer, hoping they will prove the principal Means of recommending this Book to the World, even tho the Tranſlation had been brought to the utmoſt Perfection it was capable of: a thing which I dare never pretend to. I made choice of the ſame three which Madam* Dacier *had done before me; thoſe being, in many reſpects, fitter for my purpoſe. But before I come to Particulars in theſe things, I ſhall give ſome Character and Account of my Author.*

Plautus, *if conſider'd as a* Dramatick Poet, *may juſtly enough be ſtil'd the Prince of the* Latin Comedians; *for tho moſt of 'em are loſt, and conſequently little capable of being judg'd of, yet, from all Circumſtances, we have good reaſon to preſume that they never came up to* Plautus; *ſo that there is no one to ſtand in competition with him but* Terence: *But if* Comedy *conſiſts more in* Action *than* Diſcourſe, *then* Terence *himſelf muſt be oblig'd to give place to our Author; and as* Terence *ought to be eſteem'd as a Man who ſpoke admirably,* Plautus *is to be admir'd as a* Comick Poet. *The principal Differences of theſe two Poets have been touch'd upon in the Preface to the* Engliſh Terence; *and from thence it will appear, that* Plautus *had the vaſter* Genius, *and* Terence *the more exquiſite Judgment: and, conſidering what Perſons they copy'd, as the latter was call'd the* Half Menander, *ſo the former may be ſtil'd the* Half Ariſtophanes.

Terence's *Stile was generally more refin'd and pure, and withal more elaborate than this Poet's; yet undoubtedly,* Plautus *was a moſt abſolute Maſter of his Tongue, and in many places there appear ſuch a Sharpneſs and Livelineſs of Expreſſion, nay and ſuch a Neatneſs and Politeneſs too, that is ſcarce to be found in* Terence: *and this perhaps may have occaſion'd* Varro *to ſay,* That if the Mu-

ſes

ſes were to ſpeak *Latin*, they wou'd certainly make uſe of his very Stile; *and* Tanaquill Faber *to call* Plautus, The very Fountain of pure *Latin*. *As to* Wit *and* Raillery, Terence *might by no means be compar'd to him*; *then he is not always ſo happy, but often degenerates to a Meanneſs that* Terence *wou'd never have been guilty of: and tho his* Jeſts *and* Repartees *were ſometimes admirable, and often far above* Terence's, *yet they were many times as much below him, and by their trifling and quibbling, appear to have been calculated for the Mob. This probably made* Rapin *obſerve*, That he ſays the beſt things in the World, and yet very often he ſays the moſt wretched. *A little before he ſays, Plautus* is ingenious in his Deſigns, happy in his Imaginations, fruitful in his Invention; yet, that there are ſome inſipid Jeſts that eſcape from him in the Taſte of *Horace*; and his good Sayings, that make the People laugh, make ſometimes the honeſter ſort to pity him. *The moſt remarkable thing in his Stile, is the natural and unaffected* Eaſineſs *of it, I mean in oppoſition to* Stiffneſs; *which, with the true* Elegance *and* Propriety *of the* Latin *Tongue in* common Diſcourſe, *ſeems almoſt its diſtinguiſhing Character, and ſets him above any other* Roman *Author in that reſpect. 'Tis true,* Terence *has all theſe Excellencies, and perhaps is more exact in* Propriety of Terms, *and in his Choice of* Words; *yet his extreme Cloſeneſs, and great Elaborateneſs, I preſume, has made it ſomewhat leſs free and familiar, or at leaſt it wou'd be ſo if any other Man of leſs Judgment had manag'd it. So that what I mean is, that* Plautus's *Stile ought rather to be imitated for* common Diſcourſe *than* Terence's. Plautus *had the Misfortune of living in a worſer Age than* Terence, *therefore there muſt be a larger Allowance for his* Obſolete Words, *his* Puns, *and* Quibbles, *as well as thoſe Words that were peculiar to the Theatre and his Subjects, which, if once tranſplanted, wou'd never thrive elſewhere.*

Next may be conſider'd our Author's Characters; *and in that point indeed* Terence *triumphs without a Rival, as was obſerv'd in the* Preface *to that Author*; and *for a juſt and cloſe Obſervance of* Nature, perhaps no Man

living ever excel'd him. It ought to be obſerv'd, that Plautus *was ſomewhat poor, and made it his principal Aim to pleaſe and tickle the common People: and ſince they were almoſt always delighted with ſomething new, ſtrange, and unuſual, the better to humour them, he was not only frequently extravagant in his* Expreſſions, *but likewiſe in his* Characters *too, and drew Men often more vitious, more covetous, more fooliſh,* &c. *than generally they were; and this to ſet the People a gazing and wondring. With theſe ſort of* Characters *many of our modern* Comedies *abound, which makes 'em too much degenerate into* Farce, *which ſeldom fail of pleaſing the Mob. But our Author had not many of theſe; for a great part of 'em were very true and natural, and ſuch as may ſtand the Teſt of the ſevereſt Judges. His two moſt remarkable* Characters *are his* Miſer, *and his* Braggadocio: *and that the Reader may the more clearly underſtand the Nature of theſe* Characters, *their Reſemblance to ſome of ours, and their Unlikeneſs to thoſe of* Terence, *I ſhall give a Tranſlation of ſome part of 'em. Firſt then, take the firſt Act of his third Comedy call'd* Aulularia, *which begins with the old covetous Fellow and his Maid.*

Euclio *and* Staphila.

Euc. Out-a-doors, I ſay; Come out. I'll fetch ye out with a Horſe-pox, for a damnable, prying, nine-ey'd Witch.

Sta. Why do you miſuſe a poor Rogue at this rate?

Euc. To make ye a poor Rogue as long as you live, like a Jade as you are.

Sta. But why, Sir, am I thruſt out-a-doors now?

Euc. Muſt I give you an account, you hempen Bitch?---- Get you from the Door: ——that way: ——See how the Jade moves. —— Obſerve what you'll meet with. If I take a good Cudgel, or a Whip, 'ſbud, I ſhall ſoon put you out of your Snail's Pace.

Sta. ſoftly. Wou'd I were hang'd out of the way, rather than be bound to ſerve ſuch an old Rogue.

Euc. How the Jipſy mutters to her ſelf! ——Faith, *I ſhall ſpoil thoſe* damn'd Eyes, then look what I'm doing,

If

if you can.——Huzzy, go further off:——Further ſtill:——Further ſtill:——Still, I ſay.——So! ſtand there.——Now, you Baggage, ſtir one ſtep, move a hair's breadth, or look back in the leaſt till I ſpeak, and by Cocks-nowns, I'll hang ye up in an inſtant.——[*To himſelf going off.*] I ne'er met with a more ſubtle old Hag than this in my days: I'm curſedly afraid this Witch ſhou'd trap me in my Diſcourſe, and diſcover the Place where I've hid my Gold: Troth, I believe the conſuming Jade has Eyes in her Breech.——Now for my Gold, that has coſt me ſuch a woful deal of Trouble, I'll go ſee whether that be ſafe as I hid it.

[*Exit* Euclio.

Staphila *alone.*

As I live, I can't deviſe or imagine what evil Genius or Madneſs has poſſeſs'd my Maſter; he uſes me ſo inhumanely, and kicks me out-a-doors ten times a day. Troth, it puzzles me ſtrangely to find out the Meaning of his crazy Whims: He watches whole Nights together, and ſits all day long within doors, like a lame Cobler upon his Stall.——Well, conſidering theſe Plagues, and the Difficulty of concealing my young Miſtreſs's Labour, now at hand, I find no way but making a ſhort cut, and hanging my ſelf.

Re-enter Euclio.

Euc. Now I've found all well within doors, my Mind's a little at eaſe.——Now come in, and keep Houſe.

Sta. What, for fear it ſhou'd be ſtolen away? There's no Plunder for Thieves; there's nothing but Emptineſs and Cobwebs.

Euc. I'll warrant ye, I muſt keep a Houſe like an Emperor for your ſake, you old Sorcereſs? Huzzy, I'll have every Cobweb taken care of, and preſerv'd. I'm very poor, I confeſs; but I patiently bear what the Gods lay upon me.——Get ye in, and make faſt the door; I'll be back preſently. Take a ſpecial care you don't let e'er a Soul come within the doors; and that they might not pretend an Excuſe to borrow Fire, I'll have ye put it all out: If there be any now, out with it in an inſtant. If they want *Water*, tell 'em the Pump is dry; if they wou'd bor-

row

row a Knife, an Ax, a Mortar, or a Peſtle, as Neighbours us'd to do, tell 'em the Houſe is robb'd, and they are all ſtolen. 'Sbud, I'll have no body ſet a ſtep within my Houſe when I'm gone; therefore if *Good-luck* her ſelf ſhou'd come, I charge ye keep her out.

Sta. Troth, you need not fear her coming; for were ſhe at the Threſhold, ſhe'd ne'er come in.

Euc. Hold your prating Tongue, and get ye in.

Sta. To pleaſe you, I'll do both.

Euc. And be ſure you ſecure the Door with two great Bolts: I'll be here inſtantly.

[*Exit* Staphila.

Euclio *alone.*

O! I'm wretchedly perplex'd that I'm forc'd to go out a-doors now; and troth, it goes ſore againſt my Mind; however, 'tis upon ſure Grounds: For now's the time for our Officer to diſtribute the Mony to the Poor. Now if I ſhou'd be negligent, and not be among the Beggars, I'm afraid the World wou'd preſently conclude, that I had got Gold at home. For 'tis not likely ſuch a poor Fellow as I pretend to be, ſhou'd ſo little value Mony, as not to be there. Notwithſtanding my reſtleſs Care of concealing this Gold, it ſtrangely runs in my Head, that all the World knows of it, and every body ſeems to be more obliging, and to compliment me more than ever. They meet me, ſtay me, embrace me, enquire after my Health, my Welfare, and every thing.——Well, I'll go, and be back again as ſoon as poſſibly. [*Exit.*

Here we ſee a conſiderable deal of the ſtrange Nature of this old miſerable Fellow; and this Character *he has carry'd thro the whole Play: But to ſee his Humour a little more perfectly, take part of the fourth Scene of the ſecond Act; where the Servant* Strobulus *and the two Cooks are diſcourſing about this Miſer*

Strobulus *and* Congrio.

Stro. A Pumice-Stone is not half ſo dry as that old *Huncks.*

Con. Say ye ſo, in troth?

Stro.

Stro. Take this from me. If the leaſt Smoak ſhou'd chance to fly out of his Houſe, he ſtrait alarms the Town, exclaims againſt Heaven and Earth, that he's undone, and ruin'd for ever!——I'll tell ye: whene'er he goes to bed, he ties a Bladder at his Noſe.

Con. What for?

Stro. For fear of loſing part of his Soul when he's aſleep.

Con. And does not he plug up his lower Bung-hole too, leſt any ſhou'd ſteal out that way?

Stro. 'Tis civil to believe me, ſince I do you.

Con. Why, truly, I do believe ye.

Stro. Did you never hear, how it goes to the Soul of him to pour out the Water he has once waſh'd his Hands in?

Con. Doſt think, Boy, we ſhall be able to ſqueeze out a ſwinging Sum of Mony of this old Gripes, to purchaſe our Freedom with?

Stro. Troth, ſhou'd ye beg Hunger it ſelf of him, the Wretch wou'd deny ye. Nay more; whenever he gets his Nails to be cut, he carefully ſcrapes up all the Parings, and ſaves 'em.

Con. Why, Faith, this is the moſt miſerable Cur upon the Face of the Earth.——But is he really ſuch a pinching Wretch as you ſay?

Stro. Why t'other day a Kite chanc'd to ſteal a bit of ſomething from him; this poor Devil goes ſtrait to my *Lord Chief Juſtice's*, crying, roaring, and howling for his Warrant to apprehend it.——O! I cou'd tell ye a thouſand of theſe Stories, if I had leiſure.

This is ſtretching of a Character *a degree above Nature and Probability: yet theſe ſort, at firſt ſight, will glare and dazzle a common Audience, and ſometimes give a ſuperficial Pleaſure to a more judicious one; but are carefully to be avoided by any correct Writer.*

His Miles Glorioſus, *or* Braggadocio, *is as remarkable a* Character *as this; and there* you may ſee another too in *the ſame place, one who wheedles as much as the other boaſts, and plays the Knave as much as the other does t*

Fool. For the Reader's Satisfaction, here follows a lation of the firſt Act of the Miles Glorioſus, *which between that Blockhead and his Buffoon.*

Pyrgopolinices, *with his Servant* Artotrogus, *an Soldiers.*

Pyr. to his Soldiers.] Take care to have my l out-ſhine the reſplendent Sun, when the Heavens rene; ſo that in the midſt of the Battle I may da Eyes of my Enemies, and confound every Man o ——In the mean time, I'll comfort my bold *Bill* he might not be dull and melancholy for want of a long time; for the poor Rogue is damnably eager all my Foes, and make a Haſh of 'em.——But v *Artotrogus?*

Art. Here, an't like your Honour, ready to wait a Man of the greateſt Fortitude and Fortune in th verſe, and of the moſt Majeſtick Air; then for pe Valour, Lord *Mars* himſelf dare not pretend to m Swords with you.

Pyr. You mean him in the ſpacious *Gurguſtia* Plains, the mighty Generaliſſimo, *Bombomachides--C ſtaridy--Sarchides*, great *Neptune*'s Grand-child?——

Art. ——The ſame, Sir. Him with the Gold mour, whoſe whole Army you blew away with a Puff, like Leaves before the Wind, and Feathers Storm.

Pyr. By *Hercules*, 'twas nothing.

Art. No, Faith, Sir, nothing at all to what I ca late——[*Aſide*] but the Devil a bit of Truth's If any Man can ſhew me a greater Lyar, or a more ging Coxcomb than this Blunderbuſs, he ſhall take make me his Slave, and ſtarve me with Whey and B milk——Well, Sir?

Pyr. Where are you?

Art. Here, Sir:——Wonderful! how you t the great *Indian* Elephant's Arm with your ſingle Fiſt?

Pyr. What Arm?

Art. I wou'd have ſaid Thigh.

Pyr. Pſhaw, I did that with eaſe.

Art. By *Jove*, Sir, had you us'd your full Strength, you wou'd have flay'd, gutted, and bon'd the huge Beaſt at once.

Pyr. I wou'd not have ye relate all my Acts at this time.

Art. Really, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to enumerate all your noble Acts that I have been Spectator of.——[*Aſide.*] 'Tis this Belly of mine creates me all theſe Plagues. My Ears muſt bear this Burden, for fear my Teeth ſhou'd want Work; and to every Lye he tells, I muſt ſwear to.

Pyr. What was I going to ſay?——

Art. O! Sir, I know your Meaning.——'Twas a noble Exploit; I remember it very well.

Pyr. What was it?

Art. Whatever you perform'd, was ſo.

Pyr. Have ye a Table-Book here?

Art. Do ye want one, Sir?——Here's a Pencil too.

Pyr. Thou haſt ingeniouſly accommodated thy Sentiments to mine.

Art. O! 'tis my Duty to adapt my Manners to your Nod, and always keep 'em within the Compaſs of your Commands.

Pyr. Well, how many can you remember?

Art. I remember a hundred and fifty *Ciliciani*, a hundred *Sycolatronideans*, thirty *Sardeans*, and threeſcore *Macedonians*, you ſlew in one day.

Pyr. And how many are there in all?

Art. Seven Thouſand.

Pyr. That's right. You are an excellent Arithmetician.

Art. I have 'em *in capite*, tho not in black and white.

Pyr. Truly, a prodigious Memory!

Art. That's owing to your Table.

Pyr. As long as you proclaim my Honour, you ſhall never want eating: my Table ſhall be always free to receive ye.

Art. Then in *Cappadocia*, Sir, where you wou'd have certainly cut off five hundred Men, had not your Sword been a little blunt; and thoſe but the Relicks of the Infantry you had juſt defeated—[*Aſide*] if there were any ſuch in being.——*But* why ſhou'd I mention theſe things, when the

the whole World knows how much the mighty *Pyrgopolinices* excels the reſt of Mortals in Valour, Beauty, and renown'd Exploits? All the Ladies in Town are ready to run mad for ye; troth, and all the Reaſon in the World for it, ſince you have ſo charming a Countenance. As yeſterday, ſome of 'em catch'd me by the Cloak, and——

Pyr. Prithee, what did they ſay of me? [*Smiling.*

Art. They fell to queſtioning; *Prithee*, ſays one, *is not this the ſtout* Achilles? *His Brother indeed*, quoth I. *Let me die*, ſays another, *if he be not a wonderful handſom Man; how nobly he looks, and how gracefully he wears his Hair! What a prodigious Happineſs 'tis to be his Bed-Fellow!*

Pyr. Said ſhe ſo, i' faith? [*Laughing.*

Art. And more than that, begg'd of me, for God's ſake, to get ye to paſs that way, that they might ſee how triumphantly you march'd along.

Pyr. This ſame extraordinary Beauty brings a Man to extraordinary Inconveniencies.

Art. Well, ſtrangely importunate they were, they nothing but begg'd, pray'd, and conjur'd me to bleſs 'em with a ſight of ye; nay, they ſent for me ſo often, that I was ſometimes forc'd to neglect your Buſ'neſs.

Pyr. I think 'tis high time to be marching to the Piazza and pay off the Soldiers I liſted yeſterday; for the King was very earneſt with me to do him the favour of raiſing him ſome new Levies. This day have I appointed to pay him a Viſit.

Art. Let's be marching then.

Pyr. Guards, follow your Leader. [*Exeunt omnes.*

I need not make many Reflections upon this Scene; but for the clearer perceiving of it, let us bring it to the Touch-ſtone of Nature, that is, compare it with Terence, *and ſhew how modeſtly he has manag'd the ſame* Subject *in* Characters, *to wit, his* Thraſo *and* Gnatho, *in the beginning of the third Act of his* Eunuch.

The

Thraſo *and* Gnatho.

Was the Lady ſo extremely thankful?

O! vaſtly, Sir.

And wonderfully pleas'd, ſay ye?

Really, Sir, not ſo much for the Preſent, as the ble Perſon who beſtow'd it; and for that, Sir, ſhe above meaſure.

Truly, 'tis my peculiar Fortune to have every lo moſt gratefully receiv'd.

Faith, Sir, I've obſerv'd as much.

Why, the King of *Perſia*, whenever I did him a s, was extremely ſenſible of it: He was not ſo to

A ſmart Tongue, ſo well hung as yours, Sir, can hat Glory with Eaſe, which coſt others ſo much d Labour.

Right!

The Monarch has you in his Eye then?

Right again!

And wears you next his Heart?

Very true: And truſts all his Army and Secrets to retion.

Prodigious!

Then if he happen'd to be tir'd with Company, 'd with Buſineſs, and was deſirous of Eaſe, ——— ——you know what I mean.

Yes, Sir: ——As tho, when he had a mind to Stomach, as a Man may ſay, of all Concerns.——

Right: Then was I his only Companion hand

Ay marry, Sir! This is a Monarch indeed.

Oh! he is a Man of a thouſand.

Yes, one of a million, if he choſe you for his ion.

All the Officers envy'd me, and grumbled at me ny back; but I valu'd it not: They envy'd me ly; but above all, one who had the Charge of *Indian* Elephants. One day this Fellow, being rbulent than the reſt, I ſnap'd him up; Prithee

Strato,

Strato, ſaid I, *why art thou ſo fierce? Is it becauſe thou are Lord of the wild Beaſts?*

Gna. Neatly ſaid, as I hope to live; and ſhrewdly. Bleſs me! you overthrow Man and Beaſt.—— ſaid he, Sir?

Thra. Not a word.

Gna. Nay, I can't tell how he ſhou'd.

Thra. But, *Gnatho*, did I never tell you how ſhar[p] was upon a young *Rhodian* Spark at a Feaſt?

Gna. Never, Sir; let's hear it, by all means —— has told it me a thouſand times. [*Aſide.*

Thra. Why this *Rhodian* Spark I told ye of, was wit[h] me at a Feaſt, where I happen'd to have a ſmall Girl This Stripling began to be ſweet upon her, and waggiſ[h] upon me too. *How now, you impudent Saucebox*, ſai[d] I; *you are Man's Meat your ſelf, and yet have a min[d] to a Tid-bit.*

Gna. Ha, ha, he.

Thra. What's the matter, hah?

Gna. Very fine, ſharp, and delicate; that cou'd not be mended. But pray, Sir, was this your own? I took it for an old Jeſt.

Thra. Did you ever hear it before?

Gna. Often, Sir; and it takes to a Miracle.

Thra. They are oblig'd to me for it.

Gna. I'm ſorry, tho you were ſo ſharp upon the fooliſh young Gentleman. But pray, Sir, what did he ſay then?

Thra. He was quite daſh'd out of Countenance; and the whole Company ready to die with laughing. After that, every body ſtood in great Awe of me.

Gna. And truly they had reaſon.

Here may be ſeen Bragging *and* Wheedling *ſufficiently, but ſtill Nature cloſely obſerv'd, and all its due Proportions; whereas the other has too much out-gone Probability, and ſtrain'd his* Characters *to an extravagant pitch. I ſhall not criticize upon the Particulars, but leave the Reader to judg their Differences; but only I may obſerve, that when* Characters *are carry'd too high, as many of ours are, they may probably make an* Audience laugh very heartily,

[illegible]tily, but can give 'em but small Pleasure; whereas others will give 'em great Delight, tho less Laughter.

I am afraid I have dwelt too long upon this Subject, therefore I pass on to our Author's Plots. *In that respect, he had not often that* Art *and* Management *that* Terence *had, nor in all his Plays was so* regular *as he; tho in several he was, particularly in those I have chosen. But then his Scenes were commonly less languishing, his* Incidents *more surprizing, and his* Surprizes *more admirable; undoubtedly he had more of the* Vis comica, *which I may translate* Liveliness of Intrigue, *than* Terence. *His* Subjects *were all more* Simple *than the other's, but I am apt to believe, that will be reckon'd but a very small Commendation in our Nation, who are but little Lovers of such thin Dyet, as they call it. His* Narrations *are more lively and sharp than those of* Terence's, *and, I think every whit as natural and as well brought in: I'm sure in some of 'em he can never be out-done as to his Way of bringing of 'em in. As for the general Rules of the Stage, I refer the Reader to the Preface to* Terence.

Our Author's principal Fault was, his mixing the Representation *with the* Theatral Action *in many Places, where he often makes his Actors speak immediately and directly to the Spectators; a Fault that* Terence *was not wholly free from. This our modern Plays, I think, are never guilty of; only in our* Monologues *and* Asides, *our Actors have got a Custom of looking so full upon the Spectators, that it seems but one Degree better. But our Author is not guilty of this in these three Plays, except in* Amphitryon, *and that by way of* Prologue, *nor of any other Faults but what, I believe, I have shewn in my* Remarks. *And these that I have here chosen, are no ways inferior to* Terence's *in Matters of* Plot *and* Intrigue, *but in some respects superior, tho not so elaborately wrought up, or always with that Niceness; so that these may undoubtedly prove excellent Models for our Poets Imitation; provided they observe Differences of Tastes, Humours, Ages, and Persons, and keep to those principal Beauties they already possess, some of which are undoubtedly above the Antients.* Only Terence will teach

'em

'em one thing that Plautus *does not, to wit, Cunning of working in* Under-Plots, *and ſtill the* Unity of Action; *for* Plautus *has none of for the Neceſſity of Rules, the Objections againſt 'e wonderful Perfection our Plays might arrive t cloſe Obſervance of 'em; I muſt once more refer to the Preface to* Terence. *It was principall Poets Account, and for all ſuch as are deſirou ſtanding and judging the Excellencies of Drama that I tranſlated theſe Plays. If it be objecte Poets, Criticks, and Lovers, as well as Judg matick Poetry, do moſt of 'em underſtand th I muſt deny the Truth of it, tho ſeveral of 'e if they did, theſe will be much more proper fo ſign, eſpecially by means of the* Notes *and* Ren *the Reaſons I urg'd for the Tranſlation of* Te *a greater Force in this Author, for here is a ſcurity, by reaſon of corrupted Copies, wrong P Diviſions of whole* Acts *as well as* Scenes, *beſid Number of knotty and obſcure Paſſages, than in*

Tho' this was my principal, it was not n ſign of tranſlating this Author, for I had a an Eye to School-boys, and Learners of the Lat *Therefore, upon that account, I have not only l ly cloſe to his Scene, but almoſt always to his a thing not only extreme difficult in an Auth quently verboſe, but oftentimes dangerous too an Inſtance, I need not go any further, that firſt Sentence of the* Prologue *to* Amphitryon, *had made ſhorter, I could have made better. bear mentioning a Paſſage in the third Act o Play, which juſt now comes to my remembran*

Nam certo ſi ſis ſanus, aut ſapias ſatis,
Quam tu impudicam eſſe arbitrare, & pra
Cum ea tu ſermonem nec joco, nec ſerio
Tibi habeas, niſi ſis ſtultior ſtultiſſimo.

Which I have tranſlated, perhaps, too cl I'm ſure, had ye either Wit, or Diſcretion,

the greateſt Fool in Nature, you'd ne'er hold Diſcourſe, either in Mirth or Earneſt, with the Woman you believe and declare a Strumpet. *I'm confident many other Tranſlators would not have been ſo ſcrupulouſly nice, but have made ſhorter Work of it. But I have not only been ſo ſcrupulous in this Caſe, but I have likewiſe imitated all his Faults and Imperfections, whenever I could do it without extreme Injury to the Tranſlation*; *I ſpeak of his* Puns, Quibbles, Rhymes, Gingles, *and his ſeveral Ways of playing upon Words*; *which indeed were the Faults of his Age, as it was of ours in* Shakeſpear's *and* Johnſon's *Days, and of which* Terence, *as correct as he is, is not perfectly clear. Our Author's playing upon Words is of that various nature, and ſo frequent too, I need not go far for a ſingle Inſtance, which ſhall be in the fore part of the Prologue to* Amphitryon:

Juſtam rem & facilem eſſe oratum à vobis volo.
Nam juſte ab juſtis ſum orator datus.
Nam injuſta ab juſtis impetrare non decet:
Juſta autem ab injuſtis petere inſipientia eſt:
Quippe illi iniqui jus ignorant, neque tenent.

Which I have tranſlated thus: I deſire nothing but what's reaſonable, and feaſible; for 'tis a reaſonable God requires Reaſon from a reaſonable People: but to require Roguery from reaſonable People, is baſe; and to expect Reaſon from Raſcals, is Nonſenſe; ſince ſuch People neither know Reaſon nor obſerve it. *Our Author's Wit did many times conſiſt in his playing upon Words*; *a great Pity indeed, for a Perſon who was ſo well able to write after a more ſubſtantial way, of which we have many remarkable Inſtances. Beſides his* Quibbling, *partly from his Careleſneſs and Neceſſities, he hath ſometimes a Vein of* Trifling, *which was but very indifferent*; *and on thoſe Places the Reader muſt make ſome allowance for the Tranſlation, and not expect more than the* Matter will well *bear. As for our Author's* Jeſts and Repartees, for what *we know of 'em, I took a particular care in preſerving their Force*; *and for the moſt part, I preſume, I ha*

done it in a great meaſure, ſometimes by a lucky Hit, or a peculiar Happineſs of our Tongue, other times by a little Liberty taken; and when all have fail'd, the Remarks *have generally ſupply'd the Defect, a Way I was forc'd to content my ſelf withal in many Places: the worſe they were, they were frequently more difficult to preſerve, therefore I thought it as well to ſlur over ſome few of the meaner ſort. Several of his* Jeſts *and Bits of* Satire *are undoubtedly loſt to us, not only in reſpect of our Language, but alſo our Knowledg; and this ſometimes makes his* Senſe *a little obſcure. And as the* Senſe *of an Author ought to be his Tranſlator's chiefeſt Care, ſo it has been mine; and tho I cannot affirm, that I have kept to it in every Paſſage, yet I believe I have often done it where a common Reader will think I have not; and I think it no Commendation to my ſelf, to ſay, I have hit it in many Places where the common Interpreters have miſs'd.*

After all, I dare not pretend to ſay, that this Tranſlation equals the Original; for there is ſuch a peculiar Air in this Author, as well as Terence, *that our Tongue ſeems uncapable of, or at leaſt it does ſo to me. Yet ſtill if 'twere always read with the Original, it would make far more for me than otherwiſe. In ſhort, the Reader ought to look upon this as a Tranſlation of an Author who had ſeveral Faults; and in ſuch Places the* Engliſh *muſt of neceſſity appear mean, the Language being little better in the Original it ſelf; and likewiſe as an Author of Antiquity, ſome of whoſe Cuſtoms and Manners will appear a little uncouth and unſightly, in ſpight of all the Tranſlator's Care. I endeavour'd to be as like my Author as I could, eſpecially in that which I reckon his diſtinguiſhing Character, to wit, the natural and unaffected Eaſineſs of his* Stile; *and as this ſeems the moſt capable of Imitation, ſo I believe I have been more ſucceſsful in this Particular than in any other: and that is the main Reaſon I have had ſo many Abbreviations, to make it appear ſtill more like common Diſcourſe, and the uſual Way of ſpeaking. Perhaps I may be thought to have been too bold in that Point, becauſe I have had ſome that are not uſual in Proſe; therefore don't ſet this Way as a* Copy *for any one to follow*

in, nor shall I use it my self in any other Piece. I have all the way divided the Acts *and* Scenes *according to the true Rules of the Stage, which are extreamly false in all the Editions of this Author, especially the* Scenes.

To make this Translation the most useful that I could, I have made Remarks *upon each Play, and those are of two sorts, tho equally intermix'd: The first, to shew the Author's chief Excellencies as to his Contrivance and Management of his* Plots *and* Incidents; *the second, to discover several Beauties of* Stile *and* Wit, *principally such as are not very clear, or cannot well be preserv'd in our Tongue; and those are likewise to vindicate my Translation. Several of these I must own my self oblig'd to Madam* Dacier *for, or at least the Hint, tho some of 'em I could not have miss'd of in the Prosecution of those Designs I aim'd at. I have borrow'd little or nothing from any other; for hers are far the best* Notes *I ever met with, tho many of 'em were done more to shew her Parts and Reading than for any real Use, a thing which I shall never aim at. I have been forc'd in most of 'em to be extreme nice and curious in penetrating into the Bottom of the Author, for I find it far more difficult to discover a Beauty than a Fault. I might have enlarg'd upon 'em, and have made several more, with good Grounds, but I thought it dangerous to say all that cou'd be said; but instead of that, I was forc'd much against my Will, to dash out several of these upon* Amphitryon *upon the account of the Printer, but the rest are more full and compleat.*

If Business would have permitted me, I should have ventur'd upon three more of our Author's Plays; and upon that account, I have taken somewhat less time than was necessary for the translating such an extraordinary difficult Author: for this requires more than double the time of a Historian *or the like, which was as much as I cou'd allow my self. I made choice of these three Plays as well for their* Modesty *as* Regularity; *for above all things I would by no means give the least Encouragement to Lewdness or Obscenity, which grow too fast of them selves: and therefore I thought I cou'd not chuse bet-*

than after a Lady. Amphitryon *had the Name, ever fail'd of a general Approbation;* Epidicus *w Author's Favourite, and truly there is much Art tho it is a little heavy; and* Rudens *is in ſeveral a better Play than any of* Plautus's *or* Terence's *afraid* Amphitryon *will bear the worſe in our Tongu the account of Mr.* Dryden's, *whoſe Improvemen very extraordinary; but conſidering Mr.* Dryden *nagement is of ſuch a different nature, this will as uſeful and as proper for my* Deſign, *or at leaſt to boys and Learners. I muſt do that great Man t tice, in ſaying, that he has not only much impro* Humour, Wit, *and* Deſign *in many Places, but l the* Thoughts. *I'll mention one, which juſt now into my mind.* Alcmena *in the ſecond Act co thus:* How poor and ſhort are this Life's Pleaſ once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? 'Tis Deſtiny, and Heaven's Pleaſure, to mix our Joy bitter Potions; and for ſome few Hours of Satisf we meet with Ages of Ills and Troubles. *Mr.* D *by the help of Blank Verſe, and a little more roo better'd it extreamly.*

> Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too lo
> You fill 'em with Diſeaſes, Wants, and Woes,
> And only daſh 'em with a little Love;
> Sprinkled by Fits, and with a ſparing Hand.
> Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to A
> They would but make a Day of every Year.

And to carry it on further yet, and to make it more fine and clear, he ſays,

> Take back your ſev'nty Years, (the ſtint of Li
> Or elſe be kind, and cram the Quinteſſence
> Of ſev'nty Years into ſweet ſev'nty Days:
> For all the reſt is flat inſipid Being.

I mention this the rather, becauſe it may ſerve Inſtance of what Improvements our modern Poe

made on the Antients, when they built upon their Foundations. For we find that many of the fine things of the Antients are like Seeds, that when planted on Engliſh *Ground by a Poet's skilful Hand, thrive, and produce excellent Fruit.*

But I'm afraid this Preface *has been too long and tedious for this ſmall Piece; but the Preſs ſtays, and the haſte I'm in, will not permit me to make it ſhorter, or ſo much as review it: yet before I conclude, I muſt inform the Reader, that I had the Advantage of another's doing theſe Plays before me; from whoſe Tranſlation I had very conſiderable Helps, eſpecially in the* Jeſts *and* Quibbles.

TO THE
Ingenious TRANSLATOR.

SIR,

YOUR learn'd Remarks and juſt Tranſlation ſhew
Old *Rome*'s Applauſe was to her *Plautus* due:
From *Flaccus*' Cenſure you have ſet him free,
Kindly reverſing the unjuſt Decree.
What *Horace* blam'd, the World by you is taught
T' have been the Age's, not the Author's Fault.
But Oh! how hard the Task that you ſupport,
To make him Entertainment for a Court,
Ev'n where he but deſign'd the Rabble Sport.
From your rich Vein you feed his ſtarving Wit,
And match him where he cannot be out-writ.
To gen'rous Thought you have improv'd what's mean,
And kept the Beauties of each perfect Scene.
Thus, when Mankind ſhall from the Grave ariſe,
To be from Earth tranſplanted to the Skies,
Our frailer Part a happy Change ſhall gain;
The Soul its own immortal Force retain.

N. TATE.

A M-

AMPHITRYON.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Jupiter, *in Love with* Alcmena.
Mercury, *in the Shape of* Socia.
Amphitryon, *General of the* Theban *Forces.*
Blepharon, *Pilot of the Ship.*
Socia, *Servant to* Amphitryon.

WOMEN.

Alcmena, *Wife to* Amphitryon.
Bromia, *Servant to* Alcmena.

MUTES.

Theſſala, *Servant to* Alcmena.
Priſoners, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, Thebes, *and the* Street *before* Amphitryon's *Door.*

TIME, *about Nine Hours, beginning at Two or Three a Clock in the Morning.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by MERCURY in the Shape of SOCIA.

GALLANTS,

S ye ever hope for my Godſhip's Aſſiſtance in your Merchandize, Buyings, Sellings, and all other things; that I make your Buſineſs and Accounts thrive abroad and at home, and well and largely augment your daily Profits for the preſent and future; that I ever bring ye good News for you and your Families, and be the Meſſenger of nothing but the extraordinary Advantage of the Publick (for ye all know how the other Gods have given and granted me the Preference as to News *and* Gain;) *and laſtly, that I confirm all with a perpetual Supply of Riches: I require of ye a favourable Attention, and a juſt and impartial Cenſure on our* Play.

Now, Gentlemen, *I ſhall let ye know* whoſe Orders, *and what Buſineſs brought my* Worſhip hither, as alſo the *Title I bear. By* Jove's Orders I came, Mercury's my Title; *ſent hither by my* Father to beg your Attention: t

he knows he might uſe his abſolute Power, and is ſenſible of the due Fear and Reverence ye have for him; yet ſtill he commands me to uſe nothing but gentle Expreſſions, and obliging Entreaties. For the truth on't is, this Jove, *whoſe Meſſenger I am, is as fearful a Fellow as ſome of you; and no wonder if he be ſo, ſince his Father and Mother were both Mortals. Now I, his own Son, am a little infected with my Father's Cowardice; therefore I'm come in a very civil way to offer ye Peace. I deſire nothing but what's reaſonable and feaſible, for 'tis a reaſonable God requires Reaſon from a reaſonable People: but to require Roguery from reaſonable People, is baſe; and to expect Reaſon from Raſcals, is Nonſenſe; ſince ſuch People neither know Reaſon, nor obſerve it.——Pray,* Gentlemen, *liſten to what I'm to tell ye. Your Wiſhes certainly ought to go along with ours; for my Father and I were always Favourers of you and your Republick. How often, in other Tragedies, have I ſeen the Gods,* Neptune, Vertue, Victory, Mars *and* Bellona, *bragging of thoſe Favours to ye, which my Father, the King of Heaven, has been the prime Founder of? But 'tis not my Father's way, to hit grateful People in the teeth with old Kindneſſes, but thinks all his Favours deſervedly beſtow'd.*

Now, Gallants, *I ſhall firſt propoſe my Demands, then tell ye the Argument of this* Tragedy.——[He looks ſteddily on the Spectators] *Why that Frown now?——Is't becauſe I call it a* Tragedy? *Why I'm a God: I'll tranſform it, if ye pleaſe, out of* Tragedy *into* Comedy, *and ne'er alter a Verſe. Are ye willing or not? But what a blockheadly Queſtion was that for a Deity to ask, as tho he cou'd be ignorant of your Pleaſures? I know your Minds to a tittle, and I'll make it a Hodg-podg, a* Tragi-Comedy; *for there's no reaſon to have it all* Comedy, *when Kings and Gods are Actors in it. But how ſhall we do, now a Slave has the principal Part? Why, as I told ye before, it ſhall be a* Tragi-Comedy. *Now,* Gentlemen, Jupiter *intreats ye by me, to order the Guards to inſpect* Pit, Box *and* Gallery, *and if they find any ſubborn'd to clap an* Actor, *to take his* Cloak *for a* Pawn. *But to thoſe Actors, who ſhall make* Parties *to gain the* Prize, either

either by Cunning, Letters, Meſſengers, or Themſelves, or corrupt the Edils *to break their Oaths*; Jove *orders a Puniſhment equal to one's buying of Votes in the Government for himſelf or others. He ſays,* 'tis *Merit makes Conquerors, not Ambition and Treachery*; *and why ſhou'd not the* Players *Laws be as ſtrict as the Magiſtrates? Merit's the beſt Mark for Ambition, not Favours*; *but he who does well, can want none, while he meets with impartial Judges. My Father likewiſe commands me to have* Inſpectors *over the* Actors, *that if any one has his Emiſſaries to clap, or by his malicious* Bungling *hinders another's Applauſe, he ſhall have his fine Clothes ſtripp'd o'er his Ears, and be ſoundly laſh'd. I wou'd not have ye wonder now at* Jove's *troubling his Head about the* Players; *nay don't, good now! for he is to make one himſelf in this* Comedy.——[He pauſes] *Why make ye ſuch a Wonderment? As tho ye never heard of* Jove's *turning* Player. *A Year ago, when the* Players *invok'd him in a pitiful* Farce, *he came to their Aſſiſtance*; *and certainly he will in a* Tragedy. *I tell you agen, that* Jupiter *himſelf is to play his Part, and my Godſhip with him: Therefore, pray liſten well to the Argument of this* Comedy.

Firſt, This City here is call'd Thebes; *that Houſe* [pointing to *Amphitryon's* Houſe] *is* Amphitryon's, *an Artizan by Parents and Country, and marry'd to* Alcmena, Electryon's *Daughter. He's now General of the* Theban *Army againſt the* Teleboans; *but before he went to the Campaign, he got his Wife with Child. I'm ſure ye all know my Father's Good-nature, his large Allowance upon theſe Occaſions, and how much he makes of a ſweet Bit. It ſeems his Mouth watering at* Alcmena, *unknown to her Husband, he borrows her upon Intereſt, fairly enjoys her, and gets her with Child too. Now that ye may well underſtand the Myſtery, ſhe's now with Child by my Father and her Husband too.* Jupiter's *this moment at Bed with her*; *and for that Reaſon, this Night's made longer than ordinary, that he might not be ſtinted of his Pleaſure*; *and he has caſt about ſo as paſs for* Amphitryon. *But,* Gentlemen, *ye need not be ſurpriz'd at the Sight of my fine Garb here and my appearing under the Form of a* Slav

Slave: for tho I bring ye an old Story, the Dreſs i
and ſo ſhall my Dreſs be new too. For as I ſaid
my Father's, now within Doors; there behold Jupite
turn'd into Amphitryon! *All the Servants wou'd ſw*
their Maſter, he has got ſuch an excellent Knack a
forming himſelf. For my part, I have got my ſelf t
Shape of Socia, *one of* Amphitryon's *Attendants at the*
the better to carry on my Father's Intrigue, and
Servants Enquiries after my Perſon, when they
ſo frequently up and down the Houſe: But no
take me for a Fellow-Servant and Comrade of the
a Soul asks me who I am, or from whence I came
Father this minute lies melting in Joys, embrac
lovely Object, telling her pretty Stories of what p
the Camp, how bravely he put the Enemy to the ro
what large Preſents were made him; ſhe, poor Lady,
while-taking the Gallant for the Husband. The
to Amphitryon *we ſtole; and, ye know, nothing*
of my Father's Reach. This Day Amphitryon *com*
from his Army; and with him his Servant Socia,
Shape I wear. Now to diſtinguiſh us eaſily, I ha
Wings upon my Hat, and my Father a golden Tu
his, which Amphitryon *knows nothing of. You*
theſe Marks, but not one of the Family does.——
vering *Socia* at a great Diſtance) *Ha, Ha, yonde*
Amphitryon's *Man* Socia *from the Port, with his*
and Lanthorn. I ſhall ſoon ſend his Worſhip packi
theſe Quarters. He's a coming; I hear him.——
You'll have rare Sport, Gentlemen, *to ſee* Jove a
nary *play their Parts.*

[He goes up to *Amphitryon's*

A

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Socia *at the further End of the Stage, with a Lanthorn in his Hand.*

Soc. *to himſelf.*

AS there ever a bolder, or braver Hero than I? One that ſo well knows our Night-walkers Mettle, as to truſt his Perſon without a Convoy at this time of Night?——But in what a fine Pickle ſhou'd I be, if Mr. Conſtable and his Watch ſhou'd pick me up, and in with me to *Lobs-pound?* Out of which damn'd Kitchin, to-morrow muſt I be diſh'd up for the Whipping-Poſt, and not have the Benefit of the Laity to plead in my own Defence. My Lord himſelf could not ſave me, nor ſhou'd I perſuade one honeſt Fellow to believe me innocent. Thus ſhou'd I have eight ſtrong-dock'd Rogues belabouring of my poor Corps like ſo many Smiths upon an Anvil; and this the publick Reception from the Magiſtrates at my firſt Entry. A pox of our General's Politicks, to diſturb a Man's natural Reſt, and force him from the Port at this *fine Seal.* Cou'dn't to-morrow as well ſerv'd his turn? —Well

—Well! 'tis a curſed Plague to ſerve one of theſe Lords eſpecially when he hurries a Body night and day to purpoſe, and won't allow one a bit of Time to ſleep i Theſe great Folks lie always lolling and dozing themſelv and think they've got a Licence to do what they plea They reckon Poor-mens Greaſe at three Ha'pence a Poun and care not a Fart whether their Commands be reaſon ble or no. So this ſame Slavery's a damn'd thing; but muſt be their Aſs, to receive and bear all with Patience.

Mer. liſt'ning. Troth I've moſt Reaſon to complain f this Day's Slavery: Free by Birth, yet degraded by my Fath to this Employment. This Scoundrel, a Slave by Natu has the Impudence to complain, when I, a Slave but Name, muſt bear as much. [*Aſi*

Soc. to himſelf. Stay, 'tis juſt come into my head thank the Gods for my ſafe Arrival, and the Rewards th have beſtow'd of me. But i' faith if they gave me my d Rewards, they'd ſet ſome ſturdy Whores-bird to meet n and beat out half a dozen of my Teeth: for to ſay t Truth, I ha' been a kind of an ungracious Fellow them.

Mer. This Fellow's a little ſingular; he fairly ow himſelf a Rogue however. [*Aſid*

Soc. to himſelf. Well, I ſee things fall out otherwiſe th either I, or any other Citizen hop'd for; that is, to have come home alive again, and Conquerors. Our Army upon the March homewards, the bloody Campaign ove and the Enemy routed and diſperſed, who before h made ſo many wet Handkerchiefs in *Thebes*. We ha ſtorm'd their Town too by the Valour of our brave Boy eſpecially by the Authority and Conduct of my Lord *Amphitryon*, who divided the Booty, Lands, and Corn amor the Soldiers, and firmly ſettled our Sovereign *Creon* in h *Theban* Kingdom. My Honour's ſent Expreſs from the *Por* to tell his Lady how bravely he has acquitted his Charge, ar the Succeſs of theſe noble Qualities—I'm ſtudying what t ſay when I come in her Ladyſhip's Preſence———Suppo I tell her ſome damn'd Wisker; why that's but my old Do*trick; for I'm ſure,* when they were hotteſt in Fight, I w*as hotteſt in Flight.* However, I'll brag as tho I had been

the midſt of 'em, and tell her all what I heard from other People. But firſt I muſt conſider with my ſelf what graceful Poſtures, and what Rhetorick to accoſt her Ladyſhip with——Thus then I begin. [*He ſets down his Lanthorn, and bows.*]——Madam, *At our firſt happy Arrival at the Enemies Country, and the Diſembarkment of our Troops, my noble Lord* Amphitryon *immediately choſe out the Flower of all the Nobility, as Envoys to the* Teleboans, *to declare his Pretenſions:* 'That if they'd 'freely, without any Conſtraint, deliver up their unjuſt 'Spoils, with the Authors of ſuch outrageous Actions, 'and make Reparation for what they had diſpos'd of; 'he'd immediately retire home with all his Troops, ſend 'the Argives *to their own Country, and leave all things* 'in a peaceable and quiet Poſture: But if they were ſo 'obſtinate as to refuſe theſe gracious Propoſals, their Town 'muſt expect the utmoſt Severities of Fire and Sword.' *At the Delivery of this Meſſage, according to my Lord's Orders, theſe haughty Men, proud of their own Strength and Courage, very roughly treated our Envoys, telling 'em,* 'They knew how to defend what they had got, by 'their drawn Swords; and therefore we had beſt ſpeedily 'draw off our Troops from their Dominions.' *Upon the Receipt of this rude Anſwer,* Madam, *my Lord advanc'd towards 'em with his whole Army. The* Teleboans *did the like with their Troops from the Town, accouter'd with the fineſt Equipage in the World. After the Approaches of theſe two numerous Armies, each Man and Officer in his proper Poſt, they drew up their Troops in Battalia, we after our own Way, and the Enemy after theirs. Next,* Madam, *the two Generals advanc'd to the Fronts of each Army, and there parley'd; agreeing to this Article,* 'That the Vanquiſh'd ſhould deliver up their Cities, 'Lands, Gods, and ſelves, to the Mercy of the Con-'querors.' *Upon this,* Madam, *the ſhrill Trumpets ſound, the ſpacious Valleys echo, the Soldiers ſhout on all ſides, the Generals ſend their Prayers to* Jove, *and every where encourage their Men; each ſingle Man lays luſtily about him, bright Weapons claſh, great Launces ſhiver, Heaven's high Arch bellows with the* Soldiers Clamours, *a Cloud*

ariſe

ariſes from the gloomy Breath of the Combatants, and wounded Wretches ſink beneath the bloody Sword——At laſt, Madam, *Fortune was ſo favourable to our Wiſhes, as to make us Conquerors; the Enemy dropping on all Sides, we broke in, and fell upon 'em with dreadful Fury. Still not a Man turn'd his back, or ſtir'd a foot out of the Place he fought in; they chuſing Death ſooner than quitting their Poſts, and fell where they ſtood, keeping their Ranks after Death. My Lord finding ſuch Obſtinacy, order'd the Cavalry of the Right Wing to wheel about and charge; theſe he pour'd in upon 'em with horrible Outcries, mangling and treading under foot theſe impious Men with prodigious Slaughter——*

Mer. Thus far the Rogue's in the Right; for my Father and I were both preſent at the Action. [*Aſide.*

Soc. going on. ——*In ſhort,* Madam, *theſe reſolute People fled for't; we took freſh Courage, purſu'd, and cut 'em all in pieces. My Lord* Amphitryon *fell upon* Pterelas *their King, and cut off his Head with his own Hands. This Engagement laſted from Morning till Evening,* (I have the more reaſon to remember't, for the De'el a bit of Dinner got I that Day) *but the Night put an end to this bloody Conteſt. Next day came the Magiſtrates from the Town, all in Tears, ſubmiſſively acknowledging their Miſdemeanours, promiſing,* 'To deliver up all Things, 'ſacred and profane, their City, Wives, and Children, 'all at Diſcretion.' *Laſt of all,* Madam, *my noble Lord* Amphitryon, *as the Prize of his undoubted Valour, was preſented with the great golden Cup that* Pterelas *us'd to drink in*——All this will I tell my Lady——[*Taking up his Lanthorn*] I muſt now go and enter the Houſe, and there execute my Lord's Commiſſion.

[*He advances nigher* Mercury.

Mer. Ha, Ha! he's making his Approaches; but I'll confront him. I muſtn't ſuffer the Fellow to lodge with in theſe Quarters to-night. Since I've taken upon m his Shape, I ſhall play faſt and looſe with him; and a long as I do reſemble him in Body, troth 'tis but decen I ſhou'd in Actions and Manners: Therefore muſt I tur *a damnable ſubtle, ſly* Varlet, to cut him down at his ow

Pl

Play of Roguery, and ſend him packing.——Hey day! what now?——He's a ſtar-gazing, but I'll watch his Waters for him. [*Aſide.*

Soc. to himſelf. Faith and troth, if a body may believe or know any thing, I think *Aurora* went tipſy to bed laſt Night, and is now in a dead Sleep. Why yonder's *Charles-Wain* in the ſame Place ſtill; the *Moon* has not ſtir'd ſtep ſince ſhe riſe; the *Rock* and *Spindle*, the *Evening* and *ſeven Stars* can't get down for their Lives; the *Signs* all obſtinately keep their Poſts; and the *Night* won't budg a bit for the *Day*.

Mer. Hold to't, Goddeſs *Night*, to obey my Father's Commiſſion as you've begun. You do a great God a great Service, and he'll greatly gratify ye for it.

Soc. to himſelf. I think there never was ſuch a long Night ſince the beginning of the World, except that Night I had the Strapado, and rid the Wooden-Horſe till Morning; and of my Conſcience that was twice as long. By the mackins, I believe *Phebus* has been playing the Good-Fellow, and is aſleep too. I'll be hang'd if he be not in for't, and has took a little too much of the Creature.

Mer. Say ye ſo, Slave? What, treat Gods like your ſelves? By *Jove*, have-at your Doublet, Rogue, for *Scandalum Magnatum*. Approach then; you'll have but ſmall Joy here. [*Aſide.*

Soc. to himſelf. Where are your true Fornicators now, that can't ſleep without a Wench? Here's a Night for 'em then; now they may take their full Swing of Whoring.

Mer. The Rogue has hit my Father to an Ace; for he has reſolv'd to have his full Swing of his dear *Alcmena* to-night. [*Aſide.*

Soc. to himſelf. Well, now for my Lord's Meſſage to my Lady.——[*Goes nigher, and diſcovers* Mercury] But who a-duce is here by our Door at this time of Night? I don't like his Looks. [*Fearfully.*

Mer. This is the moſt cowardly Milkſop. [*Aſide.*

Soc. Now I think better on't, this may be ſome Rogue to ſteal my Cloak off my Back. [*Softly.*

M

Mer. The poor Dog quakes; I'll have a little Sport with him. [*Aſide, making forwards.*

Soc. turning on one ſide. Good lack! how my Teeth chatter in my Head? The Man infallibly ſtands here to give me a ſound Welcome with his Fiſts. He has got ſomewhat of Good-nature, I believe; and becauſe my Lord keeps me waking, he'll ſweetly lull me aſleep with his Buffets.——O this mortal Body of mine! Lord! what a brawny two-handed Dog it is! [*Softly.*

Mer. aſide. I'll raiſe my Voice a little, that he may hear what I ſay, and ſhake and tremble the more heartily. [*Aſide, ſeeming not to ſee* Socia.] Rouze up, my ſtout Fiſts! you've half ſtarv'd me this long time: Methinks 'tis an Age ſince yeſterday you plunder'd four Men, and ſent their Souls to *Pluto*.

Soc. overhearing. I'm wretchedly afraid then he'll diſſociate me to *Quintus*; and to the four Souls he ſent to *Pluto*, I ſhall be made the fifth. [*Aſide.*

Mer. aloud. Sa, ſa! this is the way. [*Holding up his Fiſts.*

Soc. He has got 'em both ready; now he's in his miſchievous Poſture.

Mer. aloud. He muſt ne'er hope to eſcape——

Soc. Who, I wonder! [*Aſide trembling.*

Mer. aloud. ——For that Mortal who approaches, by *Jove* he eats my Mutton-Fiſts.

Soc. Away with 'em, I ne'er eat ſo late; beſides I've ſupp'd, thank God. Good Sir, reſerve that Diſh, if you pleaſe, for better Stomachs. [*Aſide.*

Mer. Methinks this Fiſt weighs pretty well. [*Shaking his Fiſt.*

Soc. I'm a dead Man. He's weighing out my Commons. [*Aſide.*

Mer. What if I neatly dreſs it with Opium Sauce?

Soc. That wou'd oblige me, for I ha'nt had one wink of Sleep this three Nights. [*Aſide.*

Mer.——But now my Blood is up, it knows no ſuch Gentleneſs; one Glance of it changes a Man's Shape.——

Soc. Here's a Fellow will change me from Head to Foot, *and ſet me on a new Skin.* [*Aſide.*

Mer.——But a ſound Buffet leaves no more Blood *than a dreſs'd Eel.*

Soc. Troth, he deſigns to ſpitchcock me, I believe. Wou'd *Old Nick* had theſe bloody-minded Fellows. If he ſpies me, I'm no more a Man of this World.

[*Making ſafely for the Door.*

Mer. ſnuffing. Some ſtinking Fellow offends me to his Deſtruction.——

Soc. Waunds! I ha'nt let fly ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mer.——And he can't be far off.

Soc. Far enough lately.——This Man's the Devil. [*Aſide.*

Mer. My Fingers itch to be at him.

Soc. If they are ſo hot for my ſake, good Sir, cool 'em againſt the Walls firſt. [*Aſide.*

Mer. liſtning. Some Voice flies this way,——

Soc. What a Blockhead was I, that didn't clip the Wings on't, ſince it flies ſo nimbly! [*Aſide.*

Mer.——Which provokes me to curry his Aſs's Hide for him!

Soc. My Hide won't bear ſuch Bundles. [*A little louder.*

Mer. I'll try ye with a Bundle of Cuffs.

Soc. Faith, Sir, I was ſo tir'd a Ship-board, I cou'd ſcarcely crawl hither; and now I'm Sea-ſick. My Legs will hardly carry ſingle, and you muſtn't think they'll carry double.

Mer. Somebody mutters there, I think. [*Surlily.*

Soc. Then I'm pretty ſecure; he ſees me not. Who that ſame *Somebody* is, I can't tell; for I'll take my Oath I have no other Name but *Socia.*

Mer. Methinks this grating Voice comes from the Right.

Soc. I'm plaguily afraid he'll fall foul upon my Bones inſtead of my grating Voice. [*Aſide, coming forward.*

Mer. Very well, my Gentleman comes nigher. [*Softly.*

Soc. Lord! how I tremble and quake every Joint of me. O' my Conſcience, I cou'd not tell what part of the World I'm in, if any body ſhou'd ask me the Queſtion. Alas! I can no more ſtir than a Statue, I'm in ſuch a Fright. My Lord's Orders are all vaniſh'd in Smoke, and poor *Socia* with 'em.——However, I'll bear up to him briskly, and ſeem as valiant as I can, to try if that will ſave my Bacon. [*Aſide, going up to the Door.*

Here they both meet, and join Diſcourſe.

Mer. Whither away, Sirrah? you that carry Fire in your Lanthorn.

Soc. Who made you an Examiner? you that make no more Bones of a Man than an Eel?

Mer. Are ye a Servant, or a Gentleman?

Soc. I'll be both, if I pleaſe.

Mer. Say ye ſo, i' Faith?

Soc. I do, Faith and Troth.

Mer. Sirrah, you wou'd be kick'd.

Soc. You lye, Sir, for once.

Mer. But I'll ſoon make ye eat your Words.

Soc. There's no occaſion for that.

Mer. I muſt know where you are going, who you belong to, and what's your Bus'neſs?

Soc. I'm going home; I belong to my Maſter.——What are ye the wiſer now?

Mer. Sirrah, I ſhall ſtop that damn'd foul Mouth of yours.

Soc. 'Tis paſt your Skill, Sir. 'Tis kept as well and as clean as any Man's.

Mer. Still ſo quick? Pray what's your Bus'neſs at this Houſe?

Soc. What's yours, if you go to that?

Mer. 'Tis the King's Command, that Guard be kept here every Night.

Soc. He does nobly to guard our Houſe when we are in the Field.——Prithee go and tell the People within, that one of *Amphitryon*'s Officers is come home.

Mer. I know nothing of your Office; but offer to ſtay a minute within theſe Quarters, Mr. Officer, and I ſhall affront your Office.

Soc. I ſay, I belong to this Houſe, and am Servant here.

Mer. Do ye know what to expect? If you be not gone, I ſhall exalt your Worſhip to the Honour——

Soc. Of what?

Mer.——Of being carry'd home upon Mens Shoulders; for I'll warrant ye paſt walking, if I take a good *Cudgel.*

Soc. For all that, I affirm my ſelf Servant to this Houſe.

Mer. Mark me, you long for a ſound Drubbing; and you ſhall not fail of it, if you don't vaniſh immediately.

Soc. Do ye pretend to keep me out of my own Houſe after ſuch a Journy?

Mer. Your Houſe, Sirrah?

Soc. Mine, I ſay.

Mer. Who's your Maſter then?

Soc. *Amphitryon*, General of the *Theban* Forces, and *Alcmena*'s Husband.

Mer. Hah! What's your Title pray?

Soc. *Socia* in our Language, Son of *Davus*.

Mer. Thou art come in an ill hour, Monſter of Impudence, with a parcel of mix'd Knaveries, and patch'd Lyes.

Soc. I came indeed with patch'd Clothes, but not Lyes.

Mer. That's another Lye, Sirrah, you came with your Feet, not with your Clothes.

Soc. Right, ſeriouſly.

Mer. Now ſeriouſly, take that for your Lye. [*Beats him.*

Soc. In troth ſeriouſly, but I won't.

Mer. Troth ſeriouſly, 'tis all one; and Faith ſeriouſly, 'tis fix'd, and not as you pleaſe, Sirrah. [*Beats him again.*

Soc. Good Sir, be civil.

Mer. Have ye the Impudence to ſay you are *Socia*, when I am he?

Soc. O! I'm kill'd.

Mer. This is but a part of your Entertainment.——Whoſe Servant are ye now, Sirrah?

Soc. Yours undoubtedly; for your Fiſts have paid thy Purchaſe.—— [Mercury *beats him ſtill*] Murder! Good Neighbours help!

Mer. Do ye bawl, Jail-bird?——Speak, Sirrah, what came ye here for?

Soc. To cut out Work for your Fiſts, Sir.

Mer. Who are ye?

Soc. I tell ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon*'s Servant.

Mer. You'll have the more for that nonſenſical Lye.—— *I ſay, Sirrah*, I'm *Socia*, and you not.

Soc. Wou'd to Heaven you were; then you ſhou'd ſoundly beaten, and I not. [*Sc*

Mer. partly hearing. Dog, do ye mutter!

Soc. I'm as mute as a Fiſh.

Mer. Who is your Maſter, I ſay?

Soc. Who you pleaſe, Sir.

Mer. And your ſelf; what Name have ye now?

Soc. None, till you pleaſe to beſtow one.

Mer. I underſtood ye, *Socia*, *Amphitryon*'s Servant

Soc. 'Twas my Miſtake, Sir; I wou'd have ſaid, S ted to *Amphitryon*'s Service.

Mer. I was certain we had ne'er another Servant of Name.——You've loſt the Uſe of your Senſes.——

Soc. Wou'd you had loſt the Uſe of your Fiſts. [*A*

Mer. For I'm that *Socia* you perſonate.

Soc. Truce a little, good Sir; and let us have a Word or two, without Blows.

Mer. I agree to a Suſpenſion of Arms, if you have thing to propoſe.

Soc. Not a Dram of Propoſals till the Peace be ſi ſince you are ſo plaguily arm'd with thoſe Cuffers.

Mer. Speak boldly, I'll not hurt ye.

Soc. May a body truſt ye?

Mer. Do ye queſtion it, Sirrah?

Soc. Suppoſe ye deceive me?

Mer. Then *Mercury* ſhall revenge it on *Socia*.

Soc. Now obſerve, Sir. Since I have Leave to ſ freely, I am *Socia*, *Amphitryon*'s Man.

Mer. At it again, Sirrah? [*Holding up his*

Soc. Since the Peace is made, and the Articles ſig I affirm it to be true.

Mer. Rogue, look to your ſelf.

Soc. You may act, Sir, as you pleaſe, as long as are ſo plaguily arm'd with thoſe Cuffers. Do your but, by *Hercules*, I'll not bate you an Ace in this Poin

Mer. As long as I'm here, you muſt not think to me any thing but *Socia*.

Soc. Nor, Faith, ſhall you make me any thing *Amphitryon's* Servant. I'll be ſworn, there's ne'er *ther Socia* in our Family, that attended the General *Army*.

Mer. The Fellow is possess'd with Madness.

Soc. That is your Worship's Distemper.——[*He walks, and studies by himself.*] What a murrain, am not I *Amphitryon*'s Man *Socia?* Did not I come to-night on Shipboard from the *Euboan* Port? Was not I sent hither by my Lord? Don't I stand before our own Doors? Is not this a Lanthorn in my Hand? Don't I speak? Am not I awake? Was not I soundly drubb'd just now? In good Faith I was; and am most sensible of that, witness my poor Chops.——But why aduce do I stand fooling thus? Why don't I get into our House? [*He makes for the Door.*

Mer. getting between. How, your House!

Soc. Certainly true.

Mer. Certainly a Lye from the beginning to the ending. I'm *Amphitryon*'s Man *Socia*; for this Night our Vessel return'd from the *Euboan* Bay. We took King *Pterelas*'s Town by Storm, entirely defeated the *Teleboans*, and *Amphitryon* cut off *Pterelas*'s Head with his own Hand.

Soc. aside. I can scarce believe my Senses, when I hear him relate things so: Troth he remembers every thing *ad unguem.*——[*To him.*] But hark ye, Sir, what was *Amphitryon* presented withal?

Mer. The Golden Cup that *Pterelas* us'd to drink in.

Soc. aside. He has hit it again.——[*To him.*] But where's the Cup now, Sir?

Mer. In a Basket, seal'd with *Amphitryon*'s Signet.

Soc. What are the Arms?

Mer. Sol rising, with his fiery Chariot.——Do ye lie upon the Catch, Rascal?

Soc. aside. He has maul'd me with his Arguments, and I must provide me another Name. How a fire cou'd he see all this? I shall trap him at last; for the Devil's in him if he tells what I did by my self in the Tent, for not a Soul was there besides.——[*To him.*] If you be that individual *Socia*, how did you pass away your time in the Tent, when both Armies were engag'd?——Tell me but that, and I yield.

Mer. There stood a Pipe of Wine; from whence I [illegible]'d out a Jack——

Soc. Exactly right.

Mer.

Mer. And ſwallow'd it down pure, as it came f Grape.

Soc. O the Devil! He muſt have hid himſelf Jack: Certainly ſo; for I drunk it without a drop ter in it.

Mer. What now? Are ye ſatisfy'd you are *Socia?*

Soc. Will you prove it?

Mer. What need of Proofs, when I'm he?

Soc. By *Jove* I'm he, and 'tis as true as the Go

Mer. By *Mercury*, *Jove* won't believe ye a titt I'm ſure he'll take my Word ſooner than your Oat

Soc. Who am I, if I be not *Socia?* Anſwer me

Mer. When I'm weary of being *Socia*, you *Socia* again. But now I'm he, I'll beat ye to n you ſcoundrel Dog, if you don't troop off.

Soc. looking round about him. By the mackins, view his Phiz well, methinks I ſee the very ſame Mien I have often ſeen in a Glaſs, he's ſo damna me. The very ſame Hat and Coat, for all the he has a plaguy Reſemblance of me. Let me ſee Feet, Height, Baldneſs, Eyes, Noſe, Teeth, Lips Chin, Beard, Neck; in fine, right me all over. Back were but as well lac'd with ſome certain Sc Peaſe cou'd not be more alike.——— But now I my ſelf, know I'm undoubtedly the ſame Perſon know my Maſter, know this Houſe, find that I Wit and Senſes about me, I'll be hang'd if I believe of this ſtuff. I'll knock at a venture. [*Offers at t*

Mer. Whither go ye, Sirrah?

Soc. Home.

Mer. Do; and were you mounted on *Jove*'s in its full Career, it ſhou'd not protect ye.

Soc. Mayn't I deliver a civil Meſſage to my Lady

Mer. To your own Lady what you pleaſe; but ſage to mine. If ye once provoke me, I'll make Bones rattle in your Hide.

Soc. I'll uſe my Legs firſt.———[*Going off, t he is ſpeaking the reſt.*] Heavens have mercy u *Where ſhou'd* I loſe this Shape of mine? Di

my ſelf behind me, or forget to take my ſelf along with me to the Campaign? for, troth, this Fellow has got all the Shape I ever had. He has erected my Statue in my Life-time; I'll be ſworn no body will honour me ſo much after I'm dead and gone.——Well, I'll beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord, and tell him this ſtrange Story. If he diſowns me (as Heaven grant he may) I'll immediately throw off my Slave's Habit, and take upon me that of a Freeman of the Town.

[*Exit* Socia.

SCENE II.

Mercury *addreſſes himſelf to the Spectators, and goes on with the* Prologue.

SO, Gentlemen, *things go rarely and proſperouſly on our ſide. I've remov'd the greateſt Obſtacle, ſo that my Father may ſecurely reap the Fruit of his Cuckolding.* ——*Now when this Fellow comes to tell his Maſter,* That his Servant *Socia* drove him from the Door, *he'll take it for a damn'd Lye, and believe the Rogue was ne'er there, as he order'd him. Thus ſhall I bring them two, and the whole Family, into nothing but Miſtakes and Confuſion, till my Father have had his belly-full of his Miſtreſs. But at laſt they'll come to a right Underſtanding of all things, and* Jove *will bring his Miſtreſs into as great Favour with her Husband as ever. For certainly,* Amphitryon *will be in a plaguy Fret, and call his Wife Whore; but my Father will reconcile all Differences.*

Now, Gallants, *for ſomething about* Alcmena; *for I have ſaid little of her yet. This Day ſhall ſhe be brought to bed of two Boys, one of ten Months Growth, the other of ſeven; the firſt by* Amphitryon, *the ſecond by* Jupiter: *ſo the youngeſt Child will have the Superiority by his Father, and the eldeſt the Inferiority by his.* Do ye comprehend the *Myſtery?*——*However my* Father is ſo ten-

der

der of Alcmena, *he'll have both come toge*
both the painful Labours at one Lying-in;
all Suſpicions of Scandal on her ſide, and
on his. *'Tis true,* Amphitryon, *as I ſaid be*
know all. But granting that, no body will
worſe of Alcmena *for't*; *for 'tis beneath a Deit*
a poor Mortal to bear the Blame of his own Fa
Hold, I muſt ſhorten my Story; *the Door goes*;
comes Amphitryon *in Effigy, with* Alcmena, *a W*
taken up at Uſury.

SCENE III.

Enter Jupiter *in* Amphitryon's *Shape, with* Alcm
Night-Dreſs, big with Child; *attended with Lig*

Jup. Farewel, my dear *Alcmena:* Pray be care
main Chance, and don't worry your ſelf; you ſe
gone your full time. I'm oblig'd to leave ye
prithee take care of bringing up the Child.

Alc. What preſſing Affairs can ye have, my
drive ye away in ſuch haſte?

Jup. Upon Honour, 'tis not your Company,
thing in the Houſe I'm weary of: But when a
from his Army, Diſorders will follow ſooner t
Diſcipline.

Mer. Troth, my Daddy's the cleverest Impoſt
ſweetly he ſmuggles the Lady?

Alc. Yes indeed, I find what a wonderful Kin
have for your poor Wife.

Jup. Why, I love ye more than any other of y
won't that ſatisfy ye?

Mer. Faith, Father mine; if your Lady ſhou'd
the Cheat, I'll be ſworn you wou'd gladly cha
Joveſhip to be plain *Amphitryon.*

Alc. I wou'd rather experience your Love, th
it. *You leave me before you were well warm in*

You came to me at Midnight, and presently after you were gone: Is this kindly done?

Mer. aside. I'll to her, and tickle her up as my Father has done.——— [*To* Alcmena *bowing.*] As I hope for mercy, Madam, I believe there's not a Man under the Cope of Heaven so desperately loves his Lady, and so desperately languishes, as my Lord does.

Jup. Rascal, I know your Tricks; out of my sight. How dare you meddle in our Business, Rogue? If I take my Cane, I'll———

Alc. Let him alone, my Dear.

Jup. Speak another Word, Sirrah———

Mer. My first wheedling Compliment succeeded but very indifferently. [*Aside.*

Jup. For what you complain of, my Dear, in troth you must not be angry with me. I left my Army *incognito*, to fly to your Embraces, and be the first kind Messenger of my Fortune in the Publick, and of all that pass'd abroad. Cou'd I have done this, if I lov'd after an ord'nary rate.

Mer. Just as I said. How this stroaking chears her. [*Aside.*

Jup. I must return *incognito* too; for if I'm once discover'd, the censorious World will say, I much prefer'd a Wife to the Publick.

Alc. 'Tis a doleful Departure for your *Alcmena.* [*Weeps.*

Jup. Pray don't spoil those pretty Eyes. I'll be back in a moment.

Alc. Twill be a long time to that moment.

Jup. 'Tis with vast Regret I go, and part from ye thus.

Alc. So it seems, indeed, by your coming and parting in the same Night.

Jup. Why dost hold me? 'Tis high time now; for I must be out of the City before Day-light. In the mean time I present ye with this Golden Cup, the Reward of my Success, and the very same that *Pterelas* drunk in, whom I slew with my own Hand. [*Gives her a Golden Cup.*

Alc. Now you keep close to your old Kindness——— By Heaven, a noble Gift, worthy of the Giver.

Mer. bowing. A noble Gift indeed, and worthy of the Receiver.

Jup. At it again, Raſcal? Can I never beat ye better Manners?

Alc. Pray, my Lord, be not angry with poor *Socia* u my account.

Jup. I can deny you nothing.

Mer. This ſame Gallanting has put him damnably of Humour. [*A*

Jup. Doſt want any thing elſe, my Love?

Alc. Nothing, my Lord, but to have ye love me at as well as preſent.

Mer. Let's be going, Sir; 'tis juſt break of Day.

Jup. Go you before, *Socia*; I'll follow immediately [*Exit* Merc

SCENE IV.

Jupiter, Alcmena, *and* Attendants.

Jup. Haſt any thing more to ask?

Alc. Yes, my Lord, your ſpeedy Return

Jup. It ſhall be.——I'll be with ye again before y pect me: mean time, pray be ſatisfy'd. [*Exit* Alcmena *and Attend*

SCENE V.

Jupiter *alone.*

Jup. looking up. Now, Goddeſs *Night*, who has w ſo long, I diſmiſs ye. Make room for the Day, to riſh Mortals with a bright and glorious Sunſhine.—— [*Going off.*] This has been a longer Night than ord'n I'll make the Day the ſhorter, and ſet one againſt the to bring things to rights again.——I'll follow *Mercur* [*Exit* Ju

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Amphitryon *and* Socia *at the farther End of the Stage, with ſeveral Priſoners bound.*

Amp. entring.

COME Sirrah, follow me. [*Angrily.*

Soc. That I will, and cloſe at your Heels.

Amp. Thou art the moſt villanous Raſcal!

Soc. Why, good Sir?

Amp. For venting ſuch Stuff, that neither is, was, or can be true.

Soc. Marry, Sir, you keep to your laudable Cuſtom of never believing your own Servants.

Amp. How, Sirrah, what Cuſtom?——By Heaven I ſhall ſnip that raſcally Tongue of yours.

Soc. I'm your Slave, Sir, and you may uſe me according to your Pleaſure and Conveniency. But I've ſpoke nothing but Truth, and you can't make me eat my Words.

Amp. You impudent Dog, didn't ye ſay you were at home and here at the ſame time?

Soc. 'Twas nothing but Truth, Sir.

Amp. The Devil take ye!—or I'll kick ye to h

Soc. I'm in your power, and muſt bear it if y

Amp. Slave, dare ye put Tricks upon you Have ye the Impudence to face down that wh Man ſaw, or can ſee? Is't poſſible for a Man and there at the ſame time?

Soc. Faith, Sir, juſt as I tell ye.

Amp. The Devil lye ye for a Rogue.

Soc. How have I deſerv'd this at your hands?

Amp. How, Raſcal, when you make me y ame?

Soc. If I did, I ſhou'd juſtly deſerve it. But 'tis no Lye; I tell ye nothing but plain matter of

Amp. The Fellow's drunk, I think.

Soc. Troth, wou'd I were.

Amp. You've that Wiſh already.

Soc. I, Sir?

Amp. Yes, you.——Where have ye been dri

Soc. Not a drop have I drunk to-day.

Amp. What manner of Man was this?——

Soc. Troth I told ye half a ſcore times.—— I *Socia* am now at home (do ye mind?) and th merical *Socia* am here too. Now, Sir, I think things as plain and clear as the Sun.

Amp. Plague!——Out of my ſight.

Soc. Why, Sir?

Amp. Ye are infected.

Soc. Why do ye think ſo? Truly, Sir, I'm in Body and Mind, thank God.

Amp. As ſure as you are a Rogue, I ſhall little worſe in Body and Mind, if I get once w Come along, Rogue, you that abuſe your Maſte Stuff as wou'd make a Dog ſick to hear it. I ſhamefully neglected your Buſineſs, you come to jeer me with impoſſible and unheard-of Storie cal. But I'll have every Lye mark'd out upon y

Soc. This, Sir, is the greateſt Plague in the a good Servant; whenever he tells his Maſter *he muſt have it* ram'd down his Throat.

Amp. How a-plague cou'd this be? Give me ſome reaſonable Proof of your being here and at home too: I wou'd fain ſee that.

Soc. Really, Sir, I am both here and there too. A body wou'd think it plaguy ſtrange. But I'll ſwear, it can't be more ſtrange to you, than 'tis to me, Sir.

Amp. How do ye mean?

Soc. I only ſay 'tis not more ſtrange to you than me. For let me be hang'd, if this ſame *Me-Socia* believ'd a word of it, till that ſame *I-Socia* beat it into my Head. He gave me ſuch a particular Account of all that paſs'd in the Army this Campaign; then he had got my very Shape and Name, ſo that two Drops of Water are not more alike than t'other *I* to *Me*.——For when you, my Lord, ſent me betimes in the Morning from the *Port*——

Amp. What then?

Soc. ——I came to the Door a good while before I arriv'd.

Amp. 'Sdeath what Stuff's this?—— Are ye quite mad?

Soc. Juſt as you ſee me, Sir.

Amp. The Fellow's bewitch'd, and fallen into ſome ill Hands, ſince I ſent him away.

Soc. Ill Hands indeed; for their Fiſts have maul'd me confoundedly. [*Shews his Face ſwell'd.*

Amp. Who beat ye ſo?

Soc. T'other *I* beat *Me*.

Amp. Sirrah, anſwer me nothing but what I ask.—— Firſt let me know who this ſame *Socia* is.

Soc. He's your Servant.

Amp. Mine? I've one too many by you; but ne'er had another Servant *Socia* ſince I was born.

Soc. But now, Sir, I promiſe to ſhew ye another *Socia* as ſoon as you get in, a Servant of yours, Son of *Davus*, of my Shape, and my Age. In fine, your *Socia*'s become double.

Amp. Theſe are all Riddles.——But ſaw ye my Wife?

Soc. I was not permitted to enter the Houſe.

Amp. What hinder'd ye?

Soc. That ſame *He-Socia* I've been talking of ſo belabour'd me.

Amp. What *He-Socia* do ye mean?

Soc. I tell ye *I.* How often muſt I tell it?

Amp. Hark ye, Friend, han't you been ſlee while?

Soc. Not a Wink, Sir.

Amp. Perhaps you ſaw this *Socia* in a Dream.

Soc. I ne'er us'd to dream out my Maſter's Cc Awake I ſaw him; awake I ſee you; awake I t awake I was, when that waking Dog beat me.

Amp. What Dog?

Soc. That *I-He-Socia*, I tell ye. Lord, can't ſtand me?

Amp. How a-plague ſhou'd a Man underſtand culous Banter?

Soc. You'll immediately know———

Amp. What?

Soc. ———Your other *Socia*, my Partner.

Amp. Follow me then; for firſt I'll have this clear'd.———See that all things be brought from ſel as I order'd.

Soc. I'm as diligent and careful to obey you a I have not ſwallow'd your Commands with my Di

Amp. Pray Heaven all this don't prove true.

SCENE II.

Enter Alcmena, *attended with* Theſſala, *on th ſide the Stage.*

Alc. How poor and ſhort are this Life's Pl once compar'd with the Sorrows we endure? Deſtiny, and Heaven's Pleaſure, to mix our Joys ter Potions; and for ſome few Hours of Satisfa *meet with Ages* of Ills and Troubles. I now *it, and my ſelf's* a plain Witneſs of this.

was this laſt Pleaſure! I had the Privilege of one Night's Company with my Lord; and then ſnatch'd away before the Morning. Methinks I'm the moſt deſolate of Widows, in the Abſence of the Man I love above all the World; and his Departure carries more of my Soul away, than his Arrival brought with it: However this joys my Heart, to ſee him victorious over his dreadful Foes, and laden with Honours; 'tis that I live upon. He's gone; but ſince he returns with deſerv'd Glory, I'll patiently bear his Abſence, with all the Firmneſs and Courage of a Woman; and ſhall think my Troubles well rewarded, in a Husband crown'd with the Name of Conqueror. For Valour's of all Rewards the greateſt; preferable to all things elſe; the ſole Defender and Protector of our Liberties, Safeties, Lives, Eſtates, Parents, Countries, and Children. Valour carries all Vertues in it ſelf, and all Perfections ſtill attend the Valiant Man.

Amp. Heavens! how welcome ſhall I be to my *Alcmena*'s Arms, where both our Loves are mutual; eſpecially after ſuch a famous Victory, beyond all Expectations, routing 'em in the firſt Battel by my own Command and Conduct. Certainly ſhe'll be very impatient for my Return.

Soc. How, Sir? Do ye think my Spouſe won't be every whit as impatient for mine?

Alc. diſcovering them. O, my Lord's come!

Amp. Keep cloſe, Sirrah.

Alc. But why ſhou'd he come back, when he ſeem'd in ſuch haſte? Was it only a Tryal? If his Deſign be to ſee how I cou'd reliſh his Departure, truly he ſhall be welcome however.

Soc. ſtarting back. O, good Sir, we had better return to our Veſſel.

Amp. Why ſo?

Soc. We ſhall have nothing to eat here.

Amp. How came that into your Head?

Soc. Becauſe Dinner's over already.

Amp. How ſo?

Soc. Why there's your Lady has din'd, by her Belly.

Amp. Puh! Blockhead, I left her with Child when I went to the Campaign.

Soc. Then wo to poor *Socia*.

Amp. What's the matter?

Soc. I'm come home in the nick of time to be worry'd to death with drawing Water for her Bath; for, according to your Account, ſhe's juſt upon laying down.

Amp. Pluck up a good Heart.

Soc. Do ye know what a Heart I've got? For if once I begin to manage the Bucket, Faith, Sir, I'm the very'ſt Rogue upon Earth, if I don't draw out the Hearts-blood of the Well.

Amp. Come along, I'll have another for that Employment; fear nothing.

Alc. I think I ſhall better ſhew my Reſpects if I go and meet him.

Here they meet, and join Diſcourſe.

Amp. embracing Alcmena. Oh, how I'm charm'd to find my *Alcmena* in theſe longing Arms! whom I count beyond compariſon in *Thebes*, and the World counts a Pattern of all Vertue.——How has it been with ye all this time? Did not ye long for my Return, my Dear?

Soc. I ſee no wonderful Signs of longing. I'm ſure nobody can out-fawn a Dog. [*Aſide.*

Amp. I'm extremely glad to find ye ſo well juſt upon your lying down.

Alc. In the Name of Goodneſs, my Lord, why ſhou'd you play upon me thus? You compliment as if you had not ſeen me lately, but were juſt come from the Army; and accoſt me like one long abſent from his Wife.

Amp. True indeed; till now I had no ſight of ye.

Alc. What makes ye ſay ſo?

Amp. 'Tis my Cuſtom to ſpeak Truth.

Alc. You don't do well to break ſo good a Cuſtom. But is it for a Tryal of my Love?——Raillery apart; why ſo ſoon return'd? Was it ſome ill Omen, or Weather, that ſtay'd your going to your Army, as you lately old me?

Amp. Lately! how lately cou'd that be?

Alc. Have ye any Deſign in that Queſtion?—— Very lately, juſt now, but a moment ſince.

Amp. Pray how is it poſſible, as you ſay, to be ſo *lately*, and but a *moment* ſince? *Alc.*

Alc. Do ye think, my Lord, I wou'd ſo meanly trifle as you do, when you pretend you were not here, and left me but juſt now?

Amp. She ſeems much diſcompos'd. [*Aſide to* Socia.

Soc. A little Patience, Sir, till ſhe has ſlept out her Sleep.

Amp. Do ye dream with your Eyes open?

Alc. No, by my Soul, I'm thorowly awake; and without dreaming tell you all that paſs'd: for I ſaw ye both this Morning before Day-light.

Amp. At what Place?

Alc. Your own Houſe.

Amp. I ne'er was there.

Soc. Don't be too poſitive, Sir; our Veſſel perhaps brought us from the *Port*, and we all aſleep.

Amp. Have you got into the ſame Vein too? [*Angrily.*

Soc. What wou'd ye have me do, Sir? Don't ye know the old Saying, *Croſs a Madman, and he's the Devil; humour him, and 'tis as good as Phyſick.*

Alc. Hah, Rogue!———

Amp. Truly 'tis but reaſonable to ſhew ſome Anger, ſince ſhe gave me ſo cold a Welcome. [*Aſide to* Socia.

Soc. You had as good piſs in a Bee-Hive.

Amp. Hold your Tongue.———*Alcmena*, anſwer me one Queſtion.

Alc. What Queſtion? Let's hear it.

Amp. Is it Madneſs or Pride that has infected ye?

Alc. How came ſuch a Queſtion into your Head, my Lord?

Amp. Becauſe in my former Journys ye us'd to receive me as all other vertuous Wives do: But now I meet with a quite different Welcome.

Alc. As I hope to live, yeſterday I receiv'd ye as a Wife ought, my Lord; enquir'd after your Health, preſs'd your Hand, and met ye with a Kiſs.

Soc. Did ye ſpeak to my Lord yeſterday, Madam?

Alc. And to you too, *Socia.*

Soc. My Lord, I was in hopes of your Honour's having an Heir; but of my Conſcience your Lady's not big with Child.

Amp. *With* what, then?

Soc. With Fool.

Alc. Truly I have no ſuch Diſtemper, as I hope for a ſafe Deliverance———But if my Lord wou'd but give ye your due, Mr. *Fortune-Teller*, you'd ſoon reap the miſchievous *Fruits* of your ſawcy Predictions.

Soc. Yes, Madam, there are *Fruits* too of Lying-in Women, and *Fruits* too, to ſtrengthen their Hearts, and keep 'em from ſwooning.

Amp. You ſee me here yeſterday?

Alc. I ſay I did, if you muſt needs have it ſo often.

Amp. In a Dream, perhaps.

Alc. Nay, we were both awake as poſſible.

Amp. Mercy upon me!

Soc. What's the matter, Sir?

Amp. My Wife's mad.

Soc. She's melancholy, and that's the high Road to't.

Amp. When found ye the Riſe of this Diſeaſe, *Alcmena?*

Alc. Upon my Soul I ne'er was better, and ſounder in my Life.

Amp. Why then do you pretend to have ſeen me Yeſterday, when I put into Port but laſt night? There ſupp'd and lodg'd all Night in the Veſſel. I ne'er ſet foot in *Thebes* ſince the *Teleboan* Expedition, till now we conquer'd.

Alc. 'Twas me you ſupp'd with, and me you lay with.

Amp. What ſay ye?

Alc. Nothing but Truth,

Amp. By Heaven not in this; in other things, I know not.

Alc. Betimes in the morning you went to your Army.

Amp. How can all this be?

Soc. Very right; ſhe tells her Dream as 'tis freſh in Memory———But Madam, *Jove* the Diſperſer of ſuch Prodigies, ought to have had his Cake, or his Incenſe offer'd this Morning. [*Feeringly.*

Alc. How ſaucily the Fellow ſnaps me up; and you ſuffer him.

Amp. Leave your prating, Sirrah———You ſay I left *ye betimes in the Morning?* [*To Alcmena.*

Alc. Who

Alc. Who elſe could tell me the Particulars of the Battel?

Amp. And heard ye of that too?

Alc. Why truly 'twas you told me how you ſtorm'd their chief Town, and ſlew King *Pterelas* with your own Hands.

Amp. I tell ye ſo?

Alc. Yes, you; *Socia* heard ye.

Amp. Did you hear me tell any ſuch thing, *Socia?*

Soc. Where ſhou'd I hear it?

Amp. Nay, let her tell ye that.

Soc. Troth, Madam, I ne'er was preſent at any ſuch Relation, as I know of.

Alc. No wonder if he ſays as you'd have him.

Amp. Come hither, *Socia*; look on my Face——

Soc. I do, Sir.

Amp. Now ſpeak the truth without the leaſt Flattery: Did you hear me tell her one Word of what ſhe pretends?

Soc. Bleſs me! have you your Senſes too, and ask ſuch a Queſtion? Faith, Sir, this is the firſt time I ſaw ye together.

Amp. Now Madam, do you hear what he ſays?

Alc. Yes indeed, and know it to be falſe.

Amp. What, believe neither Servant nor Husband?

Alc. Neither; becauſe of ſuch Evidence, and the Certainty of what I affirm.

Amp. Do you affirm my Arrival Yeſterday?

Alc. Do you deny your Departure this Morning?

Amp. I do; and proteſt this is my firſt Appearance.

Alc. Good now! and you will deny you gave me the Golden Cup too, which you ſay was there preſented you?

Amp. Upon Honour, I neither gave it nor ſaid it. 'Tis true, I was ſo deſign'd, and am ſtill——But pray who told ye of that?

Alc. Your ſelf was both Teller and Giver.

Amp. Hold, hold, I beſeech ye——This is amazing, *Socia*, that ſhe ſhou'd know of my being preſented with this Cup; except you ſaw her, and told her all.

Soc. Let me be hang'd if I e'er told, or ſaw her till now.

Amp. What Woman's that? [*Looking on* Theſſala.

Alc. Wou'd ye have the Cup produc'd?

Amp. By all means.

Alc. It ſhall then.——*Theſſala*, ſtep into my Chamber for the Golden Cup my Lord gave me this Morning.

SCENE III.

Amphitryon, Alcmena, Socia, *and Priſoners.*

Amp. Come this way, *Socia*——[*They walk a little on one ſide*] Really if ſhe has the Cup, the Myſtery will be ten times greater to me.

[Socia *takes out a Casket from under his Cloak.*]

Soc. Can ye ſuppoſe that, when I have got it here in the Casket ſeal'd with your own Signet?

Amp. Is the Seal whole?

Soc. Look, Sir, to be ſure. [*Holding it up.*

Amp. Juſt as I ſign'd it. [*Looking.*

Soc. Pray, Sir, muſt we deal with my Lady as a Perſon crack-brain'd?

Amp. I'faith, and ſo we had need. For upon my word ſhe's overrun with Extravagancies.

SCENE IV.

To them Theſſala *with a Golden Cup.*

Alc. What need of Words? Here's Demonſtration, look ye!

Amp. Pray let's ſee't. [*He takes it out and looks on't.*

Alc. Come view it well, you who ſo obſtinately deny matter of Fact; and be convinc'd before all the World.——Is it not the ſame you were preſented with?

Amp. O Heavens! Where are my Eyes? The very ſame upon Honour. I'm all in Confuſion, *Socia.*

[Returns the Cup.

Soc.

Soc. Here muſt be damnable Witchcraft, or the Cup's here ſtill.

Amp. Come, break open the Casket.

Soc. Why ſhou'd I break it open? the Seal's firm; and makes well for us——You, my Lord, have brought forth another *Amphitryon*, I another *Socia*; now, if the Cup has engender'd too, we are all three double.

Amp. I'll have it broke open, and look'd into.

Soc. Hold, Sir, look of the Seal once more, that afterwards I may'nt be brought in for Burglary.

[*Amphitryon looks.*

Amp. Open it quickly; ſhe'll run us down, and think us mad elſe.

Alc. Where think ye I ſhou'd have this, but from you who gave it me?

Amp. That's my Buſineſs to enquire into. [*Socia opens it.*

Soc. ſtarting. Heaven have mercy upon my Soul!

Amp. What ails the Fellow?

Soc. The Cup's flown out of the Neſt.

Amp. What ſay ye?

Soc. Nothing but Truth.

Amp. An unlucky Truth to you, if it be gone.

Alc. Why here 'tis apparently. [*Holding it up.*

Amp. Who gave it ye?

Alc. The ſame who asks the Queſtion.

Soc. You are upon the catch, my Lord. You ſtole ſlily out of the Ship ſome Back-way, with the Cup, preſented it to my Lady, then privately ſeal'd up the Casket again.

Amp. Hah! you ſooth her in her Madneſs too——But once more, do ye affirm I was here Yeſterday?

Alc. I do; and at our firſt Interview, ſaluted each other, and met with a Kiſs.

Amp. aſide. I cou'd have ſpar'd that Kindneſs——[*To her*] Proceed.

Alc. You bath'd your ſelf.

Amp. What next?

Alc. Sat down at the Table.

Soc. Ha, ha, beſt of all! now catechiſe her, Sir.

Amp. Don't interrupt, Sirrah.—On with your Story.

Alc.

Alc. Supper was ſerv'd up, we ſat down, and ſupp'd both together.

Amp. At the ſame Table?

Alc. Yes.

Soc. Shame on't! I don't like that Entertainment.

Amp. Leave fooling.--We ſupp'd together; what then?

Alc. You complain'd of Drowſineſs; Supper was taken away, and together we went up to Bed.

Amp. Where did you lie?

Alc. In the ſame Chamber and Bed with your ſelf.

Amp. Ruin'd then!

Soc. What's the matter, Sir?

Amp. Stabb'd to the Heart!

Alc. What ails ye, my Lord?

Amp. Let me alone. [*Turning away.*

Soc. What's done to you, Sir?

Amp. I am a miſerable Man; baſely diſhonour'd by my Wife in my Abſence.

Alc. In good earneſt, my Lord; why this hard Cenſure from your Mouth?

Amp. Am I your Lord? Prithee don't give me a wrong Title.

Soc. A very pretty Bus'neſs; if ſhe has taken away his Manhood, and made him a Lady. [*Aſide.*

Alc. What have I done, to make ye uſe me thus?

Amp. You declare your Crimes, then ask me how you have offended.

Alc. Is't an Offence to lie with my Husband?

Amp. With me? Was there ever ſuch prodigious Impudence? If ye had loſt all Senſe of Honour, ſure you might have borrow'd of your Neighbours.

Alc. Our Family was ne'er guilty of ſuch Crimes; and if my Honour's Ruin be your Aim, you'll loſe your Labour.

Amp. Bleſs my Soul!——Sure you know me, *Socia.*

Soc. Pretty well, Sir.

Amp. Did not I ſup laſt Night in your Veſſel at the *Euboan* Port?

Alc. I have ſufficient Evidence to prove what I ſay.

Amp. Evidence, who are they?

Alc.

Alc. Evidence, I ſay.

Amp. What will they give in?——But one's ſufficient; for, here was no body but *Socia.*

Soc. Marry, I don't know what to make of all this, unleſs there be another *Amphitryon*, who in your Abſence takes care of your Buſineſs, and your Lady's too. I thought it plaguy ſtrange to find a Deputy *Socia*, but i'faith a ſecond *Amphitryon*'s a greater Wonder. Certainly ſome Inchantments have been practis'd upon your Lady.

Alc. By Heaven, and by all that's good, which Oaths to me are all ſacred, I ne'er gave to any Man but you, the leaſt Liberty that cou'd call my Honour in queſtion.

Amp. Heaven make it true.

Alc. I affirm it is, but in vain, ſince you won't believe.

Amp. You are a Woman, and ſwear too boldly.

Alc. Innocence ought to be bold, and to vindicate it ſelf with a Confidence and Haughtineſs.

Amp. Here's Boldneſs enough.

Alc. No more than becomes Vertue.

Amp. We have your Word for that. [*Jeeringly.*

Alc. I don't, like others, eſteem a little Dirt my Portion, but my Continency, and Honour, my moderating my Paſſions, my Fear of Heaven, Duty to my Parents, Love to my Kindred, Obedience to my Husband, my liberal Bounty to the Good, and my Care over the Vertuous.

Soc. I'faith, if all this be true, certainly ſhe's the very Map of Innocence.

Amp. I'm ſo ſtrangely confounded, I ſcarce know where I am.

Soc. Certainly you muſt be my Lord *Amphitryon* ſtill. But have a great care you don't get into the new Faſhion; for here's nothing but *Metamorphoſes* ſince our Arrival.

Amp. Madam, I'm reſolv'd to ſearch to the very bottom of this Buſineſs.

Alc. Do't a God's Name.

Amp. What ſay ye?——Anſwer me to this; ſuppoſe I bring from the *Port*, your Kinſman *Naucrates*, who came over in the ſame Veſſel with me: If he diſproves all

your

your Aſſertions, what Treatment do ye deſerve th
What Plea will ye find to ſave your Divorce and Portio

Alc. If I fail in my Part, I'll urge none.

Amp. Agreed——*Socia*, conduct theſe Priſoners i
the Houſe——I'll away to our Veſſel, and bring he
Naucrates. [*Exit* Amphitry

SCENE V.

Alcmena, Socia, Theſſala, *and Priſoners.*

Soc. Now we are by our ſelves, Madam, tell me ſeric
ly, wether I ha'nt within doors a Brother *Socia*, juſt l
me for all the World?

Alc. Out of my ſight, Raſcal, who art fit for noth
but thy Maſter.

Soc. I'll vaniſh at your Commands.

[*Beckons the Priſon*

Alc. Bleſs me! 'tis very ſtrange it ſhou'd come into
Lord's Head to accuſe me thus wrongfully. Whate'er
matter be, my Couſin *Naucrates* will clear all.

[*Exeunt Omn*

The End of the Second Act.

A C

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Jupiter, *addreſſes himſelf to the Audience, and goes on with the* Prologue.

ENTLEMEN, *I'm ſtill* Amphitryon, *and have a Servant* Socia; *who, when occaſion ſerves, ſhall be* Mercury *again. My Lodgings are in the upper Garret, where I'm* Jove *as often as I pleaſe. But whene'er I come down, I change my Garb, and become* Amphitryon *in a trice.* ——*It's for your ſakes,* Gentlemen, *I'm come here now, to make the* Comedy *compleat; and at the ſame time to protect poor* Alcmena's *Honour againſt her Husband's falſe Accuſations: For 'twould be a Piece of Baſeneſs to ſuffer my Crimes to fall upon her Head.*——*Now will I reaſſume* Amphitryon's *Perſon, and once more put the grand Sham upon the whole Family: But then I'll clear all at laſt, aſſiſt* Alcmena *in due time, and at once have her deliver'd of both mine and her Husband's Child, and that without any Pain.*——*I order'd* Mercury *to be here immediately, and receive his Commands.*——*Now I'll go to her.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Alcmena *at the other End of the Stage.*

Alc. to her ſelf. The Houſe is grown odious to me now; ſince my Lord accuſes me of Diſhoneſty, Shame, and Infamy. He denies plain Matters of Fact, and exclaims againſt me ſtrangely; he affirms what never was, and blames me for what I'm innocent of; after all, thinks I'll tamely ſit down and bear all. But as I'm a living Soul, he's miſtaken; for I'll not ſuffer the unjuſt Scandal of Whore: No, I'll part firſt, unleſs he makes me ample Satisfaction, and ſwears he repents of his unjuſt Accuſation.

Jup. coming nigher. That I muſt do in good earneſt, if I ever hope for a kind Reception. For ſeeing my Tricks fall heavy upon *Amphitryon*'s Head, and my Love proves injurious to this innocent Creature, I muſt expect ſome Anger and hard Words for what I'm innocent of too. [*Aſide.*

Alc. to her ſelf. Oh! here's the Perſon who accuſes his poor Wife of Shame and Infamy.

Here they meet and join Diſcourſe.

Jup. Madam, I wou'd willingly talk with ye——[*She turns from him.*] Why do ye avoid me?

Alc. 'Tis my Nature to ſerve my Enemies ſo. [*Angrily.*

Jup. Bleſs me! your Enemies?

Alc. Yes truly, my Enemies; unleſs you'll pretend this is falſe too. [*She frowns.*

Jup. Now you are too nicely reſerv'd.

[*Offers to take her by the Hand.*

Alc. Pray let me alone.——I'm ſure, had ye either Wit or Diſcretion, or were not the greateſt Fool in Nature, you'd ne'er hold Diſcourſe, either in Mirth or Earneſt, with *the Woman you believe*, and declare a Strumpet.

Jup.

p. If I did, you are ne'er the worſe, no not in my
on; therefore I return to beg your pardon, my Dear:
o Torment has been ſo great to me, as the Appre-
ions of your Diſpleaſure.——Why didſt name ſuch a
? I'll clear all to ye. Upon Honour, I ne'er miſ-
d your Fidelity; I had only a mind to try your Tem-
and how you cou'd bear what I ſaid. 'Twas all but
e harmleſs Raillery for Sport-ſake; ask *Socia* elſe.

lc. But why wasn't my Couſin *Naucrates* brought hi-
as you pretended, to prove you ne'er were here be-
?

p. What's ſpoken in Jeſt, my Dear, ought never to
ken in Earneſt.

lc. I'm ſure there was enough to make my Heart ake.

p. Dear *Alcmena*, by this fair Hand, let me beg and
it ye to forgive, forget, and be pacify'd.

lc. My unſpotted Honour's above all Scandal; and
you've own'd me free from all baſe Acts, I wou'd
s free from all baſe Suſpicions.——Farewel, keep
own things, and let me have mine. Pray ſend my
nen after me, to accompany me. [*She weeps.*

p. Sure ye are not mad?

lc. If you will not, I'll go alone; my Vertue ſhall
y Companion. [*She offers to go.*

p. Pray ſtay; I propoſe this Oath to your Diſcretion.
I do ſincerely believe my Wife to be moſt vertuous;
n if I falſify, may *Jove's* eternal Wrath fall upon
hitryon's Head.

lc. Ah! his Mercy rather.

p. I hope 'twill prove ſo; for I'm ſure I have truly
n.——Now I hope you are ſatisfy'd.

lc. I am.

p. I'm glad of it.——A Man in his Life-time meets
a thouſand ſuch Accidents as theſe, ſometimes Plea-
othertimes Troubles, by-and-by Fallings out, then
nciliations again. But whenever theſe little Love-
rels happen, and thoſe made up, the pleaſing Paſſion
ubled.

lc. *Your ill Words* might well have been ſpar'd, my
: *but if you* make me ſuch Satisfaction, I ought to
all. Sup-

Jup. Pray order all my ſacred Veſſels to be got
to perform thoſe Vows I made in the Campaign, if
I got ſafe home again.

Alc. I will.

Jup. to the Servants within. Send out *Socia* the
muſt ſend him for *Blepharon*, our Ship's Pilot, to
him to Dinner.——But not a mouthful ſhall *Socia* ge
and here will be rare Sport when I come to grapple wi
Amphitryon, and ſend him packing. [*Aſid*

Alc. I wonder what he is talking of to himſelf.——B
the Door goes.——Here comes *Socia*.

SCENE III.

Enter Socia *to them.*

Soc. O, my Lord, I'm ready: if there be occaſion, l
your Commands upon me, and I'll obey 'em.

Jup. You are come in good time.

Soc. Pray, Sir, is it Peace or War between ye?——
I'm glad to ſee ye both in a peaceable Poſture, and 'tis
great Satisfaction to me. Truly 'tis a good Servant's Du
to ſympathize with his Maſter, to be as he is, look as l
looks, be ſad when he is ſad, and merry when he is pleas'
——But, good Sir, tell me, is there an amicable A
commodation?

Jup. You jeer now; you know we were only
laughing.

Soc. In laughing, ſaid he? I' faith, I thought ye nev
more in earneſt in your Life.

Jup. I've ſatisfy'd her, and made my peace.

Soc. Excellent, in troth.

Jup. I've a Sacrifice to make, according to my Vow

Soc. I perceive as much.

Jup. You muſt go to *Blepharon*, the Pilot of our Sh
and deſire him from me to be here at the Ceremony, a
take a Dinner with me.

Soc. I'll be back again before you can think me there.

Jup. Well, make haſte then.

[*Exit* Socia.

SCENE IV.

Jupiter *and* Alcmena.

Alc. Shall I go in, my Lord, and help to get things ready, as occaſion ſhall ſerve?

Jup. By all means, Madam; and prepare all things as well as you can.

Alc. Come in as ſoon as you pleaſe, and you'll find nothing out of order.

Jup. Very well! this is like a loving Wife.

[*Exit* Alcmena.

SCENE V.

Jupiter *alone.*

So, both Lady and Servant over-reach'd, in taking me for *Amphitryon*; Miſtaken to ſome purpoſe!——Now, immortal *Socia*, be ready at hand (you hear me tho you are abſent) and don't fail of finding ſome Artifice to drive away *Amphitryon* when he comes: remember it. I'd have ye trifle away the time with him, while I conform my ſelf to this ſame borrow'd Wife. Don't deceive me, but ſerve me according to my Intentions; and be ſure be in readineſs to aſſiſt me, the mean time that I'm ſacrificing to my ſelf.

[*Exit* Jupiter.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Mercury *at the further End of the Stage, run in great haſte.*

OOM here! Clear the way! All World make room! and let not a be ſo deſperately mad as to ſtop Journey———

He addreſſes himſelf to the Specta and finiſhes the Prologue.

TROTH, Gentlemen, *why ſhou'd not my Deity give me the ſame Privilege of threatning the I when they ſtand in my way, as the Slaves in* Come *have? Their vaſt haſte is only for a Veſſel ſafely arri an old Fellow upon the Fret, or ſo; but I,* Jove's *Me ger, and ſent by his Commands, have more reaſon to for room, and clear all before me.———My Fathe calls, I follow; his Word is my Law, and I obey with all the Submiſſion of a dutiful Son. I ſooth in his Wenching, encourage him, pimp for him,* co

him, and rejoice with him; and whene'er he receives a Pleaſure, it proves ten times as much to me. Does he long for a Girl? He does well and wiſely to ſatisfy his Longing; a thing all wiſe Men ought to obſerve, provided it be ſafe. Now 'tis my Father's Will and Pleaſure to impoſe upon Amphitryon: *Troth I do it nobly——I'll do it immediately,* Gentlemen, *before your Faces. I'll whip on a Chaplet, pretend to be drunk, and get my ſelf above. From thence I'll ſend him with a Vengeance, as ſoon as he approaches, and make him dry drunk, I'll warrant him. Next,* Socia *muſt go to pot, and be condemn'd for what I did. But what's that to me? 'Tis my Buſineſs to obey my Father's Commands, and obſerve his Pleaſure.——* [Looking about.] O *yonder comes* Amphitryon! *I ſhall make admirable ſport with him, if you'll pleaſe to favour me with your ſilence.——I'll in, and adorn my ſelf like a Drunkard: Then I'll aſcend the Houſe, and from thence do his buſineſs for him.*

[*Exit* Mercury.

SCENE II.

Enter Amphitryon *at the further End of the Stage, out of Breath.*

I cou'd not meet with *Naucrates* at his Veſſel for my Life, nor at home neither, nor ſo much as a Soul in the City who had ſeen him. I have been hunting for him through every Alley, among the Armorers and Perfumers, at the Change, the Shambles, the Race-Ground, the Markets, the Apothecaries and Barbers Shops, and at all the Temples in Town. I'm weary'd off my Legs, and no *Naucrates* to be found high nor low.——I'll e'en go home, and make a further Enquiry of my Wife, to find out this Perſon that diſhonour'd my Bed in my abſence. *'Tis more* than Death to me to let the Buſineſs thus hang *in ſuſpence.*——[*He goes to his Door, and tries to open it.*] The

They have ſecur'd the Doors; very fine! This is like reſt of their Tricks; but I'll make 'em hear me.— [*He knocks.*] Open the Door! Soho, within there!— [*Knocks louder.*] No body to open the Door?

SCENE III.

Mercury *appears above, crown'd with a Garland, a pretending to be drunk.*

Mer. Who's at the Door?

Amp. 'Tis I.

Mer. I; what I?

Amp. I, I tell ye. [*Knocking a*

Mer. Sure the Devil and his Dam has poſſeſs'd ye, bouncing at our Doors.

Amp. How?——

Mer. So as to make ye a poor Rogue as long as have a day to live.

Amp. Socia!

Mer. That's my Name indeed; except you think I loſt my Memory.——What's your Bus'neſs?

Amp. Raſcal, have ye the Impudence to enquire my Bus'neſs?

Mer. Yes marry have I.——Why, you Blockh you have almoſt thrown the Door off the Hinges. D think our Doors are made at the publick Charge?— What makes ye ſtare ſo, Bufflehead? What's your neſs, I ſay? And who are ye?

Amp. Varlet, how dare ye ask ſuch a Queſtion? T curſed branded Rogue! As I'm a living Soul, I'll drul to ſome tune for all your Saucineſs.

Mer. Certainly you muſt have been a prodigal Do your time.

Amp. Why ſo, Sirrah?

Mer. Becauſe in your old days you are forc'd to *begging to me for a Beating.*

Amp. Thy Back, Slave, ſhall ſoundly pay for all this.

Mer. Then I ſhall ſacrifice———

Amp. What?

Mer. Something to your Worſhip's Pate.

Amp. You Jail-bird!———If I live and do well, I'll ye up by the Heels, with your Skin ſtrip'd o'er your and make a Sacrifice of you.———Out of your Caſtle, you curſed Raſcal.

Mer. Poor Phantom, doſt think to fright me with big Words?———But if ye don't take ye to your Heels quickly, or offer to knock, or touch the Door with a Finger, I'll hit ye ſuch a Douce of the Chaps with this Tile, as ſhall daſh out your Teeth and Tongue together. [*Holding up a Tile.*

Amp. Damn'd Villain, will ye ſhut me out of my own Houſe? and keep me from knocking at my own Door? I'll make the Doors fly preſently. [*He bounces at the Door.*

Mer. Do ye perſiſt, Sirrah?

Amp. Yes, Rogue.

Mer. Have-at your Corps then.

[*He throws down a Tile upon him.*

Amp. Curſed Slave, throw upon your Lord and Maſter? If I do once lay hands on ye, I'll make ye a perpetual Example to all Rogues.

Mer. Ye ought to get your Brains clear'd, ye old Fool!

Amp. Why, Sirrah?

Mer. For calling me your Servant.

Amp. What if I do?

Mer. Then you had better be hang'd; for I own no Maſter but *Amphitryon*.

Amp. aſide, looking upon himſelf. Sure I have not loſt my Shape? I'm ſtartled at *Socia*'s denying me. But I'll try him further.——[*To him.*] Hark ye, tell me, whom do I ſeem? Is't not plain that I'm *Amphitryon?*

Mer. Amphitryon! A Mad-man rather. Did not I tell ye, old Fool, that your Brains ſhou'd be clear'd, when ye ask'd others who you are?———Be gone, I adviſe ye, and make no Diſturbance here, for my Lord *Amphitryon* is juſt *come home from* the Campaign, and retir'd with his Lady *to Bed.*

An

Amp. What Lady?

Mer. *Alcmena.*

Amp. But what Man is it?

Mer. How often muſt I tell ye?——My Lord *Amphitryon.* Trouble us no further.

Amp. Who does he lie with?

Mer. Have a care your fooling with me don't bring a old Houſe upon your Head.

Amp. Nay, good *Socia*, tell me that.

Mer. Now you are a Peg lower.——With *Alcmena* then

Amp. Lie with her?

Mer. Ay, I think ſo; and upon her too.

Amp. I'm a loſt Man.

Mer. What he calls Loſs is clear Gains. For, to k out one's Wife is as good as farming out a barren Piec of Ground to good Husbandmen. [*Aſide.*

Amp. *Socia!*

Mer. What a-plague mean ye by *Socia?*

Amp. Don't ye know me, Slave?

Mer. Yes, for an impertinent quarrelſome Coxcomb.

Amp. Still in that Vein?——Am not I thy Maſter *Amphitryon?*

Mer. Some *Tom-a-Bedlam*, I think, not *Amphitryon.* How often muſt I tell ye ſo? Wou'd ye hear it once more? My Maſter *Amphitryon* is now a bed with *Alcmena*——Stay here any longer, I'll ſend him out with a Devil to ye.

Amp. That I wou'd fain ſee.——Pray Heaven my publick Services be not rewarded with Loſs of Country, Houſe, Wife, Family, and Shape too. [*Aſide.*

Mer. I'll ſend him to ye; but in the mean time retire a-while. For I believe the Sacrifice is ready, and they'll to Dinner preſently. But if you chance to be impertinent, you'll go nigh to be ſacrific'd your ſelf.

[Mercury *retires.*

SCEN

SCENE IV.

itryon *alone, walking diſcontentedly about his Door.*

ivens bleſs me! What ſtrange Madneſs has ſeiz'd our Family? What Prodigies have I ſeen ſince this ourney? Now I'm apt to credit the old Fable as hat in *Arcadia* the *Attick* People were transform'd ivage Beaſts, ſo that their Parents and Friends cou'd know 'em after.——— [*He ſtands in amaze.*

SCENE V.

Blepharon *and* Socia *at the further end of the Stage, talking together.*

———How's this, *Socia?* 'Tis the ſtrangeſt Story heard. Did ye meet with another *Socia* at the Door, your own Shape, ſay ye?

Yes.—— But hark ye, Sir; ſince I have ſpawn'd r *Socia*, and my Lord another *Amphitryon*, who but you may another *Blepharon?* Wou'd to Hea- n were but as well convinc'd, at the Expence of a Chaps, broken Teeth, and an empty Belly as I am. ther *I-Socia*, that am yonder, ſwing'd me, and made Rogue of me.

Prodigious, I ſwear!——But let's mend our Pace e yonder's his Lordſhip ſtaying for us; and truly my h begins to wamble.

p. to himſelf.———But why do I mention foreign ies; ſince we are told ſtranger Stories of our City's ?? This mighty Prince, in queſt of Europa, ſlew dful *Monſter*, from whoſe ſcatter'd Teeth ſpring armed

armed Troops, in order rang'd, where Brother
thers to death. After all, *Epirus* saw the sam
son and his Wife crawl about in Serpents Shap
was great *Jove's* Will, and the Decree of Fat
of our Family have had their noble Exploits re
dire Misfortunes. 'Tis my Destiny, and I
these Shocks of Misery, and take off these insu
tions.———

Soc. Mr. *Blepharon!*

Ble. What?

Soc. My Mind misgives me plaguily.

Ble. Why!

Soc. Look ye; yondet he walks before his
ing like a Parasite to bid his Lordship Good-mo

Ble. 'Tis only to catch himself a Stomach.

Soc. Very ingeniously contriv'd: So he hai
Doors for fear it shou'd come too soon.

Ble. You are in the jeering Vein.

Soc. Not yet in the snarling.——Observe a l
please.——He's talking to himself, if I knev
and I believe he's hammering at some plaguy
I'll listen to his Discourse.——Stand still a-while

Amp. to himself.——O how I fear th
shou'd bereave me of the Honour of this Vic
my whole Family possess'd with strange Ext
Then my Wife's Disloyalty and Infamy goes
of me. But the Cup quite startles me; for '
seal'd as possible.——How can it be? My
all the Particulars of the Battle, particularly
was slain by my own Hands.——Ho, ho,
out the Trick at last. This was all *Socia's* R
but just now had the Impudence to shut m
own House.———

Soc. overhearing. So, my Name's brought
a plaguy harsh Sound.——Pray let's kee
while, till his whole Passion be discharg'd.

Ble. How you will for that.

Amp. to himself.——But cou'd I but la
that Rascal, I wou'd teach him to deceive, ab
for his own Master.

Soc. Do ye hear him, Sir?

Ble. Yes.

Soc. The Storm is just breaking upon my Shoulders.—— e must go up to him; for you know the old Saying——

Ble. I know nothing of your Sayings; but I have a h guessing at your Sufferings.

Soc. 'Tis an old Proverb, *That an empty Belly and a k Guest makes one as mad as the Devil.*

Ble. Very true, we'll meet him immediately.——My rd *Amphitryon!*

Amp. 'Tis *Blepharon's* Voice. I wonder what's his Buess with me. However, he comes very luckily to be a itness of my Wife's Baseness.——

Here they meet and join Discourse.

w now, *Blepharon*; what have you to say to me?

Ble. Has your Honour forgot you sent *Socia* to our Vesthis Morning to invite me to Dinner?

Amp. I ne'er so much as thought of it.——But where's s Villain?

Ble. Who?

Amp. *Socia.*

Ble. There he is. [*Pointing to him.*

Amp. Where?

Ble. Just before ye.——Don't ye see him?

Amp. Passion blinds me, and this Rascal has distracted ——I'll sacrifice ye, you Dog; you must not think to ape.——[*Offers at* Socia, Blepharon *holds him.*] Prithee me come at him.

Ble. Hear a little, I beseech ye.

Amp. Speak, I do hear.——[*He breaks loose, and ks* Socia.] Take that, Sirrah.

Soc. Why this Usage, Sir?——Have not I been quick ough?——If I had got *Pacolet's* Horse, I cou'd not e come sooner.

Ble. Hold, good Sir; we came as great a Pace as we d.

Amp. A Hare's or Snail's Pace, 'tis all one; I'm reld to beat the Rascal as long as he can stand.——

Item, for the House-top;——*Item*, for the Tile;—— for shutting me out;——*Item*, for your mocking me,

me;——*Item*, for your ſaucy Tongue.——

[*Beats him at each Word.*

Ble. What has he done, Sir?

Amp. Done, quoth-a?——He ſhut the Door upon me, and ſhamefully abus'd me from the Houſe-top.

Soc. I, Sir?

Amp. Yes you, who ſo inſolently threatned me if I offer'd to touch the Door.——Dog, do ye deny it too?

Soc. Why ſhou'd not I? Here's a ſufficient Witneſs to juſtify it; the ſame you ſent me in all haſte to invite to Dinner.

Amp. Who ſent ye, Impudence?

Soc. You, Sir.

Amp. When, I pray?

Soc. Juſt now, very lately, but a moment ſince; when you and your Lady were reconcil'd within.

Amp. The Fellow's bedevil'd ſure.

Soc. I defy the Devil and all his Works.——You order'd me to clean all the Veſſels, for you had a Sacrifice to offer: and then you ſent me for this Gentleman, to take a Dinner with ye.

Amp. Let me periſh, if e'er I ſet ſtep within Doors, or ſent him any where.—Where did ye leave me laſt, Sirrah?

Soc. At home with your Lady; from whence I haſten'd to the *Port*, invited him as you order'd me, and here we are. I ne'er had one Glimpſe of ye ſince then.

Amp. Impudent Dog, with my Wife?——Now you muſt not think to eſcape my Hands. [*He offers at him.*

Soc. avoiding him. Mr. *Blepharon!*

Ble. Good my Lord, ſpare him for my ſake, and hear me.

Amp. Well, ſpeak your Pleaſure.

Ble. He has been telling of me wonderful ſtrange Stories; and perhaps ſome Juggler or Sorcerer has bewitch'd your Family. Ye had beſt make a ſtrict Enquiry into the Buſineſs, and not uſe the poor Fellow like a Dog, before you know a jot of the matter.

Amp. Come then, let's enter the Houſe; I muſt have ye for a Witneſs in my Wife's Caſe.

[*They move towards the Door.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Jupiter *from* Amphitryon's *House.*

Jup. appearing at the Door. Who's that made our Doors fly after ſuch a vengeable rate? Who dares cauſe ſuch a Riot before my Houſe? If I catch him, I'll ſacrifice his Soul to the *Telebaan* Ghoſts. ——— [*He comes forward.*] Nothing goes well with me to-day. I left *Blepharon* and *Socia*, to hunt up my Couſin *Naucrates*; him I can't find high nor low, and t'other two I've quite loſt. ——— O here they are. ——— I'll go to 'em to know how Matters ſtand.

Soc. O, Mr. *Blepharon*, that's my Maſter that comes from the Houſe; 'tis this is the Sorcerer.

Ble. Bleſs me! what do I ſee? ——— This is not *He*, but the *Other*. And if this be *Amphitryon*, troth that can't, unleſs he be double.

Jup. Here's *Blepharon* and *Socia* together: I'll begin with them firſt. — [*They meet.*] Are ye come at laſt, *Socia*? I begin to have a Stomach.

Soc. to Blepharon. Did not I tell ye this was the Sorcerer?

Amp. No, that's he, my *Theban* Neighbours, that has corrupted my Wife, and heap'd Diſhonour upon my Head.

Soc. to Jupiter. My Lord, your Stomach may be empty, but I'm ſure I'm come with my Belly full of Cuffs.

Amp. Still in that Humour, Raſcal.

Soc. to Amphitryon. Get ye to the Devil, ye damn'd Sorcerer.

Amp. Call me Sorcerer, Slave? [*Strikes him.*

Jup. How dare you have the Inſolence to beat my Servants?

Amp. Thine?

Jup. Yes, mine.

Amp. You lye, Sir.

Jup. Go in, *Socia*, and haſten the Dinner, whilſt I make an Example of this Fellow.

Soc. I go, Sir. ——— [*To himſelf going off.*] I fancy the Inter-

Interview between *This-Amphitryon* and *That-Amphitryon* will be juſt as civil as that between *I-Socia* and *Me-Socia*. Well, the time they are ſquabling abroad, I'll in and ranſack the Kitchin, lick all the Platters clean, and ſuck my ſweet Face with all the Liquor I can find. [*Exit* Socia.

SCENE VII.

Jupiter, Amphitryon, *and* Blepharon.

Jup. Dare ye give me the Lye?

Amp. Yes that I dare, thou curſed Corrupter of my Family.

Jup. For that Affront I'll throttle ye.

[*Takes him by the Collar.*

Amp. ſtriking at him. Oh, oh!

Jup. You ſhou'd have had more Forecaſt then.

Amp. ſtruggling. Help, good *Blepharon*.

Ble. They are ſo alike, I can't tell which ſide to take; but I'll part the Fray as well as I can.——Pray, one *Amphitryon* don't murder *T'other-Amphitryon*.——Good now let go.

Jup. Call ye him *Amphitryon?*

Ble. Why not? He was formerly ſingle, now he's become double. Tho indeed you are the *Man*, he's ſtill the *Perſon*: therefore pray let go.

Jup. letting go. Well then.——But in earneſt do ye take him for *Amphitryon?*

Ble. Faith, both of ye.

Amp. Heavens bleſs me! Where got ye this Shape of mine? [*Aſide.*] But I'll pump him.——Are you *Amphitryon?*

Jup. Are you he that deny it?

Amp. I am; ſince there's ne'er another *Amphitryon* in all *Thebes*.——

Jup. But me, I grant ye; and, *Blepharon*, be you Judg.

Ble. I'll clear the Buſineſs by Tokens, if I can.——*Do you anſwer firſt then.*——[*To Amphitryon.*

Amp.

Amp. With all my heart.

Ble. What Orders did ye give me before the Battle with the *Taphians?*

Amp. When the Veſſel was ready, not to part from the Stern a moment.——

Jup. ——Becauſe if our Army were routed, I might ſecure my own Retreat.

Amp. I order'd ye beſides to have an eye to the great Bag of Mony I left with ye.

Jup. How much?

Ble. Hold a little, Sir; that's a Queſtion for me to ask.——Do you know the Sum?

Jup. Yes, it amounted to fifty *Attick* Talents.

Ble. Right to a Farthing.——How many pieces of Gold were there? [*To* Amphitryon.

Amp. Two thouſand.

Jup. And twice as many Braſs.

Ble. You've both nick'd it.——Certainly one of ye muſt have been enclos'd in the Bag.

Jup. But obſerve, Sir, to clear all, this right Hand ſlew *Pterelas*; I receiv'd his Spoils; his Drinking-Cup I had in a Casket; I gave it my Wife, and this Day did I bathe with her, carriage with her, and lie with her.

Amp. That Word ſtabs me. I'm almoſt diſtracted. I ſleep and dream, with my Eyes open, and periſh with my Health and Senſes about me.——Certainly I am that *Amphitryon*, *Gorgophon's* Grand-child, General of the *Thebans*, *Creon's* Friend, Conqueror of the *Teleboans*, of the *Acarnanians* and *Taphians*, and by my Courage ſlew their King. There I made *Cephalus* Governour, the great *Deioneus's* Son; and——

Jup. ——Three, by my Valour, defeated thoſe Ravagers, who had kill'd *Electryon*, and my Wife's Brothers; waſted *Achaia*, *Etolia*, and *Phocis*; and ſcour'd the *Ionian*, *Egean*, and *Cretian* Seas from their Privateers.

Amp. Bleſs me! I can't believe my ſelf, he has ſo hit upon every Punctilio.——What ſay'ſt thou, *Blepharon?*

Ble. There's one Proof behind; if that be made out, ye muſt certainly be double.

Jup. O, you mean the Scar on my right Arm, cauſed by

by the Wound *Pterelas* gave me.

Ble. The ſame.

Amp. Well thought on.

Jup. Do ye ſee?——look here. [*Uncovers his Arm.*

Ble. Uncover both of ye, that I may ſee.

[Amphitryon *uncovers.*

Jup. We have; now look.

Ble. Heavens, what do I ſee? Both mark'd in the ſame Arm, in the ſame Place, and exactly with the ſame Scar, a little reddiſh juſt like a late Wound. The Proofs are equal, the Determination unfix'd, and I can go no further.——You two muſt decide the Buſineſs between both, for my Affairs call me away.——Never did I ſee ſuch a ſtrange Sight in my born days.—

Amp. Good *Blepharon*, don't leave me in Diſtreſs, but be my Counſellor a-while.

Ble. Adieu.——What ſignifies a Counſellor when he knows not which ſide to plead of?

Jup. I'll go in. *Alcmena* cries out.

[*Exeunt* Blepharon *and* Jupiter *ſeverally.*

SCENE VIII.

Amphitryon *alone.*

Ruin'd for ever! Abandon'd by my Friends and Counſellors. But by Heaven, this damn'd Impoſtor ſhan't abuſe me unrevenged, whoe'er he be. I'll immediately to the King, and acquaint him with the whole Buſineſs. As I hope to live, I'll ſeverely puniſh this helliſh Sorcerer, who has play'd ſuch villanous Tricks with my whole Family.—[*Looking round about him.*] But where is he?——O' my Soul, gone in; and I believe to my Wife.——Did *Thebes* e'er produce a greater Wretch?——What Courſe can I take? All the World deny me, and make a Mock of me as they pleaſe; 'tis fix'd at laſt; I'll break in upon 'em, and the firſt living Creature I meet, whether Maid or Man, Wife or Stallion, nay Father or Grandfather, I'll murder upon

upon the ſpot. Tho mighty *Jove*, and all the Gods, ſhou'd interpoſe, I wou'd perfect my Deſign. Now I'll enter the Houſe.——

[*He goes to the Door; it thunders; he ſhakes, and falls into a Swoon.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

It thunders and lightens between the Acts.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Bromia *in a great Fright.* Amphitryon *in a Swoon upon the Stage.*

Bromia.

ALL my Hopes and Means of Safety are fled; and I have nothing to ſupport my drooping Spirits, ſince all things, even Seas, Earth, and Heaven, ſeem to conſpire to overwhelm and ruin me.——Mercy upon me! What ſhall I do? I've ſeen ſo many Prodigies within.——O wretched! ready to ſwoon; O for a little Water, my Heart chills and faints away, my Head akes, my Ears and Eyes fail me, and I'm the ſaddeſt ſhifleſs Creature upon Earth; ſuch ſtrange things befel my

Lady.——For when ſhe was going of her Labour, ſhe invok'd the Gods. Lord, what Voices and Noiſes, what Claſhes and Flaſhes; how ſuddenly, how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd! Every Soul fell flat at the Greatneſs of the Claps. At the ſame time a mighty Voice was heard, crying, Alcmena, *Succour's at hand, ſhake off all Dread; the great King of Heaven's come to you and your Family's Protection. Riſe all, who fell at the Terror of my Voice.* At that I got up; and the Houſe appear'd ſo very bright, that methought 'twas all in Flames. My Lady ſhe call'd me, which rais'd new Fears, ſuſpecting her Safety. I went in all haſte to know her Pleaſure; where I found her happily deliver'd of two Boys, and that without the leaſt Suſpicion or Knowledg of any of us.—— But what's here? What old Gentleman's this who lies before our Door? Is he Thunder-ſtruck by *Jupiter?*—— Really I believe 'tis ſo.——Bleſs me, he ſeems dead! ——I'll go find out who 'tis.——O, 'tis my Lord *Amphitryon.*——[*She ſtirs him.*] My Lord!

SCENE II.

Amphitryon *comes out of his Swoon.*

Amp. ſtirring a little. Alas!

Bro. Riſe, Sir.

Amp. Ruin'd!

Bro. Give me your Hand, my Lord. [*She takes hold of him.*

Amp. looking up. Who's that?

Bro. Your Maid *Bromia.*

Amp. riſing up. I tremble all over; *Jove* has ſo ſtun'd me——I'm juſt as tho I had been at Hell.——Why came ye out?

Bro. We, poor Souls, were in as great a Fright as you, we ſaw ſo many Prodigies within doors.—— Alas, my Lord, I ha'nt yet recover'd my Senſes.

Amp. Come, let's walk with ye.—— Do you indeed know me for your Maſter *Amphitryon?*

Bro.

Bro. Yes, Sir.

Amp. See that you be certain of it.

Bro. I am.

Amp. She's the only vertuous Person of my Family.

Bro. Indeed, my Lord, we are none of us mad.

Amp. I am sure my Wife's base Disloyalty has made me so.

Bro. I'll soon change your Opinion in that point, my Lord; and in few Words shew ye most apparent Proofs and Tokens of both your Lady's Goodness and Fidelity.——First, you must know, she's brought to bed of two Boys.

Amp. How, of two Boys? [*More concernedly.*

Bro. Yes, Sir.

Amp. Heavens be favourable!——

Bro. Let me speak, and I'll tell ye how tender the Gods have been of your Lady and the whole Family.

Amp. Speak then.

Bro. When my Lady began to go of her Labour, and perceiv'd the Approach of the usual Pains; with her Hands wash'd, and Head cover'd, she implor'd the Assistance of the Gods. Immediately it thunder'd so dreadfully, we first thought the whole House wou'd have fallen. Then every thing shin'd so gloriously, as if they were made of Gold.

Amp. Pray ease me a little, now you've deceiv'd me enough.——What follow'd?

Bro. In the mean time, your Lady was deliver'd, and truly without any Pains; for not a Groan, or the least Complaint, was heard to come from her.

Amp. I'm glad of that, whate'er she has deserv'd at my Hands.

Bro. Those things apart, and hear the rest.——After her Delivery, she gave us both the Children to wash. We took 'em, and the Boy that fell to my share, was so big, and withal so vastly strong, that we cou'dn't bind him in his Blankets.

Amp. These are Wonders indeed; if all be true, I do not question my Wife's particular Assistance from above.

Bro. You'll say there are greater behind.——After he was laid in his Cradle, two hugeous great Serpents came rolling

rolling down the Water-Spout into the Chamber, both rearing up their Heads.——

Amp. Lack a day!

Bro. You needn't fear any thing.——The Serpents caſting their Eyes about, and ſpying the Children, immediately made for the Cradles. Upon this, I drew 'em up and down, backwards and forwards, terribly afraid of the Children, and my ſelf too, they purſu'd em ſo fiercely. When the Child, I told ye of, ſaw this, he immediately ſtarted out of his Cradle, fell furiouſly upon 'em, and ſuddenly graſping each Serpent in his Hand——

Amp. 'Tis wonderful ſtrange.——This is ſuch a dreadful Buſineſs, as ſets me a ſhaking all over.——But what's next? Proceed.

Bro. ——He deſtroy'd both the Serpents at once. In the mean time, my Lady was call'd with a loud Voice by——

Amp. Whom?

Bro. ——*Jove*, the great King of Heaven and Earth, who openly declar'd he had lain with my Lady in your Abſence, and how that very Child who ſlew the Serpent was his; the other yours.

Amp. In good troth, I like this well enough, to be Sharer with *Jove* himſelf in his good Fortunes.——Go in, and get all the Veſſels ready for a Sacrifice quickly, that I may thank him for his Favours with a great many Victims.

[*Exit* Bromia.

SCENE III.

Amphitryon *alone.*

I'll immediately to the Divine *Tireſias*, conſult him in what's fitteſt to be done; and tell him the whole Buſineſs from the beginning to the ending.——[*He is going off, and it thunders again.*] But what's the meaning of this tho?—How dreadfully it thunders!——Heavens bleſs me!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Jupiter *deſcends in a Machine, in his own proper Shape.*

Jup. Courage, Prince *Amphitryon*; I'm come at laſt to calm all your's and your Family's Troubles; Shake off all Fears. Enquire nothing of Divines and Prophets; for I, great *Jove*, can better tell of paſt and future things than they.——First, I enjoy'd *Alcmena*, by which ſhe prov'd with Child; you had left her with Child too, when you went into the Campaign; of which two ſhe is brought to bed at once. That one that ſprung from me, by his renown'd Acts ſhall gain immortal Honour. As for *Alcmena*, receive her to your former Favour. She hasn't deſerv'd the leaſt Reproach you gave her; for ſhe cou'dn't reſiſt my Power.——Now I'll return to Heaven.

[Jupiter *aſcends.*

SCENE V.

Amphitryon *alone.*

I'll obey your great Commands, and humbly beg the Performance of your Promiſes.——I'll now to my Wife, and let old *Tireſias* alone.——

He turns to the Spectators.

Gallants, for Honour's Sake, and great *Jove's* Cauſe,
We hope you'll crown us with one loud Applauſe.

[*Exit* Amphitryon.

The End of Amphitryon.

REMARK

UPON

AMPHITRYON.

THE *Subject* of this Play is the moſt *ſingle* that can poſſibly be, it being only the Birth of *Hercules*, and likewiſe the moſt noble of all the Comedies of the Antients; not only for the bringing forth of ſuch a Hero, but alſo for its Attendance by no leſs than two Gods, and with Thunders and Lightnings. This Subject, tho great, is naturally very barren, eſpecially if compar'd with many others: but this makes the Poet's Art appear ſtill greater, in finding *Incidents* ſufficient for a whole Play, when he had ſo little Matter to work upon; and in the natural Management of thoſe, he is admirable.

The PROLOGUE.

THE *Prologue* is ſpoken by *Mercury*, not only becauſe he was the moſt proper Perſon to ſay and relate ſuch things as the Poet had moſt occaſion for; but likewiſe, becauſe it would not have been ſo probable for another Perſon to have been abroad at that time of Night.

Page

Page 29. l. penult. *By Jove's Orders I came, Mercury's my Title, sent hither by my Father to beg your Attention.*] *Mercury*, being in Disguise, and not in a Machine, as soon as he cou'd take breath after his long-winded Sentence, he tells the Spectators who he is. For tho' from the Sentence they might pretty well guess at him, more perhaps from his *Offices* than his *Oratory*, yet the Poet takes care to make every thing perfectly *clear* and *intelligible* to the Spectators; that, above all things, they might never be at a Loss as to the *Plot*.

P. 30. l. 32. *And I'll make it a Hodg-podg, a Tragi-Comedy.*] *Faciam ut commixta sit Tragico-comœdia.* This is the only Play among the Antients, that was call'd *Tragi-Comedy*; and this but in jest neither. But *Plautus* meant no such thing as we do by our Word *Tragi-Comedy*, as appears by the four following Verses; For always among the Antients, the Representation of Kings and great Mens Actions, made a *Tragedy*, and those of common Persons, *Comedy*, whether the *Catastrophes* were prosperous or not, in either. If I had translated it a *Tragical-Comedy*, perhaps it might have been nigher the Author's Design, and as agreeable to the Comical Humour of him who spoke it.

Ibid. l. 37. *To order the Guards to inspect Pit, Box, and Gallery, and if they find any suborn'd to clap an Actor, to take his Cloak for a Pawn.*] *Ut conquisitores singuli in subsellia eant per totam caveam, spectatoribus, si qui sautores delegatos viderint, uti iis in cavea pignus capiantur togæ.* The *Romans* were so great Encouragers of Plays, that they constantly order'd a Reward for him who play'd his Part best, which was paid him by the *Edils*, who were sworn to do Justice; and this often caus'd great Contests and Parties among 'em. I translated *Conquisitores Guards*, *Subsellia*, and *totam Caveam*, *Pit*, *Box*, and *Gallery*, and *Toga Cloak*, because they are the same in effect. I always take the like Liberty in such Cases, and that without any Design of changing the Scene to *London*.

P. 31. l. 18, &c. *A year ago, when the Players invok'd him in a pitiful Farce, he came to their Assistance.*] *Etiam histriones anno cum in proscenio hic Jovem invocarunt, venit: auxilio eis fuit.* Some read it, *Nannio cum*

in

in proſcenio, ſuppoſing it an Alluſion to a Play, call'd *Nannium Proſcenium*, from a famous Courtizan of that Name. But this is very doubtful; and tho queſtionleſs it is a ſharp Reflection upon ſome Play in thoſe times, yet on what, is uncertain. What Liberty is taken in the Tranſlation, is only to make the *Satire* of it more intelligible.

Ibid. l. 23. *Firſt this City is call'd* Thebes, *&c.*] Here begins a Narration of all that was done before the opening of the Stage. This was *Plautus*'s way in the reſt of his *Prologues*, a thing which *Terence* never did: and truly *Plautus* is not to be commended for this; for it may ſeem to argue a want of Dexterity in doing of it by the *Actors* Mouths. But ſince the *Prologue* is no part of the Play, all being intire and compleat without it; and if theſe *Narrations* foretel nothing, like thoſe of *Euripides*, their principal Fault then is, their being wholly impertinent.

P. 32. l. 21, &c. *Now, to diſtinguiſh us eaſily, I have little Wings upon my Hat, and my Father a golden Tuft upon his.*] This is a ſecond Inſtance of *Plautus*'s Care of preventing all manner of Obſcurity, or Confuſion, in the Spectators; and tho it is here done with no great Addreſs, (ſince 'tis all in a *Prologue*) yet it may ſerve for a Hint of the great Exactneſs of the Antients in this Point: whereas the Moderns fail in nothing more than this; and by that means often miſs of Succeſs in their greateſt Beauties.

ACT I.

Scene the Firſt.

PAGE 33. l. 8. *Out of which damn'd Kitchin, to-morrow muſt I be diſh'd up for the Whipping-Poſt.*] *Inde cras e promtuaria cella depromar ad flagrum.* The Joak of this cannot eaſily be preſerv'd in our Language; which chiefly conſiſts in the double Signification of the Word *Depromo*, which is either to *Draw*, or to *Take*; or elſe a pro-

per

per Term in Cookery, ſuch as, to *Diſh*, to *Serve up*, or the like.

P. 35. l. 5, *&c. Madam, at our firſt happy Arrival at the Enemies Country*, &c.] Here begins an admirable *Narration* of a Battle; excellent firſt for the perfect Compleatneſs of the Deſcription in ſo few Words, with an Air of Grandure, which makes it more diverting in a Servant's mouth; but more eſpecially, for the extraordinary Addreſs of the Poet, by finding ſuch an ingenious Pretext for letting the Spectators know a thing ſo very neceſſary for their underſtanding the *Plot*, and that by the Mouth of a ſingle Perſon; ſo both ſeriouſly informing, and comically delighting 'em at the ſame time. If any object, that the Language is too good for a Servant; it may be reply'd, that *Socia* ſays not a Word but what he heard from others, and what he ſays now, is only to have his Speech perfect.

P. 37. l. 16, &c. *Except that Night I had the Strapado, and rid the wooden Horſe till Morning.*] *Niſi item unam, verberatus quam pependi perpetem.* Slaves, when they were beaten, were often hung up by the Legs or Hands, and kept in that Poſture for a conſiderable while. For the Liberty I have taken, ſee the latter Part of the fourth *Remark* upon the *Prologue*.

Ibid. l. penult. *This may be ſome Rogue to ſteal my Cloak off my Back.*] *Illic hoc homo denuo volt pallium detexere.* The Word *Detexere* is a Weaver's Term, ſignifying to *put on to the Loom*, and the like. Now *Socia* ſeeing *Mercury* in a remarkable Poſture, with his hands lifted up, he pleaſantly intimates as tho' he had ſtood ready to take his Cloak and new weave it for him; but this is not eaſily preſerv'd in our Tongue. I believe it wou'd have done better, and nigher to the Author's Deſign, if I had tranſlated it, *I'm afraid this Fellow has ſome great Buſineſs with my Cloak.*

P. 38. l. 17. *Diſſociate me to Quintus.*] *Quintus fiam e Socia.* The Jeſt of this in the Original is much greater than in the Tranſlation. For it was uſual among the *Romans* to call their Sons by the Names of *Primus*, *Secundus*, *Tertius*, *Quartus*, *Quintus*, *Sextus*, &c. according to their Births; as likewiſe their Daughters by the Names of *Prima*, *Secunda*, *Tertia*, *Quarta*, &c.

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P. 39. l. 9. *Far enough lately.*] *Verum longe hinc abfuit.* As Madam *Dacier* obſerves, it is *Socia* that ſays this, and not *Mercury*, as it is in all the common Books.

P. 40. l. 2. *Whither away, Sirrah? you that carry Fire in your Lanthorn,*] *Quo ambulas, tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu concluſum geris?* I do not ſee how the Comicalneſs of this Paſſage can be preſerv'd in our Tongue.

Ib. l. 10, *&c. Sirrah, you'll be kick'd.* Soc. *You lye Sir, for once.*] *Verbero.* Soc. *Mentiris nunc jam.* The Jeſt here is wholly loſt in the Tranſlation, which conſiſts in the double meaning of the Word *Verbero*; which is either a Noun, ſignifying *a Slave that deſerves to be beaten*; or a Verb, ſignifying, *I beat you.* Now *Mercury* us'd it in the former Senſe, and *Socia* took it in the latter; and tho it be but an ordinary Jeſt, it was agreeable enough to *Socia*'s Character.

Ib. l. 18, *&c. Sirrah, I ſhall ſtop that damn'd foul Mouth of yours.* Soc. *'Tis paſt your skill, Sir. 'Tis kept as well and as clean as any Man's.*] *Ego tibi iſtam hodie ſcelaſtam comprimam linguam.* Soc. *Haud potes; hanc pudicam aſſeruatur.* This is exactly of the ſame Stamp with the laſt; playing upon the double meaning of the Word *Comprimo*, which ſignifies, to *ſtop, ſhut*, or *reſtrain*; as likewiſe, *to lie with a Woman.* It was us'd in the former Senſe by the firſt, and taken in the latter by the laſt; and has nothing of that ill Meaning which the Commentators and others imagine, they being moſt certainly in the wrong. I have more ſucceſsfully tranſlated, or rather imitated this, than the laſt, by making the Oppoſites, *Foul* and *Clean*, as he had done *Comprimo* and *Pudice*; eſpecially ſince, *I'll ſtop your foul Mouth*, is as common a Phraſe among us, as *Comprimam linguam* was among the *Romans*.

Ib. l. 36. *I ſhall exalt your Worſhip to the Honour.*] *Faciam ego hodie te ſuperbum.* Some think that the Word *Superbum*, here ſignifies *Death, and Auferere*, immediately after, *being carry'd in a Coffin*, or the like; and others think *Superbum*, a *great Swelling*, by the Blows he would give him. But the Way that I have done it, ſeems to me to be much the more natural Senſe, and to have the moſt Wit in it.

P. 41.

P. 42. l. 18. *&c. You came with your Feet, not with your Clothes.*] *Certe pedibus, non tunicis venis.* This, in it ſelf, is one of the meaneſt Jeſts in the Play; but conſidering that *Mercury* had to deal with a mean, cavilling, quibling Fellow, who wreſted all his Words to a wrong Meaning, (particularly his *Verbero* and *Comprimo*) and one whom he was to bantee all the Ways he cou'd, it ſeems proper enough in this Place.

P. 45. l. 3. *&c. He has erected my Statue in my Life-time; I'll be ſworn no body will honour me ſo much after I'm dead and gone.*] *Vivo ſit, quod nunquam quiſquam mortuo ſecit, mihi.* This is Wit in all Languages.

Scene the Second.

This *Scene* is a Part of the *Prologue*; for which our Poet is not to be excus'd, not only for placing of it here, and ſo confounding the Spectators Attention by mingling their Concerns with the Actors, but likewiſe foretelling in it, the *Cataſtrophe*, which ought to have been carefully conceal'd from them. The firſt of theſe Faults, to wit, his mingling the Actors and Spectators Concerns, he is ſeveral times guilty of in other Plays; and when it is not by way of *Prologue* neither: but the latter he is guilty of no where but in his *Prologue* to *Pœnulus*, that I remember.

Ib. l. ult. *My Father's ſo tender of* Alcmena.] *Alcumena hujus honoris gratiâ, pater curavit.* As Madam *Dacier* obſerves, this *Tenderneſs* is in reſpect of her *Health* and *Body*, and not of her *Reputation*, as the Word *Honoris* ſeems to imply.

Scene the Third.

P. 46. l. 16. *Take care of the bringing up the Child.*] *Verum quod erit natum, tollito.* It ſeems very odd to us, that *Jupiter* ſhou'd leave ſuch an impertinent uſeleſs Command with *Alcmena*; but in thoſe days nothing was more common, than the expoſing of their Children ſo that this Order was very proper at that time; and the Word *Tollito* alludes to that very Cuſtom.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 29. *If your Lady ſhou'd find out the Cheat. Illa ſi iſtis rebus te ſciat operam dare.* It is a great Doubt among the Interpreters, whether this *Illa* means *Juno* or *Alcmena*; therefore I have done it in as general Terms as my Author has.

Scene the Fifth.

P. 48. l. antepen. *This has been a longer Night than ordinary.*] Many Learned Men have miſtaken this long Night for that of *Hercules*'s begetting, and ſo have thought this Play had contin'd nine or ten Months; whereas this, moſt evidently, is that immediately before his Birth; our Poet not going according to the common Fable, as they ſuppos'd he did.

ACT II.

THE firſt *Interval* is fill'd up with *Socia*'s returning to the *Port*, to tell his Maſter *Amphitryon* all the ſtrange Things he had ſeen.

Scene the Firſt.

It ought to be obſerv'd, that the whole time of this *Scene*'s acting, *Amphitryon*, *Socia*, and the *Priſoners*, are moving towards the Front of the Stage, and *Amphitryon*'s Door; which may well enough be, conſidering the Vaſtneſs of the *Roman* Stage, being 180 Foot in the Front. This *Scene* cannot be repreſented with nigh the Probability upon our ſmall Stage.

P. 51. l. 22. *The Fellow's bewitch'd and fallen into ſome ill Hands.*] *Hinc homini neſcio quis eſt mali mala objectum manu.* Our Phraſe, *ill Hands*, has the ſame meaning as *mala Manu* has here, which ſignifies thoſe of *Witches* or *Sorcerers*; therefore *Socia*'s Jeſt immediately following

is

is as effectual in the Tranſlation as in the Original. I added the word *bewitch'd*, to make it ſtill more clear.

Scene the Second.

P. 53. l. antepen. *Why there's your Lady has din'd by her Belly.* Amp. *Puh, Blockhead, I left her with Child when I went to the Campaign.*] I am apt to believe, that this Jeſt of *Socia*'s wou'd ſcarcely paſs Muſter upon our Theatre, tho in a *Farce*; yet ſtill it ſerves to keep up the *Character*, and carry on the *Humour* of a mean Slave, ſuch as *Socia* was. But what is moſt remarkable is, that this inſipid Jeſt ſhou'd be a *Preparation* to the main *Incident*, and there is but one more in the whole Comedy, except in the *Prologue*, which in reality is no part of a Play. If the Matter of a *Preparation* be ridiculous, it is oftentimes the Poet's Art and Cunning, tho I know not whether I may ſay it was ſo here.

Pag. 56. l. 6, &c. *Yes, Madam, there are Fruits too, of Lying-in Women, and Fruits too, to ſtrengthen their Hearts, and keep 'em from ſwooning.*] *Enimvero pragnanti oportet & malum & malum dari, ut quod obrodat ſit, animo ſi male eſſe occœperit.* The Wit (or whatever the Reader pleaſes to call it) of this Paſſage, conſiſts in *Socia*'s playing upon the ambiguous Word *Malum*, which *Alcmena* had ſpoken juſt before; and this ſignifies either a *Miſchief*, or an *Apple*: therefore nothing, that I know of in our Language, cou'd anſwer it ſo well as *Fruits*, which may be taken in either good or bad Senſe.

Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 60. l. 7. *You complain'd of Drowſineſs.*] This is the middle of a remarkable *Narration*, which is, by pieces, ſcatter'd thro this and the ſecond Scene. The Poet ingeniouſly contrives here, to tell the Spectators of many conſiderable Matters, and yet all the time ſeems to have no manner of *Deſign* for any ſuch thing, but a quite different one. This ſort of Addreſs is always to be admired, and as much to be imitated.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 23, 24. *A very pretty Buſineſs; if ſhe has taken away his Manhood, and made him a Lady.*] *Haret hic res: ſiquidem hæc jam mulier facta eſt ex viro.* This is right *Socia* again, playing upon the Word *Vir*, which *Amphitryon* had juſt upbraided his Wife with, ſignifying both *Husband* and *Man*. Here, by luck, the Word *Lord* has preſerv'd the Jeſt as well.

Pag. 61. l. 12. *I ne'er gave to any Man but you the leaſt Liberty*, &c.] *Ut mi extra unum te mortalis nemo corpus corpore contigit.* If *Plautus* has made *Alcmena* ſpeak here according to her high Quality, as I doubt not but he has; it plainly appears, that our way of expreſſing things in this nature, is more modeſt, clean, and genteel, than theirs uſually was.

ACT III.

THE ſecond Interval is fill'd up with *Amphitryon's* going to ſearch for *Naucrates*.

Scene the Firſt.

This *Scene* is ſtill but a part of the *Prologue*: and tho it be a great Fault to confound the Spectators Concerns with the *Theatral-Action*, and ſuch as cannot be vindicated; yet at the ſame time it ought not to be forgotten, that the *Prologue* is never any part of the Play, as I obſerv'd before.

P. 63. l. 4. *My Lodgings are in the upper Garret.*] *In ſuperiore qui habito cœnaculo.* If this Paſſage be conſider'd as ſpoken immediately to the Spectators, it is very comical; for whether he be look'd upon as real *Jupiter* or as a poor Player and Slave, whoſe Lodgings were always in the Garret, it agrees exactly with him. But this is almoſt loſt in our Tongue, even tho a better Word than *Garret* were us'd.

Scene

Scene the Second.

P. 64. l. 1, 2. *The House is grown odious to me now, since my Lord accuses me of Dishonesty, Shame, and Infamy.*] The Poet had a very great Occasion for *Alcmena's* appearing at this time, both for the Reconciliation, and the notable Consequences thereof: But see what an ingenious Pretext he finds for her coming there at that time; as likewise he has at the two other times she appears, when both the Hour and Place might have made it very improbable for a Woman of her Rank and Quality. Whenever this Rule is not observ'd in a Play, nothing seems more forc'd and unnatural, nothing more botch'd and bungled.

P. 65. l. 15, 16. *Let me beg and intreat ye, to forgive, forget, and be pacify'd.*] *Oro, obsecro, da mihi hoc veniam, ignoscè, irata ne scies.* This Place, among many others, may be an Instance of my binding my self so scrupulously to my Author's Words, even when they have just the same Signification, which often makes a Translation the worse, as perhaps in this place. But whenever such be made to run well, it does not only shew the Translator's Skill, and the Copiousness of our Words and Expressions, but likewise is very useful to teach young Scholars both Languages at once.

Ibid. l. 19, 20. *Farewel, keep your own things, and let me have mine.*] *Valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.* This was the constant Form of Words us'd at a *Divorce*, and consequently the Beauty of it must be lost in our Language.

Pag. 66. l. 5, 6. *I must send for* Blepharon, *our Ship's Pilot, to invite him to Dinner.——But not a mouthful shall* Socia *get; and here will be rare sport when I come to grapple with* Amphitryon.] *Jupiter's* sending for *Blepharon* was an excellent *Preparation* of the Poet's, to cause all that Sport which happen'd in the fourth *Act*, and to bring about the *Catastrophe* more dextrously; but still he took care to have a fair Pretence for so doing. His foretelling *something of this* sport in another place, would have been a Fault, but here it serves purely to raise the Audience's Exp

Expectations; and nothing makes a Play ſucceed better than doing of that well.

Scene the Fifth.

P. 67. l. penult. *The mean time I'm ſacrificing to my ſelf.*] Here ends the third *Act*, which is contrary to all the common Books, which make it end a *Scene* after. Here is a manifeſt *Ceſſation of Action* upon the Stage, when in the other there is none.

ACT IV.

THE third *Interval* is fill'd up with *Amphitryon*'s looking for *Naucrates*, *Socia*'s for *Blepharon*, and with *Jupiter*'s and *Alcmena*'s Sacrificing.

Scene the Firſt.

The greateſt part of this *Scene* makes the laſt part of the *Prologue*, or at leaſt it is ſo much of that Nature, as properly enough to be call'd by that Name, tho it be not plac'd before the Play, as the Word *Prologue*, in the moſt ſtrict Senſe, implies.

P. 68. l. 10, 11. *Their vaſt haſte is only for a Veſſel ſafely arriv'd, an old Fellow upon the Fret, or ſo.*] This, and a Line or two before, was deſign'd by *Plautus* for a Satire upon ſome of the *Play-Wrights* of his time, whoſe chiefeſt Beauties, it ſeems, conſiſted in a Slave's running in vaſt haſte with ſome ſuch News as before mention'd, and throwing down all he meets; ſo making the Spectators laugh by ſuch means, when they cou'd not by better.

Scene the Second.

In this little Scene there is a great deal of Art of the *Poet, by making Amphitryon* ſo particularly tell the ſeve-

ral

al places he had been at to look for *Naucrates*: for if it ad been otherwise, the Spectators might all have won-er'd that *Socia* did not meet him, since he was gone but little before to the same place; and their meeting wou'd ave spoil'd the whole *Plot*. This is an excellent Instance f the exact *Probability* that the Antients observ'd; and hat is still remarkable is, that tho at another time it wou'd ave been undecent, and unlikely for a Man of his Qua-ty to look himself at so many places, yet now it was ighly probable, since he was so extremely overcome with age and Jealousy.

Scene the Third.

P. 70. l. 26. *Thou cursed branded Rogue.*] *Ulmorum cheruns.* That is to say, *One whose Back had consum'd much Brush-wood as Hell cou'd.* A verbal Translation this place wou'd have sounded wretchedly. Perhaps, *hou Plague to the Whipping-Post*, might have done as well any.

P. 71. l. 2. *Then I shall sacrifice*—— Amp. *What?* er. ——*Something to your Worship's Pate.*] *Sacrifico bi.* Am. *Qui?* Me. *Quia enim te macto infortunio.* he Jest of this Passage consists in *Mercury*'s playing so mically upon the word *Macto*, which is a proper Term 'd in Sacrificing, and, in that place, the same with *Ma-t-aucto*, and *Augeo*; and whereas it is usually join'd to *more*, and the like, he merrily joins it to *Infortunio*, as is in *Terence*'s *Phormio*. This cannot be preserv'd in r Tongue; yet this Translation does in a great measure swer the *Design*.

Ibid. l. 5. *You, Jail-bird?*] *Tun' me mactes, carnufex?* from this, to nigh the end of this Act, is generally pos'd to have been done by another Hand; but whe-r it be so or no, I shall not offer to determine. How-er, it is undoubtedly very antient, and the *Plot* and *In-hints* as well carry'd on as *Plautus* himself cou'd have ne; and I believe that those Persons who seem able to ve it not his by the Difference in Stile, will be less able y it by the Difference in *Spirit* and *Genius*.

Ibid. l. 25. *Ye ought to get your Brains clear'd.*] *Bacchanal te exercuiſſe oportuit.* This is ſpoken in reference to *Drunkenneſs*, or rather indeed *Madneſs*, which *Mercury* lays to *Amphitryon*'s Charge; and therefore the word *Bacchus*, about eighteen Verſes after in that place, ſeems properly enough tranſlated, *Tom-a-Bedlam.*

Scene the Fifth.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how naturally the comical *Incidents* in this *Scene* ſpring from their *Preparations* in the ſecond and third *Scenes* of the third *Act.*

P. 73. l. 23. *But why do I mention foreign Prodigies,* &c.] All this *Monologue* is of a right *Tragical* Strain; the Paſſion truly juſt and natural; and the Thought as ingenious and moral. It ſeems to be writ exactly with the ſame Spirit as that *Monologue* in the beginning of the ſecond *Scene* of the ſecond *Act.*

Scene the Sixth.

P. 77. l. 6. *Nothing goes well with me to-day. I left* Blepharon *and* Socia, *to hunt up my Couſin* Naucrates; *him I can't find high nor low, and t'other two I've quite loſt.*] Many have miſtaken the Deſign of this Place, and have thought it was ſpoken by *Amphitryon*, or that ſomething had been left out; whereas *Jupiter* ſpeaks this only to puzzle and confound *Amphitryon*, *Blepharon*, and *Socia*, and ſo carry on his Deſign the better.

Scene the Seventh.

P. 78. l. 10. *For that Affront I'll throttle ye.*] It may ſeem very indecent for *Jupiter* and *Amphitryon* to ſcuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their Swords; but this agrees exactly with that Character which *Mercury* in the *Prologue* gives of this Play, when he calls it *Tragi-Comedy.* Beſides, drawing of Swords might have prov'd too *Tragical.*

P. 79. l. 6. Becauſe if our Army were routed, I might ſecure my own Retreat.] The Application of this Paſſage

is very Satirical, conſidering this Play was acted before the *Romans*, whoſe Generals were never us'd to practiſe ſuch ways. The Sharpneſs of the Reflection is conſiderably loſt upon our Stages.

P. 80. l. 11. *And I can go no further.*] *Quid agam neſcio.* Here ends all that which goes by the Name of *Suppoſititious.*

ACT V.

THE fourth *Interval* is fill'd by *Amphitryon*'s being in a Swoon upon the Stage, and *Alcmena*'s Labour. This *Interval* is very peculiar; and I don't know another Inſtance of this nature among the Antients, but in the *Hecuba* of *Euripides*: So that an *Act* is finiſh'd whenever the Stage is without *Action*, whether there be an *Actor* there or no.

Scene the Firſt.

P. 81. l. 15, &c. *Mercy upon me! What ſhall I do? I have ſeen ſo many Prodigies within.*] The Poet had a particular Occaſion for *Bromia*'s appearing at this time; therefore he has found a very fair Pretext for bringing of her there, to wit, *the great Fright ſhe was in within doors*: which Reaſon ſhe more particularly alledges in the next Scene.

P. 82. l. 2, &c. *What Voices and Noiſes, what Claſhes and Flaſhes? How ſuddenly, how frequently, how terribly it thunder'd!*] *Strepitus, crepitus, ſonitus, tonitrus; ut ſubito, ut propere, ut valide tonuit?* It ſeems, among the Antients, whene'er *Jupiter* appear'd like a God, it was always with Thunder and Lightning. Since this is a ſort of a rumbling Paſſage in the Original, I have alſo made it ſo in my Tranſlation.

Ibid. l. 19. *My Lord!*] Here ends the firſt Scene. Now if *any ſhou'd blame me for making a Diſtinction of Scenes, when the ſame Perſons* are ſtill upon the Stage; I reply, *That the very ſame thing that made the Diſtinction of Acts,*

as *Amphitryon*'s Condition did, muſt undoubtedly make the Diſtinction of *Scenes*.

Scene the Second.

P. 83. l. 10, 11. *Firſt, you muſt know, ſhe is brought to bed of two Boys.*] This is the beginning of a pleaſant and lively Narration, which is attended with all its due Circumſtances; to wit, the Place as well as the Party proper for the Relation; the Perſon neceſſary to hear it; and, above all, the *Deſign* of relating it, which was, *The Vindication of* Alcmena's *Honour*. All theſe Circumſtances are not only to make it probable, but alſo to keep the Spectators from ſuppoſing it made for their Information; which, tho it is the principal Deſign of all Narrations, yet nothing ought more induſtriouſly to be conceal'd from them, than ſuch a Deſign.

Scene the Fourth.

Jupiter's deſcending here agrees exactly with *Horace*'s Rule, *Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus inciderit.* For a God cou'd ne'er come upon a better Deſign, or in a better time, to ſatisfy either *Amphitryon*, or the Spectators.

Scene the Fifth.

P. 85. l. penult. *And great* Jove's *Cauſe.*] *Jovis ſummi cauſa.* The *Romans* believ'd that this Play made much for the Honour of *Jupiter*; therefore afterwards it was commonly acted in times of publick Troubles and Calamities, to appeaſe his Anger.

The End of the Remarks upon Amphitryon.

EPIDICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Periphanes, *an old rich Gentleman of* Athens, *and Father to* Stratippocles.

Apecides, *another old Gentleman, his Neighbour.*

Stratippocles, *a young Gentleman, Son to* Periphanes, *and belonging to the Army.*

Cheribulus, *another young Gentleman, his Friend and Companion.*

Epidicus, *the cunning Servant to* Periphanes *and* Stratippocles.

Theſprion, *Armour-Bearer to* Stratippocles.

A Captain *of* Rhodes, *a Braggadocio.*

A Banker *of* Thebes, *of whom* Stratippocles *had taken up Mony.*

WOMEN.

Philippa, *a Woman of* Epidaurus, *kept by* Periphanes *in her young Days.*

Theleſtis, *beloved by* Stratippocles, *who buys her at the Camp.*

Acropoliſtis, *a Muſick-Girl, beloved by* Stratippocles, *and by him ſet free in his Abſence.*

A Muſick-Woman, *that paſſes for* Stratippocles's *Miſtreſs.*

MUTES.

Servants, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE Athens, *in the Street. On one ſide of the Stage, ſtands* Periphanes's *and* Apecides's *Houſes; on the other,* Cheribulus's *Houſe.*

TIME *about five or ſix Hours, beginning at ſix or ſeven a Clock in the Morning.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Theſprion, *wrapt up in his Cloak, in great haſte; and immediately after* Epidicus, *who catches hold of him.*

Epidicus.

TAY, young Man.

Theſ. Who's that pulls me by the Cloak, when I'm in ſuch haſte?

Epi. A Friend.

Theſ. So it ſeems. But you are a plaguy impertinent one.

Epi. Open your Eyes, *Theſprion.*

Theſ. turning about. Bleſs me! *Epidicus*, is't you?

Epi. You may truſt your Eyes for once.

Theſ. O, good-morrow t'ye.

Epi. And a good-day to you. Welcome home with all my heart.

Theſ. Well, and what next?

Epi. Why next, Boy, I'll preſent ye with a Treat, according to the uſual Cuſtom.

Theſ. Upon Honour then———

Epi. What?

Theſ. ——I'll accept of it, if you do.

Epi. Well but how d'ye? How fares your Corps?

Theſ. My Face is a Sample of that.

Epi. Now I have ye, rare Rogue! thou art got to be fatter, and in better plight than ever.

Theſ. Ay, thanks to this thriving Hand.—— *Holding up his Hand.*

Epi. —Which ought to have been cut off long ſince.

Theſ. Pſhaw, I'm grown more honeſt than formerly.

Epi. How ſo?

Theſ. Becauſe I ſteal more openly.

Epi. A-duce on ye, for ſetting ſuch plaguy large Strides. As ſoon as I laid eye on ye at the Port, I ran like a Race-Horſe, but cou'd not come up with ye for my Guts till now.

Theſ. Puh, you are a puny Town-Chitterling.

Epi. You are a Hectoring Camp-Bully, I know.

Theſ. 'Tis a little ſcurrilous, but ſpeak your Pleaſure.

Epi. Have ye been well e'er ſince you went, what ſay ye?

Theſ. Off and on——

Epi. ——The Wooden-Horſe, you mean. O, I hate that damn'd Variety moſt mortally.

Theſ. Why, I told ye nothing but Truth.

Epi. Come, anſwer me ſincerely.——What's become of our Maſter's Son? How does he do?

Theſ. Luſty and ſtrong as *Hercules*.

Epi. Now you have told me the joyfulleſt News in the World, but where is he?

Theſ. He came along with me.

Epi. How ſo? unleſs you brought him home in your Knapſack, or elſe in your Pocket.

Theſ. O hang ye:

Epi. Or you:——I muſt examine you; hear me, and you ſhall be heard in your turn.

Theſ. The very Words of a Judg, in truth.

Epi. It becomes my Gravity.

Theſ. You don't pretend to be *Lord Chief Juſtice*, d'ye?

Epi. Why, d'ye know a more honourable Perſon in Town than I?

Theſ. *But*, old Boy, you want one Accoutrement to your *Office.*

Epi-

Epi. Prithee what's that?

Theſ. Your Beadles, with their Staffs for your Honour's Eaſe.

Epi. You are a damn'd Rogue.——But what's your Anſwer?

Theſ. To what Queſtion, pray?

Epi. What's become of my Maſter *Stratippocles's* Arms?

Theſ. Faith, fal'n into the Enemy's Hands.

Epi. His Arms?

Theſ. They went away with a Whip.

Epi. Don't ye banter now?

Theſ. Troth I'm in earneſt. They have 'em in poſſeſſion.

Epi. Marry, 'twas a plaguy Buſineſs.

Theſ. Puh, *Achilles*, and others have done the ſame before him. I'll warrant ye 'twill redound to his Honour.

Epi. As how, I beſeech ye?

Theſ. For following ſuch noble Examples.

Epi. Troth, I believe *Vulcan* made his Arms for him; they were ſo plaguy quick in going over to the Enemy. If our Son of *Thetis* has loſt his, the kind *Nereads* will bring him more. But then he muſt be ſure to ſupply the Armourers with Stuff and Materials, if e'er he hopes to be plunder'd every Campaign.

Theſ. Come, adone with this Diſcourſe.

Epi. That's as your Worſhip pleaſes.

Theſ. Leave impertinent Queſtions.

Epi. But tell me, where's my Maſter *Stratippocles?*

Theſ. There's a certain Reaſon why he dare not come with me.

Epi. Prithee what is't?

Theſ. He has no Deſire to be ſeen of his Father.

Epi. Why ſo?

Theſ. I'll tell ye.——He has brought out of the Plunder a young Captive Laſs, fair and ſprightly, who ſeems of a good Family.

Epi. What's this I hear?

Theſ. The ſame that comes from my Mouth.

Epi. What did he buy her for?

Theſ. Becauſe he had a mind to her.

Epi. And how many Minds has this Creature got? I'm ſure before he went to the Campaign, he left me in charge to buy him a Muſick-Girl he lov'd, of a certain Slave-Merchant, and I have executed his Orders.——

Theſ. Juſt as the Wind blows, my Friend, ſo you muſt furl your Sails.

Epi. Alas, I'm broke all in pieces!

Theſ. How; why ſo?

Epi. But——what did this Laſs coſt?

Theſ. Little enough.

Epi. That's none of my Queſtion.

Theſ. What then?

Epi. How many Pounds?

Theſ. So many. [*Holding up his Fingers.*

Epi. What, a hundred Pounds?

Theſ. Which he took up of a Banker at *Thebes*, and gives him above a Groat in the Pound Intereſt for every Day he has it.

Epi. Lamentable!

Theſ. The Banker's come over with him, and demands the Mony.

Epi. Bleſs me! I'm ruin'd to the Devil and all.

Theſ. How ſo! What's the matter, my Friend?

Epi. He has loſt me.

Theſ. Who has?

Epi. The Gentleman who loſt his Arms.

Theſ. But why ſo?

Epi. Why, he was continually dunning me with Letters from the Army, to——[*Aſide*] but mum for that. 'Tis better for a Slave to ſet his Ears on work than his Tongue; that's the wiſeſt Courſe by half.

Theſ. Troth, I can't imagine why you tremble ſo. Poor *Epidicus*, thou art in a ſad pickle: guilty of ſome damnable Buſineſs in my Abſence, and thy very Looks betray thee.

Epi. Prithee, don't teaze me ſo.

Theſ. I'll be gone then.

Epi. Stay, you ſhan't go yet. [*He holds him.*

Theſ. Why, not yet?

Epi. But is he really in love with the Girl he bought?

Theſ.

Theſ. A pretty Queſtion!——up to the Ears, Man.

Epi. Then my poor Back muſt ſmart for it.

Theſ. He loves her better than ever he did you.

Epi. And let the Devil love you.

Theſ. Prithee leave that Subject.——He charg'd me not to go home to his Father's, but directly to *Charibulus*'s here, till he came there himſelf.

Epi. Why ſo?

Theſ. Becauſe he wou'd not ſo much as meet or ſee his Father, till he had clear'd all with his Banker.

Epi. This is Hell upon Earth!

Theſ. Now let me go and meet him.

Epi. What will the old Man ſay, when he comes to know of this? However, let's fall nobly, with our Swords in our Hands.

Theſ. Fall how you pleaſe, what's that to me?

Epi. I'll not fall ſingly; I ſhall deſire the ſame Civility of you too, as one Friend wou'd of another.

Theſ. Wou'd *Old Nick* had you and your Projects too.

Epi. Go then, if you be in ſuch plaguy haſte.

Theſ. If it be ſo, I ne'er met with a more eaſy parting.

[*Exit* Theſprion.

SCENE II.

Epidicus *alone.*

He's gone, and now thou art alone: thou ſeeſt what a ſweet Condition thou art in, Mr. *Epidicus*; and without ſpeedy Relief thou art undoubtedly blown up. So many tottering Ruins, and ſuch vaſt Loads of Miſchiefs come tumbling upon my Head, that 'tis impoſſible to ſubſiſt without a thouſand Props. And yet I can't find one to help to ſuſtain this confounded Shock.—— What a Rogue was I to impoſe upon the old Man with my damn'd Tricks, and make him believe he had redeem'd his Daughter, when 'twas only a Muſick-Girl, his Son's Miſs, whom he order'd *to buy, when* he went to the Camp? But now my Gentle-

man,

man, to pleaſe his Humour, has pick'd up another there, and my Skin muſt pay the Purchaſe: For when one old Fox comes once to ſmell out the Roguery, I ſhall be flay'd alive. Therefore have all your Wits about ye. ——Projecting's to no purpoſe; for my Brains are all in Confuſion. ——[*He looks upon himſelf*] *Epidicus*, thou art an errant Aſs. —— [*In another tone*] *But why ſo ſcurrilous, my Friend!* ——Becauſe Fool, thou haſt left thy ſelf to the wide World. ——*Why, what wou'd ye have me do?* ——Why that Queſtion to me? ——*Becauſe formerly ye uſe to be ſo plaguy cunning at adviſing.* —— What? ——*What, I ſay?* ——I muſt to work upon ſomething. ——But I'm too backward in meeting my Gentleman, to know how Matters ſtand. ——(*Diſcovering* Stratippocles *and* Cheribulus) O here he comes, in the dumps too, with his Friend *Cheribulus*. ——I'll move on one ſide, to hear their Diſcourſe with more eaſe.

[*He ſtands on one ſide a little.*

SCENE III.

Enter Stratippocles *and* Cheribulus, *at another Part of the Stage.*

Stra. Thus I've told ye the whole Story, *Cheribulus*; and given ye a full Account of my Troubles and Love.

Che. Sure, *Stratippocles*, thou art very childiſh for one of thy Age and Courage. What, aſham'd of thy Bargain, Man, when ſhe's one of a good Family? Who aduce can blame thee for this?

Stra. All thoſe who envy'd me, have declar'd themſelves my Enemies upon this account; tho truly to her Chaſtity, I ne'er offer'd the leaſt Violence or Incivility.

Che. This is a Virtue in my Opinion, a Degree above any common Moderation in Love.

Stra. Puh, Words will give no Eaſe to a Man in pain: He's the Friend, whoſe Actions ſupply one in a puzling Caſe, and at a Pinch.

Che.

Che. How wou'd ye have me help ye?

Stra. By lending me a hundred Pounds, to pay off the Banker I had it of.

Che. Really if I had it, you shou'd not ask me twice.

Stra. What am I the better, when your Liberality lies wholly in Words, and nothing at all in Deeds?

Che. Why, Faith, every day I'm teaz'd, and worried to death with a Parcel of Duns.

Stra. I'de sooner see such Friends starve in Prison than live in a Palace——Well, I must borrow *Epidicus*'s help, tho I pay dearly for the Use of it; but I shall send him to *Bridewel* with his Skin stript over his Ears, if he does not procure the hundred Pounds as soon as the last Word's pronounc'd.

Epi. aside. I'm in a hopeful Condition: He promises well, and I don't question his Performance in the least. So then, my Back shall be nobly treated, and all at free Cost——I'll e'en board 'em——[*Goes to them.*] My dear Master, no Man's more joyful at your safe Arrival than your humble Servant *Epidicus*.

Stra. turning about. Where is he?

Epi. Here, Sir——I'm glad to see you well in Town again.

Stra. I don't question, but ye are, as much as my self.

Epi. Have ye been well all this time, Sir?

Stra. In Body, but not in Mind.

Epi. Why, Sir, I perform'd my Duty, and observ'd your Commands, to a tittle. I've bought up the Girl you sent so many Letters about.

Stra. You've lost your Labour in that.

Epi. Lost, how Sir!

Stra. Because at present, she neither charms, nor pleases me.

Epi. Then what Occasion was there for so many repeated Commands and Letters?

Stra. I lov'd her then, but now my Heart's otherwise engag'd.

Epi. Faith 'tis very hard, to have one's Services so ill rewarded. My best Endeavours are turn'd against me, by the Fickleness of your Passion.

Stra.

Stra. I was not *Compos mentis*, when I writ thoſe Letters.

Epi. Muſt I atone for your crazy Tricks, and my Back pay the Price of your Indiſcretion?

Stra. What's all this prating? I've occaſion for a hundred Pounds down on the Nail, which muſt be paid to the Banker with all Expedition.

Epi. Pray, where ſhall I have it? Of what Banker ſhou'd I take it up?

Stra. Where you pleaſe. But if I have not the Mony before Sunſet, ne'er expect to ſee home again, but ſtrait to *Bridewel* you go.

Epi. You, Sir, can talk of theſe things unmov'd, without Dread or Danger. I'm right ſenſible of my Executioners, and the Pain of a good Beating.

Stra. How then? Wou'd you ſee your Maſter make away with himſelf?

Epi. Not ſo neither——I'll firſt run the hazard, as bold as it is.

Stra. Now I like ye: Thou art a brave Fellow introth.

Epi. I'm reſolv'd to undergo what you'd have me.

Stra. What will you do with the Muſick-Girl you bought then?

Epi. I'll warrant ye, I'll have ſome Invention, ſome Expedient, or ſome Trick to ſave all at laſt.

Stra. Faith thou has't a fruitful Noddle, to my knowledg.

Epi. I know a rich *Euboan* Captain, with Mony at Command, who when he comes to know of your buying of this, and your bringing home the other, he'll earneſtly be at ye, to take her off your Hands——But where's the Girl you brought with ye?

Stra. She ſhall be forth-coming.

Che. What ſtay we here for?

Stra. Let's to yours, and there make a jolly Day on't.

[*Exeunt* Stratippocles *and* Cheribulus.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Epidicus *alone.*

o in. The mean time, in these Brains must I have ommittee of the whole House to consider of Ways Means for the raising of Supplies to carry on this rous War——Well, Friend *Epidicus*, look well to thy ; for this is a plaguy sudden Business. The De'el a f time is here for dozing, or delaying; for a swinging ery must be rais'd against the old Man's Pockets.—— hen, *Epidicus*, and keep thy young Master from ling here, lest his old Father shou'd chance to snap up. [*Exit* Epidicus *after them.*

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Apecides *and* Periphanes.

Ape. *entring.*

'TIS a common Failing in most People, to use Modesty when there's no occasion for it; and when there's most of all, they lay it aside. What need ye be asham'd of marrying one of a good Family, tho of mean Fortune; especially one, as you believe, i had your Daughter by, that's now at home?

Per.

Per. I dread my Son's Reproaches.

Ape. Edod, I thought the Remembrance of your late Wife, had frighted you from Matrimony; for you ne'er can look upon her Grave, but ye offer Thanks for her Departure: and truly you have reason, since ye had the good luck to out-live that cross Piece.

Per. Oh, I was a second *Hercules* in the time of her Reign. His Combat with the *Amazonian* Queen, was nothing to what I endur'd.

Ape. Troth, the Mony did well however.

Per. Ay marry, if I cou'd have had it alone.

SCENE II.

Epidicus *appears at* Cheribulus's *Door.*

Epi. to Stratippocles *and* Chæribulus *within.* Sir, &c. Silence! Courage my Lads. Nothing but Signs of good luck. Then I've a plaguy sharp Lancet to breathe the best Vein in the Old Man's Purse——[*Coming from the Door.*] O yonder's he——Both the old Bubbles as I could wish, before *Apecides's* Door. Now will I turn Horse-leech, and suck out the Hearts-blood of these old Fools, who pass for the prime Pillars of the State.

Ape. Marry him as soon as you can.

Per. I like your Advice.

Ape. I heard he was intangled with a Musick-Girl, but who I can't tell.

Per. Ay, that goes to the Heart of me.

Epi. overhearing them. In good Faith, I've the Assistance, Bounty and Love of all the Gods. For damned Men have now open'd a Passage for my Tricks to make Incursions, and snub 'em of their Mony——About it then, Friend *Epidicus*, wrap thy short Cloak about thee, and pretend to have been looking the whole Town for the old Man: Do all with a Jerk——[*He throws his Cloak about him, and seems in vast haste.*] Bless my Soul! what would I give

to meet with my Maſter *Periphanes* at home? off my Legs, with ſearching all the Town over for at the Surgeons, the Barbers, the Race-Ground, the Market, the Perfumers, the Armorers, and all the Bankers in the Town——I'm quite hoarſe with asking, and was nigh breaking my Neck a hundred times for haſte.

Per. *Epidicus!*

Epi. Who calls *Epidicus?* [*Surlily.*

Per. I'm *Periphanes.*

Ape. And I *Apecides.*

Epi. And troth, I'm *Epidicus*——Oh, Sir, I've met ye both in the beſt time in the World.

Per. What's the matter?

Epi. Hold——Pray give me a little time to breathe in——

Per. Well, take time then.

Epi. Oh my Heart!——Let me take breath——

Ape. Come, reſt your ſelf.

Epi. Now obſerve——All the Troops that were marching to *Thebes*, are diſcharg'd, and ſent home——

Ape. Who told you ſo?

Epi. I affirm it to be true.

Per. On your own Knowledg?

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Per. How came you to know it?

Epi. Becauſe I ſaw the Streets as full of Soldiers as they cou'd pack, with all the Arms, and Horſes——

Per. This is extraordinary indeed.

Epi. Then they had a mort of Priſoners, with Boys and Girls, ſome two, ſome three, and others five a piece. The People they all came thronging about them; every Body crowding to ſee their own Sons.

Per. I'faith, nothing cou'd be better.

Epi. Then I believe the whole Corporation of Courtizans in the City came in, all in their Finery, to meet their Gallants, and charm 'em with their Preſence: And what was moſt obſervable, a great many of 'em wore Nets under their Scarfs. When I had got to the Haven, there I found her attended by four ſeveral Muſicians playing——

Per. Who, *Epidicus?*

Epi.

Epi. She who your Son ſo many Years lov'd, and dy'd for; and is in a fair way to ruin his Riches and Reputation, his own ſelf, and your Worſhip's ſelf: She ſtood waiting for him at the Haven.

Per. Damn'd Jilt!

Epi. She was richly dreſs'd in her gold Lace, ſo neatly! ſo trimly! ſo modiſh!

Per. How a duce was ſhe dreſs'd then? With a Cloak, or a Robe, or had ſhe a Milliner's Shop upon her back? There's Variety enough.

Epi. A Woman carry a whole Shop upon her Back!

Per. Where's the Wonder? you may daily meet theſe Creatures in the Streets with Houſes and Lands upon their backs. When their Sparks are aſſeſs'd for the Taxes, they have no Mony, but freely pay their Contributions when they are tax'd by their Whores. What a confounded Jargon of Names do theſe Jades rake up every Year for their Habits? There's your light Mant plaited, your Stiff-bodied-Gown, your Looſe-Gown, your Night-Gown, your Riding-Gown, your Imbroider'd and Speckled Gowns, pane'd Works, and plum'd Works, Petticoats, Hoods, Scarfs, Tours and Top-knots, Fingle-Fangles, and Gold-Bobs, with all the Colours of the Rainbow, and Figures of all the Flowers, Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes, Flies, and Monſters in the Univerſe. Nay, ſome of their Dreſſes make 'em look like Monkeys.

Epi. What are thoſe, Sir?

Per. Your damn'd Night-Rails——This plaguy Catalogue of Names, often makes their poor Cullies Pockets ſmoak for it——But on with your Story.

Epi. There ſtood two Women behind me, diſcourſing to themſelves; upon which, I gave way a little, and made as tho I took no notice of what they ſaid. I cou'dn't hear every word perfectly, yet I'm ſure I can't be miſtaken in the main.

Per. I'defain know what it was.

Epi. Said one of theſe Women to the other——

Per. interrupting. What?

Epi. Patience, Sir, and you'll hear all——After they had *caſt their Eyes* upon your Son's Miſtreſs; *Good now*, ſaid one, *what ſtrange luck has this Creature*, to have her Gallan

immediately pay her Ranſom? Her Gallant, ſaid the other, *why who is he?* At that ſhe nam'd young *Stra-tippocles*, rich *Periphanes*'s Son.

Per. aſide. As I live, I muſt run my Country.—— [*To Epidicus*] but what's this you tell me?

Epi. Nothing but the truth, Sir.——Upon hearing of this Diſcourſe, I began to creep nigher, and nigher to 'em by degrees, as tho I had been forc'd that way by the Crowd.

Per. Very well.

Epi. But, ſaid the other again, *How know ye this? Who told ye ſo? Why*, ſaid ſhe, *there came a Letter to-day from* Stratippocles *to her, to let her know he had taken up the Money of a Banker at* Thebes, *had it in his Hands, and was bringing it home for that purpoſe.*

Per. So then.——All's loſt. [*Aſide.*

Epi. She ſaid, ſhe had it from her own Mouth, and ſaw the Letter.

Per. How ſhall I do in this Caſe? I muſt have your advice, Neighbour.

Ape. We muſt find out ſome effectual, and cunning Expedient; for, troth, I verily believe, he will be here ſhortly, if he be not already.

Epi. Might I preſume to inſtruct ye, I wou'd ſhew ye ſuch a clever way as you wou'd both approve of, or I am much miſtaken.——

Per. And what's that, honeſt *Epidicus*?

Epi. And you'll ſay 'tis pat for that purpoſe.

Ape. Why do ye keep us in ſuſpence then?

Epi. Becauſe you, who are wiſeſt, ought to be heard firſt; I, afterwards.

Ape. Puh, let's hear it.

Epi. No, you'll laugh at me. [*Fawningly.*

Ape. Faith, but we won't.

Epi. If ye like this Project, you may follow it; if not, another may be ſought for. For my part, I'm neither Inventor, nor Promoter of it, any further than to ſerve you.

Per. I thank ye for that——Prithee let's hear your *Contrivance*.

Epi.

Epi. 'Tis to chuſe a Wife for your Son immediately, and take a ſwinging Revenge upon this Muſick-Wench he is now upon freeing, and ſo ſtrangely debauches him: Then to order Matters ſo as to make her a Slave as long as he lives.

Ape. That's right as can be.

Per. I wou'd do any thing to have it ſpeedily brought about.

Epi. Why, truly, now is the time to do it, before he comes home: 'Twill be to-morrow before he comes to Town, and not to-day.

Per. How know ye that?

Epi. Very well, Sir. I ſaw one that came from him, who ſaid he wou'd be here to-morrow Morning.

Per. Well, but go on: What muſt we do next?

Epi. This is my Opinion; that you ranſom this Muſick Girl, as tho you had a mind to her, and was mightily ſtricken with her your ſelf.

Per. And what of all that?

Epi. What? You may buy her out of your Son's Hands, before he returns, and pretend 'tis to give her her Freedom.

Per. Well, I underſtand ye.

Epi. When you have once got her into your Hands, you may remove her to any by Place from the City, as you think it ſo convenient.

Per. I'm clearly of that mind.

Epi. What ſay you, Sir! [*To Apecid.*

Ape. What ſhou'd I? 'Tis a notable cunning Contrivance, I think.

Epi. By this means, you'll cut off all your Son's hopes of marrying her; and bring him to compliance at the ſame ſure.

Ape. Thou art a cunning Rogue, and pleaſeſt me ſtrangely.

Epi. Sir, what you are about, requires expedition.

Per. Very true, indeed.

Epi. I have a Trick too, that the Merchant ſhan't ſpoil your Deſigns.

Per. Let's hear it.

So you ſhall.—Obſerve.

Aſide to Periphanes. This is the craftieſt Son of a

I'm afraid we ſhall want one to pay the Mony for ench. For it won't be ſo convenient for you to go lf.

Why ſo?

Leſt the Merchant ſuſpect you buy her upon your ccount——

Very right.

——To hinder him of his Miſtreſs; and ſo his ons may chance to croſs your Deſigns.

Where ſhall we find one proper to manage this s?

This Gentleman is the fitteſt in the World. He ands a Bargain to a ſtitle, and has the Law at his s ends.

Epidicus, I give ye Thanks.

And I'll endeavour to deſerve 'em. I'll find out after of the Muſick Girl, carry the Mony with the man, and bring her to ye.

What's the loweſt price of her?

The loweſt Price! Perhaps you may get her for a nd Pounds. But if you ſend too much, it ſhall be 'd faithfully. There can be no Cheat in it; and your won't lie dead ten days, I'm ſure.

How ſo?

Becauſe there's another young Spark has a Month's to this Wench, a *Rhodian* Captain, vaſtly rich, a Soldier, a terrible Fellow, and a grand *Braggadocio*. certainly take her off your Hands, and pay ye ready with all his heart. Do but venture upon her, and ay gain the Lord knows what by the Bargain.

Heavens grant I may.

Don't queſtion it.

Will you go in, Sir, and bring out the Mony? vay to the Piazza; and be ſure, *Epidicus*, do you me there.

Don't ye go from thence, before I come.

I'll ſtay for ye there.

Per-

Per. Come in, *Epidicus.*

Epi. Go in, Sir, and draw over your Mony, I shan't make ye stay.

[*Exeunt* Apecides *and* Periphanes *severally.*

SCENE III.

Epidicus *alone.*

Hang me, if I believe there's e'er a piece of Ground in all our Country yields half so well as this old Fellow's Bags. For tho they be never so well secur'd and seal'd up, sweep says my Worship with as much Mony as he pleases. But, Faith, I have a plaguy Scruple that the old Man shou'd find out the Roguery on't, and stick as close to my Back as an old Rook to a rich Cully. One thing puts me to my last Trumps; that is, to know which Musick-Girl I had best shew *Apecides*.....O I have it in my Head..... The old Man order'd me this Morning to find up a Musick-Girl to sing for him at his Sacrifice. I'll soon produce one, and teach her her Lesson, how to carry on the Cheat handsomly to our old Gentleman.....Now I'll go and receive the Mony of this old silly Put.

[*Exit* Epidicus.

The End of the Second Act.

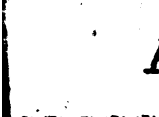
ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Stratippocles, *and* Cherubulus.

Stratippocles *entring.*



Death, I am torn asunder, and eaten up with the Expectation of all *Epidicus*'s fine Promises.——It torments me strangely; and I wou'd give the World to know whether there be any Hopes or not.

Che. For all *Epidicus*'s great Helps, you ought to seek out elsewhere: For I could have told ye before-hand, you were not to expect any thing from his Brain.——

Stra. I'm a miserable Man, in earnest.

Che. 'Tis childish in you, to vex your self so.

Stra. As I'm a living Soul, if I once lay hands on him, it shall never be said that a pitiful Slave abus'd his Master without Punishment.——But what wou'd ye have him do, who has no Mony; when you, who have so much at command, won't part with a Penny, to keep a Friend from sinking?

Che. Upon my Word, if I had it, I wou'd with all my Heart. However you need not fear, but you will meet with Something, by some ways, some means, from some Place

Place, or from ſome Body; and you have ſtill ſome hopes of ſharing in my good Fortune, when I meet with it my ſelf.

Stra. Puh, hang ſuch ſneaking Fellows.

Che. What's your Fancy in giving me this Language?

Stra. Becauſe your Tongue ran all upon your ſilly *ſome Things*, your *ſome Means*, your *ſome Places*, and your *ſome Bodies*, which are all nothing to the purpoſe. I'll not weary out my ears any longer with this Stuff; nor expect any more Help from ye, than from one that's ne'er thought of. [*Angrily.*

SCENE II.

Enter Epidicus *on the other ſide of the Stage with a Bag of Money.*

Epi. to Periphanes *within.* Well, Sir, You have perform'd your Part; now muſt I mine. After this cauſe's over, you may ſet your Heart at reſt. [*He comes from the Door*] Condemn'd every Croſs; and no hopes of a Reprieve. [*He takes ſome of it out*] Faith, it has a plaguy alluring Eye. — Truſt me agen, old Fool; 'tis an antient Trick entail'd upon our Family. — Gods! what a glorious, proſperous, and lucky Day was this? But I'm plaguy backwards in carrying this rich Prize into Harbour, Delays are very dangerous in this caſe. — But what's yonder? the two Sparks, my Maſter, and *Cheribulus*. — Well, what now? — Here, Sir, take it, if you like it. [*To Stratippocles.*

Stra. How much is there? [*He takes it.*

Epi. Enough, and more than enough; ſomething over plus. I have got above twenty Guineas more than you owe to your Banker. You ſee, Sir, as long as I can pleaſe, and oblige you, I'm ſufficiently prodigal of my own Back.

Stra. Your Back, why ſo?

Epi. By making your Father guilty of Bag-ſhaking.

Stra. What a deuce is that?

Epi. Nay, I don't mind your old and common Phraſe, *Hold up his Hand at the Bar*, but I make him hold up his Hand at the Bags. For I have already paid off the Slave-Merchant with my own Hands, for that Girl who goes for your Siſter. Now I have hit upon a way, to put another Trick upon your Father, and do you a good turn into the Bargain. I had this Diſcourſe with the old Man, and perſuaded him all I cou'd, to hinder you from getting this Muſick-Girl, when you came home, by buying her himſelf before-hand; and ſo to remove her to ſome by-place. Now will I top another upon him, that ſhall do his buſineſs as well every jot.

Stra. Rare Rogue!

Epi. She ſhall be here in a Moment, and paſs for your Miſtreſs.

Stra. I underſtand ye.

Epi. Your Father has commiſſion'd *Apecides* to act in this Buſineſs, to ſee the Bargain be ſecure. He now ſtays for me at the Piazza.

Stra. Well enough.

Epi. Now you ſee *the Wit's out-witted*; for your Father has truſted his Mony to my Diſcretion. He is making Preparations for your Wedding, as ſoon as you come home.

Stra. Nothing can perſuade me to that, but the Death of the dear Creature I brought with me.

Epi. I have another piece of Policy on foot too.——— I'll to the Slave-Merchant's privately, and deſire him, if any Enquiry be made whether he had receiv'd the Mony for a Muſick-Girl, to ſay, *Yes*; and, inſtead of the three-ſcore and fifteen Pounds, to name ſix-ſcore Guineas: For the firſt Sum I had, but three days before, paid him with my own Hands for that Girl who goes for your Siſter. Then will this old Rogue ignorantly ſwear that he receiv'd the Mony for the ſame Girl who came along with you.

Stra. You out-do *Machiavel*, for Policy.

Epi. I will go get ſome plaguy cunning Baggage, and greaze her well in the Fiſt; ſhe ſhall pretend to be the ſame Party that's bought, and ſo make admirable Sport

with both the old Fools. *Apecides* himſelf ſhall con her to your Father.

Stra. Excellently contriv'd!

Epi. Well, I'll teach her how to act her part to a t and ſend her full-fraight with my Tricks——Hold a little too tardy; you have made me loſe Time. both know the Management of the buſineſs; now I' marching.

[*Exit* Epid

SCENE III.

Stratippocles and *Cheribulus.*

Stra. Good Luck attend ye.

Che. 'Tis a plaguy Dog at doing Miſchief.

Stra. I am ſure his Contrivances have brought me at a deadly Pinch.

Che. Now let's go in again.

Stra. Ay, and with a much lighter Heart than I c out. By the Courage and Conduct of *Epidicus*, I ſafely arriv'd at the Camp with this rich Booty.

[*Exeunt a*

The End of the Third Act.

A

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Periphanes *alone.*

HERE's no ſuch need for a Man to have a Glaſs to ſee the Features of his Face in, as to obſerve the very depth of his Diſcretion, and the Paſſions of his Mind. The well viewing of theſe, will bring him to reflect how he paſs'd ıy his Time in his young Days. My ſelf experience by this fretting for my Son, as tho his Crimes were ıeinous, and not the Sin of my Youth as great. Faith, old Men do doat ſometimes; and certainly this Mir- r wou'd be of excellent uſe.—— But here comes my ınd *Apecides*, with my Son's Prize.

SCENE II.

ter Apecides, *and a Muſick-Woman finely dreſs'd, with her Inſtruments.*

'er. *O,* welcome home with your Merchandize.—— *r is it?*

Ape. You ſee the Heavens ſmile on ye.

Per. They have a promiſing Countenance.

Ape. Ay, all things promiſe well, and ſucceed too.——— You had beſt order ſomebody to carry her in.

Per. Going to his Door. So ho! within there.———

SCENE III.

Enter ſome Servants to them.

Per. Conduct this Woman in.———[*One of the Servants takes her by the Hand*] But do ye hear?

Serv. What's your Pleaſure, Sir?

Per. Have a ſpecial care ſhe be not coupled with my Daughter, nor let her be ſeen by her. Do ye mind me? I will have her into that little Room by her ſelf——— There's vaſt difference between the Education of a young Maid, and a Courtizan.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Muſick-Woman.*

SCENE IV.

Apecides *and* Periphanes.

Ape. Spoken like a Man of Skill and Prudence! One can't be too careful of his Daughter's Honeſty.——— Faith, we nick'd the time for ſnapping this Girl out of your Son's Clutches.

Per. Why ſo?

Ape. Becauſe I heard one ſay, he ſaw him but juſt now.

Per. I dare ſwear, he was juſt ready for his Bargain.

Ape. Ay, Faith, ſure enough.——— Without doubt you have an admirable Servant, of great Value, and worth his weight in Gold. The poor Muſick-Wench ne'er

much as dreamt of being ſold to you, he carry'd off the buſineſs with ſo much Mirth and Gaiety.

Per. I wonder in my heart how he did it.

Ape. He flamm'd her off with a pretence of your making a Sacrifice for your Son's ſafe arrival.

Per. That was well carry'd on.

Ape. He made her believe he brought her only to ſerve at the Office you was to have at home. All the while, I did as tho I was a ſilly Clod-pated Aſs, that cou'd not ſay *Boh!* to a Gooſe. [*Laughing.*

Per. You cou'd do no otherwiſe.

Ape. I have a buſineſs of Importance at the Court: I muſt go and aſſiſt a Friend there.

Per. Prithee, let's have your Company as ſoon as you are at leiſure.

Ape. I ſhall be back in a little time.

[*Exit* Apecides.

SCENE V.

Periphanes *alone.*

There's nothing like a good Friend always at one's Elbow. Then all your buſineſs is done for ye, with holding up your Finger. Now had I truſted the management of this buſineſs to a Man of leſs Skill, and fewer Brains, I ſhou'd have been finely bobb'd, and my Son might well have made me his laughing Diverſion.——[*Diſcovering the* Rhodian *Captain at a diſtance*] What ſilly Fellow's yon, who comes toſſing and brandiſhing his Cloak ſo? But 'tis ridiculous in me to blame others for a Folly I was ſo guilty of my ſelf in my young Days: when I was a Soldier of Fortune, if I once ſet in, I us'd to deafen all Ears with the Stories of my great Acts.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Rhodian Captain, *ſtrutting, and walking very ſtately, with his Servants.*

Cap. To one of his Servants. Have a care, Sirrah, you don't ſlip one Houſe without enquiring for *Periphanes* the *Platean*; and preſume not to come in my preſence before you have ſped.

Per. Suppoſe, Spark, I ſhew you the Perſon you want, what Thanks ſhall I deſerve at your hands?

Cap. I have atchiev'd that by my great and mighty Valour, that all Mankind ought to give me Thanks.

Per. But, young Soldier, this is no proper place to publiſh your Atchievements in, as you intend. For when a Man comes to brag of his Exploits before his Betters, they make but a poor ſhabby figure.——But if you want *Periphanes* the *Platean*, I'm he.

Cap. What he, ſo fam'd in his Youth at Kings Courts, who purchas'd an Eſtate with his ſingle Sword?

Per. The ſame; the bare naming of whoſe Exploits, wou'd make you take ye to your Heels, and run like a Devil.

Cap. By *Hercules*, I more want a Man to relate mine to, than one to tell me his.

Per. I tell ye, Spark, this is no fit Place; therefore you had beſt pitch upon another Man, to pack off your Trumpery to.

Cap. By your leave then; to let you know what I come for, I underſtand you have bought my Miſtreſs.

Per. aſide. Ho, ho! Now I know my Gentleman; the very Captain *Epidicus* told me of.——[*to him*] 'Tis very true, my little Soldier; I did buy a Woman.

Cap. Then I have a Word or two to ſay to ye, if it be no trouble to ye.

Per. Faith, I can't tell that, till I hear what 'tis.

Cap. Then 'tis to let me have her, and I'll pay ye honeſtly for her.

Per.

Per. A Bargain.

Cap. But why ſhou'd I mince the matter? I intend to give her her Freedom, and make her Partner in my Bed.

Per. I'll make but two Words with ye. She coſt me above ſixſcore Pounds, and for an hundred and fifty you ſhall have her, and do what you pleaſe with her; provided you'll take her away with ye, and rid the Country of her.

Cap. Will ye ſign, in good earneſt?

Per. To thoſe Articles, I will.

Cap. You have made an excellent Campaign of it.

Per. To the Servants within. So ho, there! bring out this laſt Muſick-Girl.——You ſhall have all her Inſtruments into the Bargain.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Muſick-Woman, with her Inſtruments, attended.

Per. Here, Sir, take her, if you pleaſe.

Cap. Staring on her. What a ſtrange Frolick is this? Why theſe under-hand Tricks tho? Why do not ye order the Muſick-Girl to be brought out?

Per. Why, this is ſhe; I have no other.

Cap. Puh, you can't put Tricks upon Travellers. Why don't ye produce her that is call'd *Acropoliſtis?*

Per. I profeſs, this is ſhe.

Cap. But I profeſs, 'tis not: P'ſhaw, do ye think I don't know my own Miſtreſs?

Per. I declare this is the very ſame that my Son was ſo much ſtricken with.

Cap. But it is not the ſame.

Per. How! not the ſame?

Cap. No.

Per. Where a Devil did ſhe come from then? As I hope to live, 'tis the ſame I bought and paid for.

Cap. *'Twas fooliſhly beſtow'd, and a plague* Blunder *this.*

Per. Certainly it muſt be ſhe; for I ſent my own Servant to buy her, one who is acquainted with my Son's Amours.

Cap. Hah! then, old Gentleman, your own Servant has bubbled ye confoundedly.

Per. What! bubbled me?

Cap. Nothing, but only a Suſpicion. I ſee this Muſick-Girl is topp'd upon you for the other. Poor old Fellow, thou art notorioufly and damnably gull'd.

Per. I'll find her out where'er ſhe be.——Farewel Bluff.

[*Exit the* Captain *and his Servants.*

SCENE VIII.

Periphanes, *and the Muſick-Woman.*

Per. walking on one ſide of the Stage. So, ſo! thou art a brave Fellow, *Epidicus*, a brave Fellow in troth; and haſt got the day. Thou art a Man every inch of thee; and haſt led me by the Noſe, as if I had been the meereſt Nicompoop in the World.——[*To her*] Hark ye, didn't *Apecides* buy ye to-day of the Slave-Merchant?

Muſ. I ne'er heard of the Man till now; beſides, I'm paſt being ſold, and have had my Freedom above this five Years.

Per. Why came ye hither then? [*Angrily.*

Muſ. I'll tell ye, Sir.——I was brought hither to ſing at a Sacrifice an old Gentleman was to offer.

Per. aſide. I muſt own my ſelf the pooreſt Sot in all the Town and Country.——[*To her.*] But do ye know *Acropoliſtis*, the Muſick-Girl?

Muſ. As well as my ſelf.

Per. Where dwells ſhe?

Muſ. I can't tell at preſent, ſince ſhe had her Freedom given her.

Per.

Per. How, her Freedom! Who gave it her? I'd fain know that, if you cou'd tell me.

Muſ. Sir, what I know my ſelf, I'll tell ye.——I heard young *Stratippocles*, rich *Periphanes*'s Son, took care to get her freed in his abſence.

Per. 'Sdeath, I muſt run my Country if all this be true.——'Tis notorious now, that *Epidicus* has ſqueez'd my Pockets moſt intolerably. [*Aſide.*

Muſ. This is what I was told.——Pleaſe ye to command me any farther?

Per. Yes, to get ye to the Devil as faſt as you can, or out of my ſight. [*He ſnatches one of her Inſtruments.*

Muſ. You'll give me my Inſtrument firſt?

Per. No, neither your Fiddle nor Bagpipes neither.——[*He takes her Inſtruments.*] Be gone in a moment, as you hope to ſleep in a whole Skin.

Muſ. Well, I'll go; but I'll make the Devil to do when I come back.

[*Exit* Muſick-Woman *in a Rage.*

SCENE IX.

Periphanes *gives the Inſtruments to his Servants, who leave him alone.*

What's to be done now? Shall I, who have ſign'd ſo many Warrants and Edicts, ſuffer this Raſcal to go unpuniſh'd? Were I to loſe as much more, I wou'd ſooner do it than pardon this palpable Affront, and notorious Villany. They have expos'd me to all the World.——But I was a Fool to think my ſelf inferior to *Apecides*, who bears the Reputation of inventing of Laws, and ſettling of Rights. He highly applauds his own Diſcretion; but without doubt the Ax muſt be prefer'd to the Handle.

[*Walks about diſcontentedly.*

SCENE X.

Enter Philippa, *at a good diſtance.*

Phi. to her ſelf. Sure there's no ſort of Affliction or Miſery in this World, but what I have undergone; ſo many Troubles fall upon me at once, which overwhelm, and tear me all in pieces. Poverty and Fears poſſeſs my Soul, and I have no ground for Hopes.——My poor Girl's fallen into the Enemies hands; and I can hear no Tale or Tidings of her.

Per. What Stranger can that be, who's ſo mightily full of Fears, and heavy Complaints? [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. They ſaid *Periphanes* dwelt ſomewhere hereabouts.

Per. She talks of me: I fancy ſhe wants Lodgings. [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. I'd willingly hire a Porter, to ſhew me either the Man or his Houſe.

Per. Certainly I muſt know her. I have ſeen that Face before, but I can't tell where.——Is it ſhe that I imagine or no? [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. Bleſs me! I muſt have ſeen that Man before now. [*She ſtands ſtill.*

Per. Sure enough 'tis the poor Woman of *Epidaurus*, I had formerly to do with—— [*Aſide.*

Phi, to her ſelf. The Caſe is plain, 'tis he that firſt enjoy'd me at *Epidaurus*.

Per.——And there had that Daughter by her, who is now at home with me. [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. What if I go up to him?

Per. I don't well know whether I had beſt go ſee if it be ſhe or no. [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. If it ſhou'd not be he, as ſo many Years make me ſuſpect——

Per.

er. Length of time makes me doubt of the Perſon, fills my Head with Scruples. For fear it ſhou'd prove herwiſe, I muſt go cunningly to work. [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. ——Then I muſt uſe all a Woman's Shifts.

Per. I'll e'en up to her. [*Aſide.*

Phi. to her ſelf. I'll fall into Diſcourſe with him.

Here they meet, and join Diſcourſe.

Per. Good-morrow to ye, Miſtreſs.

Phi. I thank ye, Sir, both for me and mine.

Per. How then, Miſtreſs?

Phi. A good-day to you, Sir. There's your Compliment return'd you intruſted me withal.

Per. I don't blame your Fidelity. Or indeed have I any Acquaintance with ye?

Phi. If I ben't miſtaken in the Perſon, Sir, I can rub up your Memory of former Acquaintance.

Per. Where did I ever ſee you?

Phi. That's an unanſwerable Queſtion.

Per. Why ſo, Miſtreſs?

Phi. Becauſe you'd have me put a Gloſs upon your Memory.

Per. You are very ſharp.

Phi. No wonder for a Woman.

Per. I dad, better and better!——Do ye remember me?

Phi. Very well.

Per. In *Epidaurus*——

Phi. Ah, that Word has brought me to Life again.

Per. ——In your young Days, how I reliev'd yours and your Mother's Wants.

Phi. Are you he, whoſe Love brought me ſo much Sorrow?

Per. I am.——How doſt thou do?

Phi. Very well, and the better to ſee you ſo.

Per. Your Hand, my Dear. [*He takes her by the Hand.*

Phi. Take it; and with it the moſt ſorrowful and miſerable Woman alive.

Per. What makes ye ſo ſad?

Phi. My poor Daughter, I had by you——

Per. What of her?

Phi. ——Since ſhe's grown up is loſt: Fallen into the Enemy's hands. [*Weeps.*

Per.

Per. Chear up and be ſatisfy'd, I have her at home ſafe and ſound. As ſoon as my Servant told me ſhe was taken Priſoner, I immediately produc'd the Mony, and redeem'd her. He acquitted himſelf well and wiſely in this Buſineſs; tho he's a damnable Rogue in other things.

Phi. Pray let me have a ſight of her, if you wou'd have me live.

Per. going to his Door. Ho *Cantharа!* bid my Daughter *Theleſtis* come out; for here's her Mother.

Phi. Now my Spirits begin to revive.

SCENE XI.

To them enter Acropoliſtis *the Muſick-Girl.*

Acro. Why did you ſend for me out, Sir Father?

Per. To ſee thy nown Mother, Child.——Go and meet her, and give her a Kiſs. [*To* Philippa.

Acro. What Mother?

Per. She there, that's ready to die for want of ye.

Phi. Who's that you wou'd have me kiſs?

Per. Your Daughter.

Phi. What this?

Per. Yes.

Phi. What kiſs this Creature?

Per. Why not, ſince ſhe's your own Daughter?

Phi. Sure you have loſt your Senſes.

Per. I?

Phi. Yes you, Sir.

Per. Why ſo?

Phi. Becauſe I neither know this Creature, have had any Acquaintance, or ſo much as laid Eye on her till now.

Per. I know whence comes your Miſtake; ſhe has got other Clothes and Dreſſes ſince you had her.

Phi. All Creatures have their ſeveral ways of knowing their Young. But I declare I never knew this.

Per.

Per. aſide. Heavens bleſs us all! What ſtrange thing is this? Have I made my Houſe a Bawdy-Houſe? Have I brought Strangers into it, who have ſuck'd up my Mony? ——Pray why did you kiſs me, and call me Father? Why ſtand ye like a *Mum-chance?* What are ye tongue-ty'd? [*To* Acropoliſtis *very angrily.*

Acro. What wou'd you have me ſay?

Per. She declares ſhe's none of your Mother.

Acro. If ſhe won't, ſhe may let it alone. By *Jago*, I'll be my Mother's Daughter in ſpight of her Teeth. 'Tis not fair Play to force her to be my Mother, whether ſhe will or no.

Per. But why a-plague did ye call me Father?

Acro. That's your Fault, not mine. Did I e'er call you Father, till you call'd me Daughter? And if ſhe call'd me Daughter, I'd give her the Title of Mother: But ſhe diſowns me for a Daughter, and I'll caſt her off for a Mother. In ſhort, I'm not to blame; I have only ſaid as my Maſter *Epidicus* taught me.

Per. Undone! I have pull'd an old Houſe upon my Head. [*Aſide.*

Acro. Have I offended ye in any thing? [*Fawningly.*

Per. By Cocks-nowns, call me Father again, and I'll break your Neck, you damn'd Bitch Whore.

Acro. I'll obey ye, Sir. Whene'er you have a mind to be my Father, you may; if not, do as you pleaſe.

Phi. What! Did you buy her, thinking ſhe had been your Daughter? What Tokens had you for it?

Per. None.

Phi. What made ye believe her to be our Child?

Per. I had it from my Rogue *Epidicus*.

Phi. Tho your Servant has been miſtaken, I hope you know her again.

Per. Know her, how ſhou'd I? when I ne'er ſaw her but once ſince ſhe came into the World.

Phi. I'm in a wretched Condition. [*She weeps.*

Per. Prithee, Woman, leave weeping; go in and chear up. I'll warrant ye find her out ſomewhere or other.

Phi. 'Twas a young *Athenian* Gentleman that bought her.

Per.

Per. I'll find him out: be ſatisfy'd. Go in, and guard this young *Shipton*, the Devil's Grand-child.——I'll leave all Works to go hunt out this Dog *Epidicus*. If I catch him, I'll put him paſt playing any more Rogues Tricks.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Stratippocles *at one part of the Stage, and* Epidicus *at another.*

Stratippocles *to himſelf.*

THIS Banker vexes me ſtrangely, that he does not come for his Mony, nor bring the Girl I bought at the Army.——But hold, yonder comes *Epidicus*. What's the matter with him, that he looks ſo damnable ſourly on it?

Epi. to himſelf. If *Jove* ſhou'd come down, he and his eleven Gods together, they cou'd not ſave poor *Pilgarlick* from going to pot. I ſaw my old Maſter at a diſtance, buying ſome Manicles, and *Apecides* with him. Now I more than fancy, that theſe Fellows are ſearching for my

Rogue-

Rogueſhip. They have certainly ſmelt out the Buſineſs, and diſcover'd all my damn'd Tricks.

Stra. How doſt thou, my old Implement?

Epi. Wretchedly, *Jove* knows.

Stra. What's befallen ye?

Epi. Prithee give me ſomething, and equip me for a March, before I be ſnap'd up. For the two old Cullies are juſt at my Heels, with their ſwinging great Kill-Devils for Execution.

Stra. Pſhaw, ne'er flinch, Man.

Epi. Troth, no more I ſhou'd not, had I any Hopes of Relief.

Stra. I'll ſecure thee, my Lad.

Epi. Faith, theſe old Dogs will ſecure me better by half, if they catch me.——But what young Laſs comes yonder, with that reverend old Gentleman?

SCENE II.

Enter the Banker, with Theleſtis, *at a good diſtance.*

Stra. 'Tis the Banker, with the Girl I bought at the Army.

Epi. Is yon ſhe?

Stra. Isn't ſhe juſt as I told ye? Mind her.

Epi. Is't indeed?

Stra. View her well, *Epidicus*: Nothing but Charms from Top to Toe.——Is'nt ſhe? Obſerve, look: There's a delicate Piece of Painting for ye.

Epi. You foretel as delicate a Piece upon my Back; which old *Apelles* and *Zeuxes* will both draw with their birching Pencils.

Stra. to the Banker. Strange! I admire at your coming ſo ſlowly: a Fellow with wooden Legs wou'd have been here in half the time.

Bank. Why, truly, I ſtaid all this time for her.

Stra.

Stra. Nay, if 'twas her Pleaſure, you came faſt enough of Conſcience.

Bank. Come, come; diſpatch me, and tell me out the Mony, that I mayn't make my Company ſtay for me.

Stra. 'Tis told already.

Bank. Take this Bag, and put it in. [*Gives him a Bag.*

Stra. Wiſely contriv'd! Stay a minute, and I'll bring ye out the Mony.

Bank. Pray be quick.

Stra. 'Tis within here.

[*Exit* Stratippocles.

SCENE III.

Epidicus, *the* Banker, *and* Theleſtis.

Epi. Do my Eyes fail me or not? Is not this *Theleſtis*, *Periphanes*'s and *Philippa*'s Daughter, begot at *Epidaurus*, and brought up at *Thebes*? [*Softly.*

The. overhearing him. Who can this be, that knows mine and my Parents Name?

Epi. Don't ye know me?

The. Not for the preſent.

Epi. Can ye call to mind how one Birth-day of your's, I brought ye ſome Golden Bracelets?

The. I do, Friend.

Epi. Beſides, a Creſcent, and a Gold Ring.

The. Art thou he?

Epi. Yes indeed; and yon Gentleman's your Brother by the ſame Father, tho by another Mother.

The. Pray, is my Father alive?

Epi. Yes, and now you may ſet your Heart at reſt.

The. If all this be true, the Gods have done for me beyond my Expectation.

Epi. Nay, 'tis no Advantage for me to deceive ye.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To them enters Stratippocles, *with a Bag of Mony.*

Stra. giving it to the Banker. Here's your Mony, Mr. *Banker:* Juſt an hundred Pounds. If you find any bad Mony in it, I'll change it.

Bank. Very well, Sir.——Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exit* Banker.

SCENE V.

Stratippocles, Epidicus, *and* Theleſtis.

Stra. to Thleſtis. Now, my Dear, thou'rt mine.

The. Thy Siſter, on good troth, as you'll ſoon find——Brother you are happily met.

Stra. Has ſhe loſt her Senſes?

Epi. Not for calling you Brother.

Stra. What a ſhame, am I transform'd into a Brother, the time I con'd go and come back?

Epi. Be thankful, and receive your good Fortune without any Noiſe.

Stra. O Siſter, you've loſt me as ſoon as found me.

Epi. Hold your Tongue, Child. By my Art, I have ſecur'd your Miſtreſs, the Muſick-Girl, for ye at home; and by the ſame Art and Contrivance have ranſom'd your Siſter.

Stra. 'Tis true, *Epidicus.*

Epi. Go in then, and order a Bath to be got ready. I'll tell ye the whole Story at more leiſure.

Stra. Come this way, Siſter.

Epi.

Epi. going towards Cheribulus's *House.* I'll send *Theſprion* over to ye.——But pray remember, if the old Man be in Wrath, for you and your Sifter to be on my ſide, and ſweeten him up all what you are able.

Stra. That will be eaſy to do.

[*Exit* Stratippocles *and* Theleſtis.

SCENE VI.

Epidicus *alone, by* Cheribulus's *Door.*

Good *Theſprion*, get the back way to our Houſe, and help to plead for me. 'Tis a plaguy Buſineſs, tho I'm leſs afraid of the old Fellows than before.——[*He goes from the Door.*] Well, I had beſt go in tho, and take care of theſe new Comers. At the ſame time, I'll tell my Maſter *Stratippocles* all I know of this Buſineſs. I'll not flee for the matter, but am reſolv'd to ſtay at home. The old Man ſhall ne'er ſay, I had the Impudence to challenge my Maſter at running——I'll enter then; I have ſtay'd too long already.

[*He is going off, but eſpying* Periphanes *and* Apecides, *he ſtarts, and retires on one ſide, obſerving them.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Periphanes *and* Apecides, *with Bonds*, &c. Apecides *limping at a diſtance behind.*

Per. entring.——Has not this Raſcal damnably impos'd upon us, for Men of our Gravity?

Ape. 'Sbuddikins, you have almoſt walk'd me off my Legs tho.

Per. 'St, ſilence! Let me alone to catch the Rogue.

Ape.

Ape. I tell ye, Neighbour, you had ten times better pitch upon another to go with ye, inſtead of me: For by hobbling after ye ſo long, I have got ſuch horrible Swellings on my Knees, that I'm quite founder'd.

Per. What a deviliſh Company of Tricks has this Rogue play'd us to-day? I'm ſure he has ſqueez'd out the Heart, Blood, and Guts of my Purſe.

Ape. A Curſe on him for me; troth, I believe he is the Devil's Match-Lighter, who burns all that touch him, and ſcorches all that come nigh him.

Epi. peeping out. Pſhaw, I have a dozen Gods at command more than Heaven will afford one, to ſtand up, and fight for me. I have got my Guards and Supplies within doors, for all my Rogueries. I laugh at my Enemy's Preparations.

Per. Where a-duce ſhall I find this Raſcal?

Ape. Excuſe my Attendance, and ſeek him in the bottom of the Sea, for me.

Epi. ſhewing himſelf. Why do ye look for me, Sir? Why all theſe Pains? or why ſhou'd ye weary the Gentleman? Here I am. Do ye think I was running away; leaving the Houſe; or ſo much as avoiding your Preſence? I don't beg ye to ſpare me. Wou'd ye fetter me? I'm ready for ye. You have got your Inſtruments; I ſaw ye buy 'em. What ſtay ye for? About it, Sir.

Per. Strange! the Fellow calls for Puniſhment firſt.

Epi. Why don't ye bind me, Sir?

Ape. Faith, this is the moſt inveterate Rogue!

Epi. Truly, good Mr. *Apecides*, I don't deſire you to intercede for me; you need not trouble your ſelf.

Ape. That's eaſily granted, Mr. *Epidicus*.

Epi. to Periphanes. Why ſtay ye, Sir?

Ape. For your Advice, good Sir.

Epi. 'Tis my Advice, not yours, that you bind me preſently.

Per. That's not my Deſire.

Epi. No, Sir?——Bind me.

Per. I had rather examine ye without it.

Epi. You'll get nothing out of me.

Ape. to Periphanes. The Dog is preparing ſome back Stroke for ye: What new Engine he has ſet a going, I can't tell.

Epi. Puh, you loſe time, as long as I'm at liberty. Tie me up, I ſay, and bind me as hard as you can.

Per. I tell ye, I had rather examine ye as you are.

Epi. And I tell ye, you'll get nothing out of me.

Per. What ſhall I do with this Fellow?

Ape. What ſhou'd ye? Humour him for onee.

Epi. Thou art a rare Man, Mr. *Apecides.*

Per. Let's ſee your Hands then.

[Epidicus *holds out his Hands.*

Epi. Ay, with all my Heart.——Come, bind 'em ſtrait; and don't ſpare me a bit. [Periphanes *binds his Hands.*

Per. Now judg ye, if they ben't done well.

Epi. Very well.——Now, Sir, examine me. Ask me what Queſtions you pleaſe.

Per. Imprimis, Rogue, upon what Aſſurance did you ſay that Slave was my Daughter, that was brought three Days ago?

Epi. My Pleaſure, Sir: that Aſſurance.

Per. How! upon your Pleaſure, Sirrah!

Epi. Yes; and I'll lay any Wager with ye that ſhe is.——

Per. My Daughter, when her Mother diſowns her?

Epi. If you be ſure ſhe's none of her Mother's Daughter, lay your Guinea againſt my Penny.

Per. That's all Trick.——But who is this fame Woman?

Epi. Not to mince the matter, ſhe is your Son's Miſtreſs.

Per. Did not I give ye threeſcore and fifteen Pounds, to redeem my Daughter?

Epi. I own it, Sir; and with that Mony I bought this Muſick-Girl, your Son's Miſtreſs, inſtead of her.—— In that Buſineſs I finger'd away threeſcore and fifteen Pounds.

Per. But what made ye top this laſt Muſick-Girl upon me?

Epi.

Epi. Truly, Sir, I confeſs it; and found it proper for my Deſign.

Per. Then what's become of the Mony I deliver'd to ye?

Epi. I'll tell ye, Sir,——I gave it neither to a Miſer, nor a Prodigal, but e'en to your own Son *Stratippocles.*

Per. How dare ye do that?

Epi. 'Twas my Pleaſure, Sir.

Per. What a curſed impudent Dog is this?

Epi. You inſult over me as tho I were your Slave.

Per. I ſhall be glad when ye have got your Freedom.

Epi. And I deſerve it now.

Per. You deſerve it, Sirrah?

Epi. Go in and ſee; I'll ſoon convince ye that I do.

Per. What's the meaning of this?

Epi. You'll ſee in a minute: do but go in.

Per. Hah! here muſt be ſomething more than ordinary.——Good Neighbour have an eye to the Rogue.

[*Exit* Periphanes.

SCENE VIII.

Apecides *and* Epidicus.

Ape. Prithee, *Epidicus*, what's this Buſineſs?

Epi. Faith 'tis a damn'd unreaſonable thing that I ſhou'd ſtand bound, for helping of him to a loſt Daughter.

[*Grumbling.*

Ape. Have ye found his Daughter, ſay ye?

Epi. Yes indeed, and ſhe's within too. How plaguy hard 'tis to have my good Services ſo ill rewarded!

Ape. We have been ſeeking ye all the Town over, till we are as weary as Dogs.

Epi. Faith, I'm as weary with your finding, as you with your ſeeking.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Periphanes *to them.*

Per. to them within. You need not beg ſo heartily: I am ſatisfy'd of his Innocency, that he deſerves to be let go.——[*To* Apecides] Come, unbind his Hands.

[Apecides *goes up to him.*

Epi. ſtopping Apecides. Let me alone. [*Surlily.*

Per. Let him unbind ye.

Epi. No.

Per. That's not fair.

Epi. Faith, I'll not ſuffer it, till you have given me Satisfaction.

Per. That's nothing but juſt and reaſonable.——Come, I'll give ye a new pair of Shoes, a good Coat, and a Cloak.

Epi. What elſe?

Per. Your Freedom.

Epi. But after that; when a Man's Time is juſt out, he ought to have ſome good thing to be nibbling on.

Per. You ſhall.——I'll provide a Supper.

Epi. Troth, if you won't ask me Forgiveneſs, I'll not agree. [*Merrily.*

Per. Well, I do, honeſt *Epidicus*, and beg your pardon, if any of my fooliſh Miſtakes have done ye an Injury. But in recompence, here take your Freedom.

Epi. Troth, I'm loth to pardon ye; but I can't tell how to help it.——Come, undo my Hands, as ſoon as you pleaſe. [Apecides *unbinds his Hands.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter the Company of Players, who take up Epidicus, *and turn to the Spectators.*

Comp.–Here's a rare Rogue then, one who has gain'd his Freedom by his Cunning.

Up with your Cloaks, Gallants, and veil your Caps;
Farewel: We beg your Favour, and your Claps.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of Epidicus.

REMARKS
UPON
EPIDICUS.

THIS *Play*, *Plautus* was always very fond of, and reckons it his beſt; but as for the general Deſerts of it, I ſhall determine nothing. The *Subject* of it, is the Diſcovery of *Theleſtis*, and all the Lines of the Play tend to that Centre, tho there is no manner of Appearance of it till the Fifth Act, which makes the Poet's Art the more fine and excellent. Tho the *Subject* is not perfectly *ſingle*, for *Stratippocles* loſes a Miſtreſs as he finds a Siſter, yet there is perfectly an *Unity of Action*, and, like the reſt of his Plays, without any *Under-Plots*. This Play is very ſhort, yet there is great Variety in the *Plot* and *Incidents*, and an excellent Management thro the whole: So cloſe it is, tho perfectly clear, that it requires ſome Attention to comprehend all exactly, at the firſt Reading. Beſides this, it is very remarkable, that *Plautus* has truly drawn the People of his Age; as the Diſtruſt of Old Men, the Eagerneſs of Young, the Vanity of Soldiers, the Impudence of Courtizans, and the Treachery *of Slaves*.

ACT

ACT I.

Scene the Firſt.

THIS Firſt *Scene* explains the very ſame to the Audience, that *Plautus's Prologues* generally uſed to do, which is far more *natural* than to do it in a *Prologue*. This Scene in the Original is alſo very remarkable for an unuſual Air of Wit and Sharpneſs; and there are not many Scenes in this Author that come up to it in its Fineneſs and Neatneſs of Railery.

P.104.l. 16. *You are a puny Town-Chitterling.*] *Scurræ es.* The Word *Scurra*, ſignifies properly a *Buffoon*, or *Paraſite*; but ſince theſe ſort of People for the moſt part ſeek after the Softneſs and Luxury of Courts and Cities, and abhor the Hardſhips of Camps, it here ſignifies *Urbanus*, and is oppos'd to *Militaris*: ſo that this Tranſlation is the true Senſe, though it may appear otherwiſe at the firſt ſight.

Ib. l. 20, *&c. Off and on*——Epi. *The wooden Horſe, you mean. O, I hate that damn'd Variety moſt mortally.*] *Varie.* Epi. *Qui varie valent, caprigenam hominem non placet mihi, neque pantherinum genus.* That Word *Varius* was often us'd by the Slaves of thoſe Times in a jocoſe Senſe, to ſignify the Streaks of one's Back, after he was whipp'd, which was of *various Colours*, as in the firſt Act of *Pſeudolus. Ita ego voſtra latera loris faciam ut valide varia ſint. Theſprion* by *Varie* meant nothing but *Sometimes well and ſometimes ill*, or, *Off and on*, as I have tranſlated it; but *Epidicus* took it in this laſt Senſe, and takes an Occaſion preſently to call thoſe who *varie valent*, thoſe *Laced People*, *Caprigenam*, *ac pantherinum genus*, that is, of the *Race of Wild Beaſts*, ſuch as, *Goats*, and *Panthers*, whoſe Skins were of *various Colours*. A cloſe Tranſlation here, would have loſt much of the Beauty of the Original; therefore I have taken a little

little more liberty, and by that means, the Force of the Repartee is in a great measure preſerv'd.

Ib. l. 32, *&c. Hear me, and you ſhall be heard in your turn.* Theſ. *The very Words of a Judg, in truth.*] *Operam da: opera redibitur tibi.* Theſ. *Jus dicis.* The Phraſes, *Operam da*, and *Opera redibitur*, are proper Terms us'd in their Courts by their Judges upon all occaſions; and this made *Theſprion* anſwer him, *Jus dicis.* If the Beauty of it be any way loſt in our Tongue, it is more becauſe it will not be ſo readily perceiv'd, than for any other Reaſon I can aſſign.

P. 105. l. 2. *Your Beadles, with their Staffs for your Honour's Pate.*] *Lictores duo, duo viminei faſces virgarum.* It was cuſtomary for the *Pretors* (which were much the ſame with our *Lord Chief-Juſtices*) to have *Rods* carry'd before them; and upon this Cuſtom conſiſts all the Sharpneſs of the Jeſt, theſe *Rods* being the moſt uſual Puniſhment for Slaves. This is much loſt in our Tongue.

Ib. l. 7. *What's become of Maſter* Stratippocles's *Arms.*] This Queſtion wou'd have been impertinent upon our Stage; but *Theſprion* being *Stratippocles*'s *Armour-Bearer*, who ought to have had 'em with him at that time, the Queſtion was very proper.

Ib. l. 19. *Troth, I believe* Vulcan *made his Arms for him*, &c.] This and a good deal more, is an Alluſion to the Story of *Achilles*, and the Sharpneſs of it appear'd more among the *Romans*, than it does to us; becauſe they were far better acquainted with this Story, than we are.

Ib. l. 28. *Where's my Maſter* Stratippocles? *&c.*] Here begins a *Narration* of what paſs'd before the opening of the Stage. It is very ſhort, and extreme lively; and the Poet moſt ingeniouſly manages it by the Mouths of two ſeveral Perſons, who both have a Part in it; and this ſtill makes it more diverting, and more natural. But nothing can ſeem with leſs Deſign and Affectation, than *Epidicus*'s Part of it.

Scene the Second.

P. 107. l. 31, &c. What a Rogue was I, to impoſe upon the Old Man, &c.] Here *Epidicus* goes on with the Narration

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by ARCTURUS.

GALLANTS,

E muſt know, I dwell in the Celeſtial Palaces above, a Subject of that mighty God, who ſhakes all Nations, Seas, and Earth. I'm a bright and ſhining Conſtellation, as ye ſee me, Arcturus *by Title, one who ne'er fail'd to keep regular Hours, both here and in Heaven. In the Night-time, I twinkle in the Sky, and among the Gods; when Day comes, I converſe with Mortals, as the reſt of the Conſtellations do, who have the ſame Commiſſion from above.* Jove, *the Grand Monarch of Heaven and Earth, every day diſperſes us thro all Countries, to inſpect the Actions, Manners, Religion, and Fidelity of Mortals, that the Goddeſs of* Riches *may reward 'em as they deſerve. Whene'er we meet with Fellows who hire Knights of the Poſt in Law-Sutes, and Raſcals who forſwear themſelves in Chancery, we return their Names in writing to* Jove, *who each Day is inform'd of all whom the Gallows groans for. He knows each Man that's perjur'd, or bribes his Judg to gain his Cauſe; upon which, he brings it about in the upper* Court, *and ſets a ſevere*

168 The PROLOGUE.

Fine upon his Head than the Loſs of his Cauſe wou'd have come to. The Names of the good Men he keeps in a Book by it ſelf. Now theſe Rogues fool themſelves with a Fancy that a luſty Preſent, and a Sacrifice, will make amends for all; but they loſe their Labour and Coſt too: For Jove *accepts not the Prayers of perjur'd Villains; but the Prayers of an honeſt Man is heard a thouſand times ſooner than of one of theſe Raſcals. Therefore, good Gentlemen, let me adviſe ye; you who are honeſt indeed, and have always been good and true-hearted, ne'er to recede from your Principles, that ſo you may have the Comfort of 'em.* ——*Now,* Gentlemen, *I'm ready to wait upon ye, and tell ye the Argument of the Play.*

Firſt then, Diphilus *calls this City* Cyrene. *Here dwells* Demones *in the Field, in a neighbouring Village by the Sea-ſide; a good honeſt well-meaning old Gentleman, forc'd to leave* Athens, *and take up here. 'Twas no ill Prank that drove him from his Country; but his Generoſity to others prov'd ſo injurious to himſelf, as it ruin'd his Eſtate at laſt. Sometime ſince he had a little Daughter, who was kidnapp'd away, and ſold to a villanous Slave-Merchant, who brought her home to* Cyrene. *Now it ſeems a young Gentleman of this City, and formerly of* Athens, *by chance ſpies this Girl coming from the Muſick-School, and immediately is ſtricken with her; goes ſtrait to the Merchant, bargains with him to have her for threeſcore and fifteen Pounds, gives him Earneſt, and ſwears him to Fidelity. Now this Son of a Whore, like the reſt of his Gang, values neither Promiſe nor Oath, goes immediately to a Banker of his, a* Sicilian *of* Agrigentium, *an old Raſcal as ill as himſelf, and a publick Bane to the City: This Man he wheedles with the huge Commendations of this Girl's Beauty, and others he had with him, ſo gets him to go over with him to* Sicily: For, *ſays he,* there the People are mightily given to their Pleaſures, and Women are their beſt Commodity; ſo you may get an Eſtate in a little time. *Upon which, a Ship is perpar'd underhand; the Merchant claps all his Effects on board, and ſtams off the ng Gentleman, who bought this* Girl, *with a pretence as going to perform a Vow to* Venus.——This Temple here

here is the Place, where he has invited the Spark to Dinner. He immediately gets on board, and carries off Bag and Baggage. The Gentleman, upon hearing of this News, goes ſtrait to the Haven, and there finds the Ship got clear off from the Shore.——I, ſeeing the Girl thus forc'd away, reſolv'd at once to ſave her, and ruin the Raſcal. Therefore I ſtir'd up the bluſtring Winds, and ſwell'd the Ocean's Waves: For Arcturus *is the moſt turbulent Conſtellation in the Heavens; outrageous when riſing, but more outrageous ſetting.——At preſent, both Merchant and Gueſt are thrown upon a Rock, which ſplit their Ship in pieces. This Girl I told ye of, and another with her, in a fright, are leap'd into a little Boat; and are now driven by the Tide from the Rock towards the Shore, and old* Demones's *Houſe, which is now unroof'd by the Wind; and this is one of his Servants that is now coming out of his Houſe. The young Spark will be here ſtrait, who bought this Girl of this Merchant.——*

Gallants adieu,-and may your joyful Cries
Be always formidable to your Enemies.

[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Sceparnio, *with his Spade, and Working-Tools.*

HEAVENS bleſs us all! What a plague Storm has old *Neptune* ſent us this Night The Wind has all until'd our Houſe here What ſhall I call it? It can be no Wind but ſome Conjurer raiſing the Devil; for all the Tiles are come rattling down, and the Windows ſhatter'd, ſo we ſhall keep open Houſe now.

[*He falls to digging*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Pleuſidippus *at a diſtance, with three of his Friends.*

Pleu. to his Friends. Well, Gentlemen, I have taken ye off your Buſineſs, and ſtill our ſearching is to no purpoſe; for I cou'd not catch this raſcally Bawd at the Haven. But I wou'd not have my Careleſſneſs ruin my Hopes; and therefore, my Friends, I'm forc'd to detain ye the longer. ——So now I'll viſit the Temple of *Venus* here, where the Fellow deſign'd to ſacrifice, as he told me.

Sce. digging. Upon my Honour I ſhall take a new Courſe with this damnable Clay, that has almoſt kill'd me.

Pleu. I hear ſomebody's Voice juſt by.

SCENE III.

Enter Demones *from his Houſe.*

Dem. Sceparnio!

Sce. Who calls me?

Dem. He that bought and paid for ye.

Sce. As much as to ſay, I'm your Servant: Sir!

Dem. We ſhall want a World of Mortar, therefore dig deep: The whole Houſe muſt be new-roof'd; for now 'twill no more ſhelter a Man than a Sieve.

Pleu. going to them. Father, well met;——and you too.

Dem. Good-morrow to ye, Sir.

Sce. Are ye Man or Woman, that you call him Father?

Pleu. A Man undoubtedly.

Dem. If ſo, you muſt ſeek elſewhere. I had once a little Daughter, which I loſt formerly, but ne'er had a Son *in my Life.*

Pleu. Heavens grant ye the Bleſſing of one.

Sce. And you the Plague of one, whoe'er you are; for troubling us with your Tattle, when we have Buſineſs enough of our own.

Pleu. Pray, do ye live at this Houſe?

Sce. Why that Queſtion? You lie lurking here to break it open in the Night-time, do ye?

Pleu. He had need be a rich and faithful Servant, who dares thus interrupt his Maſter, and ſhew himſelf ſo uncivil to a Gentleman.

Sce. And he a bold and impudent Fellow, who comes to be impertinent before another Man's Door, who owes him ne'er a Penny.

Dem. Hold your Tongue, *Sceparnio*.——What is it you want, young Gentleman?

Pleu. To have that Fellow kick'd, for his Impudence in interpoſing before his Maſter.——But, if it be no hindrance to your Buſineſs, I have a Queſtion or two to ask ye.

Dem. Sir, it ſhan't diſturb my Buſineſs.

Sce. Prithee go into the Marſh, and cut Reeds for us to thatch our Houſe with, now 'tis dry Weather.

Dem. Sirrah, be ſilent.——Well, Sir, your Pleaſure.

Pleu. Then let me ask ye, whether you ſaw e'er a grey, frizzled-crown, villanous, perjur'd, wheedling Raſcal?

Dem. O, a Multitude: for ſuch as theſe have been the Ruin of me.

Pleu. He that I ſpeak of, brought two young Women to the Temple of *Venus*, either yeſterday or to-day, to prepare for a Sacrifice.

Dem. Truly, Sir, I ſaw no ſuch Perſon, nor has there been any Sacrifice this long time; nor cou'd there be without my knowledg; when there is, they always come hither for Water, Fire, Veſſels, Knives, Spit, Seething-Pot, or ſomething or other. In ſhort, my Veſſels and Well are for *Venus*'s Uſe, not mine; and I can aſſure ye, there has been a Ceſſation theſe many Days.

Pleu. By this I perceive I'm ruin'd.

Dem. Really, Sir, I wiſh I cou'd help ye.

Sce.

Sce. Hark ye, Sir, you that haunt the Temple for your Belly-ſake; you had better march home and dine on what you can get. I warrant ye, you were invited hither, and the Fellow gave ye the Slip, that's your Ailment.

Pleu. Very well? [*Angrily.*

Sce. Without Controverſy, you may go home without your Dinner. Ye had better follow *Ceres*, Governor of the Cupboard, than *Venus*, Ruler of the Bed; for you are more Sheep-ſtealer than Whore-maſter.

Pleu. The Fellow grows ſhamefully ſcurrilous.

Dem. looking towards the Sea. Bleſs me! What People are yonder, nigh the Shore, *Sceparnio?*

Sce. I fancy they are ſome damnable Gameſters.

Dem. Why ſo?

Sce. Becauſe they have loſt all, their Ship and all.

Dem. 'Tis true, they have.

Sce. And our Houſe has nothing but Rubbiſh to entertain 'em with.

Dem. ſtarting. Alas! poor little Souls, how many are there?——Lord, how they ſwim for their Lives!

Pleu. Pray now, where are they?

Dem. Yonder, on the right Hand;——don't ye ſee 'em floating by the Shore?

Pleu. I do——[*To his Friends*] Pray follow me.——What wou'd I give to find that curſed Villain there!——Fare ye well.

[*Exit* Pleuſidippus *with his Friends.*

SCENE IV.

Demones *and* Sceparnio.

Sce. So we wou'd without your bidding.——[*Looking upon the Sea.*] O *Palemon*, *Neptune*'s beſt Friend and Companion, what a dreadful Sight do I ſee!——

Dem. Prithee, what is it?

Sce. I vow, two little Girls all alone, in a ſmall Boat. ——How lamentably are the poor Creatures toſt!—— Softly,——ſoftly,——well recover'd!—— The Tide drives the Boat from the Rock to the Shore. A Pilot cou'd not do it better.——I think I ne'er ſaw the Sea run ſo high in my born days.——They are ſafe, if the Waves don't catch 'em.——Now,——now,——comes all the Danger!——So, there's one waſh'd out;——but by good Luck fallen upon the Flats: She'll eaſily get off.—— Huzzah! Do ye ſee how the Billows have thrown her a-ſhore?——She's upon her Feet, and makes this way: ——All's well, all's well!——O, the other's leap'd a-ſhore too; and the poor Soul's upon her Knees in the Water for fear.——Very well! ſhe's up, and upon dry Land.——She's taken to the right, to her ſorrow, I'll warrant her; for faith ſhe may wander there all day.——

Dem. What does that concern your Work?

Sce. ——But if ſhe chance to tumble down yon Cliff, ſhe'll make but a ſhort Cut of her Ramble ——

Dem. Nay, if you have a mind to ſup with their Fate, *Sceparnio*, follow them; if with mine, follow me.

Sce. That's but reaſonable.

Dem. Come along then.

Sce. Well, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Demones *and* Sceparnio.

SCENE V.

Enter Paleſtra, *with her Clothes wet, from among the Cliffs, at the further End of the Stage.*

How ill ſoever Mens Miſeries are repreſented, they ſtill fall ſhort of Truth and Experience. Is it Heaven's Pleaſure to throw me on theſe unknown Coaſts, in a dreadful Fright, and in this very Garb? Was I born to be *expos'd to theſe* Calamities? Is it the Reward of my *ſtrict Life?* I ſhou'd not think theſe Miſeries ſo ſevere, had

had I offended againſt Heaven, or my Parents: But if I have been ſo exact in my Duty to both, it ſeems unbecoming, O ye Gods! nay unjuſt and unreaſonable, to afflict me thus. Ah what dreadful Puniſhments muſt Villains meet with, if vertuous Perſons be ſo hardly dealt withal? If I cou'd call to mind any of my own or Parents Faults, I ſhou'd bear it better: but 'tis my Maſter's I am puniſh'd for; his Crimes fall heavy upon my Head. He has loſt his Ship, and all he is worth, except me, the only Remainder of his Fortune; for my Companion in the Boat is periſh'd, and now I am all alone. Were ſhe but ſafe, her Company wou'd have been ſome Relief to my Griefs. But now, what Hope, Help, or Counſel am I capable of? I am forc'd to wander all alone in theſe wild Deſarts. On one ſide, craggy Cliffs; on the other, the Ocean's foaming Surges; and not a living Soul to meet with. My Clothes are my Riches; and I know neither where to find Suſtenance, or a Houſe to hide my Head in. What Deſire can I have to live then? I am a Stranger to this Place; ne'er was here before this time. ——Ah wou'd ſome good body wou'd but direct me into ſome Road, or Foot-Path.——Shall I take this way, or that way? I am not able to reſolve; and I can't perceive a foot of habitable Land hereabouts. A Chillneſs, a Faintneſs, and the great Fright, have ſeiz'd on all my Joints. Alas, my dear Father and Mother! you know nothing of theſe ſad Afflictions. I was born a Gentlewoman, it avails nothing; I am more miſerable than if born a Slave; for I can ne'er be any Comfort to thoſe who gave me Birth and Education. [*She weeps.*

SCENE VI.

Ampeliſca appears among the Cliffs, with her Clothes wet, at another part of the further End of the Stage.

Amp. to her ſelf. What can be more proper, or more neceſſary, than making away with my ſelf, as long as I'm under theſe Miſeries and Afflictions? I can't be ſollicitous of Life, ſince I'm depriv'd of the Perſon who made it eaſy to me. I've wander'd through all Places, ſearch'd into every little Hole to find her, call'd, look'd, liſten'd as much as poſſible——I can find her no where, know not where to go, how to look for her, or whom to enquire of, for here's not a Soul to be ſeen——Sure there's no ſuch diſmal Deſart upon the Face of the Earth, as this. But if ſhe be alive, and above ground, I'll ne'er give o'er ſearching till I've found her.

Pal. What Voice can this be here?

Amp. I vow, I'm ſtrangely afraid——Who's that ſo nigh me?

Pal. Bleſſed *Hope*, aſſiſt me!——

Amp. 'Tis a Woman's Voice, I know it by the Sound.

Pal. ——And free me from my Fears.

Amp. It muſt be a Woman's Voice for certain.

Pal. Good now, is't *Ampeliſca*?

Amp. Is't you, *Paleſtra*?

Pal. Why don't I call her by her Name, that ſhe may know me?——*Ampeliſca!*

Amp. Hah! who's that?

Pal. 'Tis I, *Paleſtra*.

Amp. Prithee, whereabouts are ye?

Pal. Truly, amidſt a thouſand Troubles.

Amp. I'm your Partner, and have as large a ſhare as you.——I long ſtrangely to ſee ye.

Pal. *And I as much.*

Amp. *Then let's follow by the Ear.*——Where are ye?

Per-

Pal. Here; come this way and meet me.

Amp. As fast as I can.

They come forward and meet.

Pal. Your Hand, my Dear.

Amp. Take it. [*They join Hands.*

Pal. Art thou alive? Prithee tell me.

Amp. Yes, and ſo wiſh to live, while I touch thee, I can ſcarce believe I have ye here. Pray let me embrace thee, my Soul. ——— [*They embrace.*] Ah, what a Refreſhment 'tis after my Affliction!

Pal. You've prevented me from ſaying the ſame thing. ——But let's be going now.

Amp. Prithee, my Dear, which way ſhall we take?

Pal. Along the Shore, I think.

Amp. Which way you pleaſe, I'll follow.

Pal. Shall we go ſo, with our Clothes all wet?

Amp. For that, we muſt make as good a ſhift as we can ——But pray now, what's that?

Pal. Which?

Amp. Prithee, don't ye ſee a Temple?——Do ye ſee that?

Pal. Where?

Amp. On the right hand.

Pal. I ſee the Gods reſpect this Place.

Amp. Then Men can be no Strangers to it, the Situation's ſo delightful too.——Whoe'er is the God, I'll beg of him to eaſe us Wretches in our Miſeries, and to grant us ſome Aſſiſtance in this poor and ſad Condition.

[*They kneel down before the Temple.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Prieſteſs of Venus, *out of the Temple.*

Prieſ. Who are theſe that beg my Patroneſs's Protection? Their Prayers have brought me out to ſee who they are. They've certainly pitch'd upon the kindeſt, tendereſt, and beſt-natur'd Goddeſs that cou'd be.

Pal. Heavens bleſs ye, good Mother.

Prieſ. Bleſs ye both, my Children.——Pray where were ye going, with your Clothes ſo wet, in that pitiful Condition?

Pal. We came but a little way now: But 'tis a huge way from the Place we firſt ſet out at.

Prieſ. You came in a Ship by Sea then?

Pal. Yes, an't pleaſe ye.

Prieſ. Ye ought to have come then to this Temple with your proper Habits, and your Offerings; for 'tis ne'er uſual to come in this manner.

Pal. Alas! what Offerings can ye expect, when we were both caſt away at Sea?——[*They kneel to her.*] Therefore we beg of you, for Heaven's ſake, to have pity upon a Couple of poor helpleſs Creatures, without Knowledg or Hopes, to take us into your Houſe, and keep us from periſhing; for we've neither Shelter, Expectation of any, nor nothing but what you ſee about us.

Prieſ. Give me your Hands, and riſe both of ye: No Woman can be more ſenſible of your Miſeries than I. But alas! my Children, mine's but a poor and mean Place: I can ſcarce keep Life and Soul together, and have all my Dependence upon *Venus* here.

Amp. Pray now, is this *Venus*'s Temple?

Prieſ. Yes, and I'm her Prieſteſs.——But you ſhall be heartily welcome, as far as my poor Stock will go.——Come along.

Pal. Truly, Mother, you've a kind and tender Care of us.

Prieſ. 'Tis my Duty.

[*Exeunt omnes, to the Temple of* Venus.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter ſome Fiſhermen, with their Lines, Nets, &c.

1 *Fiſherman.*

E poor Folks have every way a lamentable Life on't, eſpecially ſince we were brought up to neither Trade nor Calling; ſo we are forc'd to be content with that little we have. Ye may gueſs how rich we are by our fine Garbs. Theſe Hooks and Rods are all our Trade and Livelihood. We make Incurſions every day, from the Town to the Sea for Forage; and all our Fights and Combats are againſt whole Beds of Crabs, Lobſters, Oyſters, Pinpatches, Coral, Muſcles, and Cockles; after which, we fall upon other Fiſh with our Hooks, and upon thoſe among the Rocks. We table upon the Sea; and if we chance to have no Luck, we ſlink home, well liquor'd with Salt-Water, and go ſupperleſs to bed.——Now 'tis ſuch a foaming Sea, we've little hopes of Sport; and except we light on ſome Shell-Fiſh, we muſt e'en make a Faſt-Night on't, i'faith.—But we'll pray firſt to kind *Venus* to ſend us good Luck.

[*They move towards the Temple.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Trachalio, *at a little distance.*

Tra. to himself. I've been searching with all the Eyes in my Head to find out my Master. When he first went out, he told me he was gone to the Haven; but order'd me to meet him here at the Temple of *Venus.*——— But hold, here are People very luckily to enquire of; I'll up to 'em.——— [*Goes to the Fishermen.*] Welcome, old Sea-Filchers, Oyster-Crackers, and Hook-Drivers; ye starved Generation, how d'ye do? Not drown'd yet?

1 *Fish.* We do like poor Fishermen, full of Hunger, Thirst, and Hopes.

Tra. Did ye see e'er a young Gentleman the time ye were here, a genteel, fresh-colour'd, lusty Man, and three Companions, with their Cloaks and Swords?

3 *Fish.* We saw no such Man as you describe.

Tra. Then did ye see e'er an old bald-pated, beetle-brow'd, gotch-gutted, squint-ey'd, sour-fac'd Rascal, the very Canker-Worm of Heaven and Earth, and Store-house of Mischief, Roguery, and Villany, leading of two good likely Girls?

2 *Fish.* A Fellow with these Vertues and Graces is a fitter Companion for Hell than the Temple.

Tra. If ye saw any such, speak.

1 *Fish.* I assure ye we did not——Good-morrow.

Tra. Adieu to ye: I thought ye might.

[*Exeunt Fishermen.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Trachalio *alone.*

Troth, I believe 'tis juſt as I thought 'twou'd be. My Maſter's bubbled; this Whore-ſon Bawd has chang'd Countries, embark'd, and carry'd off the Girls, and I find I'm a Conjurer. This Devil's Bird too has invited my Maſter to a Dinner here; and I think I had beſt ſtay his Coming. If I light on the Prieſteſs, I'll enquire of her, whether ſhe can give me any further Account of this Buſineſs; I'll be as certain as I can.

SCENE IV.

Enter Ampeliſca *from the Temple, with a Bucket in her Hand.*

Amp. to the Prieſteſs within. Very well; at the next Door to the Temple you'd have me knock, and deſire a little Water?

Tra. Whoſe Voice is that?

Amp. Bleſs me! Who's that? Whom do I ſee?

Tra. Is't *Ampeliſca*, that comes from the Temple?

Amp. Isn't it *Trachalio*, *Plauſidippus*'s Servant?

Tra. 'Tis ſhe.

Amp. 'Tis the ſame.——*Trachalio*, good-morrow.

Tra. And to you, *Ampeliſca*.——How came you here?

Amp. By a miſerable Chance, and undeſervedly, too.

Tra. I hope better things.

Amp. A wiſe Perſon ought to ſay and talk nothing but Truth.——But prithee now, where's your Maſter *Plauſidippus*?

Tra.

Tra. Pſhaw, as tho he was not within there.

Amp. Really, neither he, nor any one elſe came hither.

Tra. He is not come then?

Amp. You ſay very true.

Tra. Which is none of my way, *Ampeliſca*.——But how forward is Dinner?

Amp. Prithee, what Dinner?

Tra. Why, your Sacrifice-Dinner, you are to have here.

Amp. What Dream's this, pray now?

Tra. Faith, your Maſter *Labrax* invited mine to a Dinner here to-day.

Amp. Troth, 'tis a mighty Surprize to me. If he has cheated both Gods and Men, he has done like a Bawd as he is.

Tra. Is there no Sacrifice then, neither for you nor my Maſter?

Amp. You may ſwear it.

Tra. How came ye here then?

Amp. Why, the Prieſteſs took us in, both me and *Paleſtra* too, in a great Fright, extreme Danger, and deſtitute of all Succour.

Tra. Pray, is *Paleſtra* here too, my Maſter's Miſtreſs?

Amp. Yes indeed.

Tra. Dear *Ampeliſca*, you've told me the pleaſanteſt News in the World.——But I long mightily to know what Danger you've run through.

Amp. Why, honeſt *Trachalio*, our Ship was caſt away laſt Night.

Tra. How, caſt away!——What a Fib was that!

Amp. Prithee, didn't ye hear how *Labrax* wou'd have ſhip'd us away underhand for *Sicily*, and had got all his Goods aboard? They're all loſt now.

Tra. God-a-mercy, honeſt *Neptune*; ne'er a Gameſter of 'em all has half the Cunning. Faith, 'twas an excellent Caſt; it has quite gammon'd the Raſcal.——But where's the poor Devil now?

Amp.

Amp. Dead drunk, o' my Conſcience. For the God nvited him laſt Night to a Tub of roaring Liquor; and troth, I believe the Whore's-bud has drank more than he cou'd bear.

Tra. O how I cou'd hug thee, dear *Ampeliſca!* thou art a ſweet, and charming Creature——But pray, how eſcap'd you and *Paleſtra?*

Amp. I'll tell ye——When we ſaw the Ship running full upon a Rock, all in a Fright, we leap'd into the Boat, and ſtraight unty'd the Rope. While the reſt look'd diſmally on, the Storm parted us from the Ship to the right. All the long Night, we poor Wretches were moſt deſperately toſt by the Winds and Waves, till juſt at Morning, we were thrown half dead a ſhore.

Ter. I know 'tis like *Neptune*; he's a plaguy hard Cuſtom-Maſter, and ſtaves all prohibited Goods.

Amp. O hang your ſweet Crops.

Tra. And thine, my little Rogue——I formerly ſmelt out the Trick this Dog was playing, and often forewarn'd ye of it. I think I had beſt ſend for Gown and Fur-Cap, and ſet up for a *Fortune-teller.*

Amp. Since you fore-knew it, how bravely did you and your Maſter take care to prevent it?

Tra. What cou'd he have done.

Amp. Done, quoth-a, for the Perſon he lov'd? He ſhou'd have watch'd her Night and Day, and been always upon Duty. But I ſee your Maſter's Care and Love for his Miſtreſs, may tally together.

Tra. Why ſo?

Amp. Nay, the Matter is plain.

Tra. Puh, don't ye ſee, when People go to the Bath, tho they be ne'er ſo careful of their Clothes, they are often ſnap'd up? The Owner knows not whom to ſuſpect: The Thief has his Eye upon the Owner; but the de'el a bit does the other know the Thief——But bring me to *Paleſtra*: Where is ſhe?

Amp. Go into the Temple there, and you'll find her crying and ſobbing like a Child.

Tra. I'm ſorry for that——What's the matter with her?

Amp.

Amp. I'll tell ye——She's mightily concern'd for *Labrax*'s taking away a Casket of hers; for there she had ſomething to diſcover her Parents by, and ſhe fears 'tis quite loſt.

Tra. Where was it put?

Amp. Aboard the Ship. This Rogue had ſecur'd it in a Port-mantle, to put her beyond a Poſſibility of finding her Parents.

Tra. O abominable! to keep her a Slave, when ſhe ought to be free?

Amp. She believes 'tis ſunk to the bottom of the Sea, together with the Ship, and all *Labrax*'s Gold and Silver. Now I fancy ſome one has div'd for it, and got it out. The poor Creature is in a lamentable Condition for the Loſs of her things.

Tra. 'Tis the beſt way then to go to her, comfort her up, and keep her from fretting ſo. I have known a great many People who have found Relief when they ne'er expected it.

Amp. And I, thoſe who have expected it, and have found none.

Tra. In thoſe Caſes, Patience is the beſt Remedy—— I'll go to her, if you've no occaſion for my Aſſiſtance.

Amp. Ay, go.

[*Exit* Trachalio *to the Temple.*

SCENE V.

Ampeliſca *alone.*

I'll go beg a little Water at the next Houſe, as the Prieſteſs order'd; for ſhe tells me if I ask in her Name, they'll give me it without Scruple. I think I ne'er ſaw a Perſon more deſerving of the Favour of Gods and Men, than this good old Prieſteſs. How handſomly, generouſly, honeſtly, and freely did ſhe entertain us! when we were in fears, want, wet, forſaken, and ready to periſh,

ſhe

ſhe took care of us as tho we had been her own Children. How ready ſhe is too, to heat the Water to waſh us withal! ——Now I'll go ask for ſome, that I might not make her ſtay——[*She knocks at* Demones's *Door.*] So ho! who's at home here?——Any body here?——None to come out?

[*Knocks again.*

SCENE VI.

To her enter Sceparnio.

Sce. Who's that batters our Doors ſo uncivilly?

Amp. A Friend.

Sce. Hah, what luck's here?——'Sbobs, as I hope to breathe, a ſmug-fac'd little Rogue!

Amp. Good morrow t'ye, young Man,

Sce. And to thee, my pretty young Woman,

Amp. I come to beg one Kindneſs——

Sce. Which I'd grant ye, if ye came at Midnight; but now I havn't the Conveniency of ſupplying your Wants. ——What ſay'ſt thou, my ſeat little Chuck?

[*Goes to embrace her.*

Amp. How now! Methinks you're a little too free tho.

Sce. Bleſs me! the very Pictura of *Venus!* What ſparkling Eyes! What a Shape! What a fine black Complexion! I meant a lovely brown! What Bubbies! What ſweet Lips are thoſe! [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Amp. turning away. I'm not for every one's turn; therefore ſtand off.

Sce. What not one gentle Kiſs, my pretty ſweet Rogue?

Amp. When I'm more at leiſure, I may allow ye to toy a little. But now I muſt have an Anſwer, *Ay* or *No*, to what I came for.

Sce. What wou'd ye have then?

Amp.

Amp. This Bucket of mine, ſhews clearly what I'd have.

Sce. And this Phiz of mine, ſhews as clearly what I'd have.

Amp. The Prieſteſs of *Venus* ſent me hither for a little Water.

Sce. I'm juſt like a Courtier, you'll ne'er obtain any thing without a plaguy deal of waiting. The Well's deep and dangerous; and not a Drop you get without a hundred fine Words and Careſſes.

Amp. Why are you ſo ſparing of your Water to me, which you give every Stranger *gratis?*

Sce. And why are you ſo ſparing of your Favours to me, which you give every Citizen *gratis?*

Amp. Come, my Dear, I'll not ſtand for once——

[*He kiſſes her.*

Sce. aſide. O rare, I'm raviſh'd! She calls me *Dear* too——Thou ſhalt have Water; I won't be lov'd for nothing——Give me the Bucket.

Amp. giving the Bucket. Here——Prithee, make haſte.

Sce. Stay. I'll be here in the turning of a Hand, my Hony.

[*Exit* Sceparnio *with the Bucket.*

SCENE VII.

Ampeliſca *alone.*

What Excuſe ſhall I make to the Prieſteſs for ſtaying ſo long?——(*Looking on the Sea.*) How I quake when I caſt my Eyes upon the Sea!——But alas, who are yon, on the Shore?——Is't the Merchant my Maſter, and his *Sicilian* Boarder? I was in good hopes they were both drown'd in the Sea. Theſe are new Plagues, we ne'er *look'd for*——But why don't I run into the Temple, *and tell Paleſtra* this News, that we may have time to take

take Sanctuary at the Altar, before this old Devil come and take us?——I'll make haſte, for this was a ſudden Thought.

[*She runs off to the Temple.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sceparnio, *with his Bucket full of Water.*

Bleſs me! I ne'er cou'd have thought I ſhou'd have found ſo much Pleaſure in drawing Water. How merrily did I go to't. Methought the Well not half ſo deep as it us'd to be; I drew it with ſo much Eaſe——But without Flattery, I was a great Owl for not falling in Love before now. Here's the Water, my little Fubs you? I'd have ye as civil to me, as I to you, that I may love ye the better——Where art, my Duck?——Here take thy Water——Where art thou?——'Sbud, ſhe's in love with me, I believe; for the pretty Jilt has skulk'd out of the way——Whereabouts art? Won't ye take your Bucket? where are ye?——Come, you've carried the Jeſt far enough; take the Bucket, and be ſerious——Where have ye hid your ſelf——(*Looks about.*) Troth, I can't get one glimpſe of her: She has play'd the Jade with me——Faith, I'll e'en ſet down the Bucket in the middle of the way. But then it belongs to the Temple, and if ſome Rogue ſhou'd come and ſteal it, I ſhou'd be damnably trounc'd. Zooks, I'm afraid the Jade has laid a trap to have me ſeiz'd with Church-Goods in my hands. The Magiſtrate may fairly pop me into a Dungeon, if I be found with theſe in my Poſſeſſion: For here's the Inſcription, and that proclaims the Owner. In good earneſt I'll call out the Prieſteſs to take care of her Goods. I'll to the Door——(*Goes to the Temple*) Soho! *Ptolemocratia*, take in your Bucket here; a young Woman brought it to me, but I can't tell who——I find I muſt march in with it my ſelf. I ſhall have a fine

time

time on't, if I must be bound to draw Water for all Comers and Goers.

[*Exit to the Temple with the Bucket.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Labrax, *and behind him* Charmides, *with their Clothes wet, from among the Cliffs at the further End of the Stage.*

Lab. If a Man has a mind to be a Wretch, and a Beggar as long as he lives, let him truſt his Life and Fortune to *Neptune*'s hands: If he has any thing to do with him, he ſhall be ſure to be ſent home in this ſweet pickle. Ah *Liberty*, thou'rt a rare Goddeſs too, thou ne'er go'ſt to Sea with a Hero. But where's my delicate Boarder who has ruin'd me?—— O here he lags behind.

Char. Plague on you, *Labrax*, where d'ye run ſo faſt? 'Shud, I can ne'er keep pace with ye.

Lab. Ah wou'd ye had rotted upon the Gallows in *Sicily*, before I laid Eyes on ye; you that brought all theſe Plagues upon my Head.

Char. And wou'd I had ſtarv'd in a Dungeon, the Day I came within your Doors. Pray Heaven, you may ever be plagu'd with ſuch Gueſts as I.

Lab. When I took ye into my Houſe, certainly *Belzebub* attended ye. Why did I liſten to ſuch a Raſcal? Why was this Voyage? and why did I venture a Ship-board; where I've loſt more than e'er I was worth?

Char. Nay, Faith, I don't wonder the Ship was caſt away, when 'twas loaden with ſuch ill-govern Goods, and a Villain to boot.

Lab. 'Twas you ruin'd me with your damn'd wheedling Tongue.

Char. I'm ſure, 'twas a more fatal Supper to me, than e'er *Thyeſtes*'s and *Tereus*'s was to them.

Lab.

Lab. O, I die!——Sick at Heart!——Pray hold my Head. [*He vomits.*

Char. Faith, wou'd ye had ſpew'd your Guts out.

Lab. Ah! *Paleſtra* and *Ampeliſca*, where are ye now? [*He weeps.*

Char. At the Bottom of the Sea, I ſuppoſe, to dine Fiſhes.

Lab. Now may I go ſtarve, for giving ear to your lying Rhodomontades.

Char. Nay, ye ought to thank me: before, ye were a freſh raw Fellow, now I've ſeaſon'd your Underſtanding, old Fool.

Lab. Wou'd the Devil had ye for a Rogue.

Char. And you too: I'm ſure I made broad ſigns to have him come for ye.

Lab. Lamentable! Was ever Mortal in a worſe Condition than I?

Char. Yes, I'm in a worſe by half.

Lab. How ſo?

Char. Becauſe I ne'er deſerv'd it; you did.

Lab. O Reeds, Reeds, I envy your Happineſs, that always preſerve your Dryneſs, in the middle of the Water.

Char. Faith, I tremble like one ready to engage the Enemy; and my Jaws do ſo quake, that my Words break out like Flaſhes of Lightning.

Lab. O *Neptune*, thy Baths are as cold as Charity; for ſince I got out of your Clutches, I'm almoſt frozen. This God can't afford one Brandy-ſhop in all his Dominions, but keeps nothing but ſalt and cool Liquors.

Char. What a happy Life have theſe Smiths, who are ever at the Fire, and always warm?

Lab. O for a Duck's Life, ſay I; that comes out of the Water as dry as it goes in.

Char. I fancy, I ſhou'd make an excellent Snap-Dragon.

Lab. How ſo?

Char. Becauſe I chatter my Teeth ſo nobly——The truth on't is, I deſerve to be ſous'd as I have been.

Lab. Why?

Char. For venturing to Sea with ſuch a Raſcal, whoſe *Villanies alone rais'd all this Tempeſt.*

Lab

Lab. 'Twas your damn'd Project; you gull'd me into a Belief of getting the Devil and all by Women in your Country, and told me 'twould rain Mony there.

Char. Ye ſharking Brute, did ye think to ſwallow up all *Sicily* at a mouthful?

Lab. Ah, what Shark has ſwallow'd up my Portmantle, and all my Gold and Silver that was in't?

Char. The very ſame, I believe, that ſwallow'd my Purſe full of Silver that was in the Bag.

Lab. Alas I'm reduc'd to this ſingle Waſtcoat, and ſhabby Coat——Oh, undone, undone!

Char. Then let's form a new Company; for now we may go ſhare and ſhare alike.

Lab. Were my young Woman but ſafe, there wou'd be ſome Hopes ſtill——Now If Mr. *Pleuſidippus* ſhou'd find me, who gave me Earneſt for *Paleſtra*, he'll trounce me damnably. [*He cries.*

Char. Why d'ye howl ſo, Blockhead? You'll ne'er be in debt, as long as you keep a Tongue that will ſwear any thing. [*They go towards the Temple.*

SCENE X.

Enter Sceparnio *from the Temple.*

Sce. to himſelf. I wonder in my heart, why theſe two Girls ſhou'd cry ſo, and embrace the Statue of *Venus* in the Temple. The poor Creatures are mightily afraid of ſomebody, and talk of being toſt all Night long, and thrown aſhore this Morning.

Lab. Prithee, Friend, where are thoſe you talk of?

Sce. Here in the Temple.

Lab. How many are there?

Sce. As many as you and I added together.

Lab. Certainly, they are mine.

Sce. Certainly, I can ſay nothing to that.

Lab. What manner of Girls are they?

Sce.

Sce. Plaguy handſom——Faith, I cou'd manage 'em both tightly, with the help of a Cup or two.

Lab. Girls, ſay ye?

Sce. Say! I ſay you're plaguy impertinent: Therefore go look, if you pleaſe.

Lab. Sure enough, honeſt *Charmides*, they are my Girls.

Char. Confound ye for a Dog, be it ſo or no.

Lab. I'll go ſtraight in.

Char. To Hell if you pleaſe.

[*Exit* Labrax *to the Temple.*

SCENE XI.

Charmides *and* Sceparnio.

Char. Prithee, honeſt Fellow, ſhew me ſome Place to ſleep in.

Sce. You may ſleep where you pleaſe here, 'tis all common, and no Man will pretend a Title to your Bed.

Char. You ſee I've ne'er a dry Thred about me; pray let me into your Houſe. Lend me ſome other Clothes, while mine are a drying; and I ſhall be bound to pray for ye.

Sce. I don't care, if I give ye this Frock, my own Coat, and Cover in rainy Weather——Let me ſee your Clothes, and I'll warrant ye I dry 'em for ye.

Char. For ſhame! Arn't ye content to have the Sea waſh all away, but you muſt be for the ſame ſport at Land too.

Sce. Be waſh'd, and powder'd too, I caren't a Straw: I'll not truſt ye without Mony. You may ſweat, freeze, be ſick, or well, I'll receive no outlandiſh Gueſt within our Doors: We've had enough from them already.

[*Exit* Sceparnio.

SCENE XII.

Charmides *alone.*

Gone already?—Sure this Follow's ſome Kidn his want of Pity. But why ſtand I here in t pickle? I'll enter the Temple, and ſleep out this that went ſo damnably againſt my Stomach. Old put upon us with his Water, as tho it had been the beſt; and thought to have ſplit our Guts ſalt Cups. In ſhort, had he proceeded in his ment, he might have laid us aſleep; however, he us home ſtaggering———Now I'll go ſee what chant, my Pot-Companion, is doing of.

[*Exit* Cl

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE.

Enter Demones *alone.*

'TIS a Wonder to ſee what Paſtime the Gods make with us Mortals; and what a Parcel of wonderful Dreams they ſend us: They won't ſuffer us to be at Reſt, tho we are aſleep. What a ſtrange miſhapen Dream had I this Night? Methought, I ſaw an Ape climbing a Swallow's Neſt, to catch the young ones, but cou'd not come at it for its Life. Upon that, the Ape, methought, came begging to me to help it to a Ladder. I preſently made anſwer, that Swallows are of the Progeny of *Philomel* and *Progne*; and pray'd it not to hurt any of my Country. Upon which, the Ape grew fiercer, ſeem'd to threaten great Miſchiefs, and ſummon'd me into Court. At laſt, methought, in a great rage, I cant tell how, I took the miſchievous Beaſt about the Middle, and clapt it into Chains. Now can't I imagine what to make of this Dream, nor what to gather from it—— [*A Noiſe within*] But what Out-cry's that, at my Neighbour's in the Temple?——I'm ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at it.

SCENE II.

Enter Trachalio *from the Temple, in great haſte.*

Tra. aloud.——Oh, *Cyrenian* People, your Aſſiſtance here;——Help, good Country-men, Friends, and all the Neigbours, help the Diſtreſſed, I beſeech ye, and puniſh the worſt of all Rogueries;——leſt Innocence ſhou'd be overpower'd by Villains, ſo notorious for theſt Crimes!—— O puniſh Rogues, and reward the Honeſt; and let us live by the Laws, not Oppreſſion!—— Make haſte to the Temple here.——Once more I beg your Aſſiſtance; all who are nigh, and within call. Succour them, who, according to the antient Cuſtom, have fled to *Venus* and her Prieſteſs for Protection! Nip this unjuſt Violence in the Bud, before it reaches any of you.

Dem. What diſturbance is this?

Tra. kneeling. I adjure you by theſe Knees, old Gentleman, who e'er you are, to——

Dem. Let my Knees alone, and tell me what's the matter, and why this hubbub?

Tra. Let me pray and beg of ye, as ye hope for a good Crop of Herbs, and a plentiful Harveſt of Plants, with a good and ſafe Voyage to *Capoua*, and as ye hope ne'er to be blink-ey'd, as long as you've a day to live——

Dem. Are ye mad?

Tra. —And as ye hope for a good ſtore of Seed for next Year, good Sir, don't refuſe your Aſſiſtance, to him who begs of ye.

Dem. I adjure you too, by your Legs, Shanks and Sides, as ye hope for a good Crop of Birch, and a plentiful Harveſt of Laſhes, to tell me the occaſion of this *Hubbub.*

Tra.

Tra. Why are your Wiſhes bad, when mine were all good?

Dem. So were mine too, when I wiſh'd for your Deſerts.

Tra. Let that paſs, Sir.

Dem. Well, what's the buſineſs?

Tra. Two poor Innocent Girls in the Temple want your help; where they are notoriouſly abus'd, contrary to all the Laws and Privileges of the Place. Then the Prieſteſs her ſelf is treated after a moſt inhuman manner.

Dem. Who dares offer Violence to the Prieſteſs of *Venus?* But what Girls are theſe? And what Injuries offer'd them?

Tra. Patience, Sir, and I'll tell ye——At preſent they hang about the Statue of *Venus*; now there's a moſt impudent Raſcal who wou'd needs pluck 'em away by main force, whereas they are both born free.

Dem. What ſacrilegious Fellow's that?

Tra. A cheating, wicked, murdering, perjur'd, lawleſs, impudent, profligate Villain; to ſum up all, a Bawd: What need I ſay worſe?——

Dem. In good Faith, one who deſerves to be ſton'd.

Tra. A Dog, who had the Inſolence to take the Prieſteſs by the Throat.

Dem. As I live he ſhall pay ſauce for that.——[*Goes to his Door.*] So ho! *Turbalio*, and *Sparax*, where are ye?

SCENE III.

To them enter Turbalio *and* Sparax.

Tra. Pray, Sir, go in, and help the poor Creatures.

Dem. I ſee I need not call twice.——Follow me.—— [*To the Servants.*

Tra. Go, pluck out his Eyes, and make Cats Meat of 'em.

Dem. Drag him by the heels like a Hog. [*Exit* Demones *to the Temple.*

SCENE IV.

The Servants go into the Court, and ſtand by the Door.

Tra. liſtning. They make a confounded Buſtle within.——I fancy they have curried the Bawd's Coxcomb. I'd give any thing to have this Raſcal's Teeth beaten down his Throat.——But hold, here come the poor Girls, in ſad fright from the Temple.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Paleſtra *and* Ampeliſca *appear in the Temple-Court, much diſorder'd.*

Pal. Juſt now are we deſtitute of all Help, Succour and Defence; we can neither ſee hopes of Relief, nor know which way to take, our Fears have brought us to ſuch a miſerable paſs. What Outrage and Injuſtice have we met with from our wicked Maſter within! who ſhamefully beat down the good old Prieſteſs, us'd her moſt barbarouſly, and dragg'd us both from the Statue.——Conſidering the ſad condition we are in, we had better die; for when one's in Miſery, Death's the beſt Remedy.

Tra. What's the matter? What Complaints are theſe? Why don't I comfort 'em up?——O, *Paleſtra!*

Pal. Who's that?

Tra. And *Ampeliſca!*

Amp. Prithee, who is't?

Pal. Who are ye, that names us?

Tra. Turn your Eyes, and you'll ſoon ſee.

Pal. turning about. Is't you, my Hopes?

Tra. going to them. Peace! pluck up a good Heart, I ſay.

Pal. Then pray take care, if it be poſſible, there be no Violence offer'd us; for that will force me to uſe Violence upon my ſelf.

Tra. Prithee, you're too fearful.

Amp. Don't pretend to comfort us only with a few Words.

Pal. If you don't ſtand up, and defend us, we're both undone, for I'm reſolv'd to periſh ſooner than become a Prey to this old Raſcal.——I confeſs I have bur

a Woman's Heart, when the thoughts of Death come upon me: for really, the fear of that, makes me tremble all over.

Tra. Tho your Condition's none of the beſt, take courage however.

Pal. Pray, where ſhall I find it?

Tra. Don't be dejected, I ſay, ſit ye both down by this Altar.

Amp. Can this Altar be a better Sanctuary for us than *Venus*'s Statue within, from whence he tore us with all the Violence imaginable?

Tra. Do but ſit down, I'll ſecure ye both: This Altar ſhall be your Caſtle, and I'll guard the Outworks; and under *Venus*'s Banner, bid defiance to the Bawd and all his Works.

Amp. We'll obſerve your Orders.——[*They kneel by the Altar*] Bright *Venus*, we poor Wretches, embracing thy Altar, with Tears and bended Knees, implore your Protection and Preſervation: Puniſh thoſe Villains, who profane thy Temple; and let thy Shrine be our Sanctuary, who ſuffer'd ſo much from *Neptune* this Night: Refuſe us not, nor impute any Crime to us, for approaching thee in this undecent Habit.

Tra. Their Petition's reaſonable, and 'tis nothing but Juſtice to grant it, and to pardon their Preſumption; for 'twas Fear alone caus'd it. They know that you were born out of a Lobſter, and therefore can be no Enemy to Cherry-Cheeks.——But here comes the Old Gentleman, our Patron, very luckily.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

To them enter Demones, *dragging* Labrax *out of the Temple.*

Dem. Come out, you vile Sacrilegious Dog.——[*to the Women*] Keep close to the Altar.——Where are my Men? *To* Trachalio.

Tra. Here, Sir.

Dem. Best of all.

Ser. We're ready for Execution, Sir; Command Mr. *Bawd* but to draw nigh. [Labrax *makes for the Altar.*

Dem. to Labrax. Shall a Rascal of no Religion pretend to sacrifice with us?——[*to the Servants*] Beat his Teeth down his Throat, I say. [*The Servants strike him.*

Lab. I receive the Affront, but it shall be to your Cost.

Dem. Does the Impudent Cur grumble?

Lab. I'm robb'd of my Goods, and my Women ravished out of my hands!

Tra. Then appeal to the Senate's Determination, whether they be your Slaves, or Free-born; and whether your Roguesship don't deserve to lay in the Jail as long as the Walls hang together.

Lab. 'Tis none of my business to stand prating with a beggarly Slave.—My Business is with you. [*To* Demones.

Dem. Pray address your self first to him who knows your Worship.

Lab. Well, I do then.

Tra. So you ought.——Do these Girls belong to you?

Lab. Yes, they do.

Tra. Come on then, touch one of 'em with your little Finger, if you dare, Sirrah.

Lab. What if I do?

Tra. 'Sbud, you Dog, I'll toss your Carcass like a Foot-

foot-Ball, and kick ye to a Jelly, you perjur'd Rogue.

Lab. May not I take my own Goods from the Altar?

Dem. No, Sirrah; and that's our Law.

Lab. I've nothing to do with your Laws; but I'll ſtraight away with 'em both. I tell ye, Old Man, if your Mouth waters at one of them, pay me down the Money.

Dem. They're *Venus*'s Favourites now.

Lab. Let *Venus* pay for 'em then, and take 'em.

Dem. She pay for 'em, Sirrah?——Hear what I ſay: Offer the leaſt Violence to 'em, tho but in jeſt, I'll give ye ſuch a trimming, that you ſhan't know your ſelf.—— [*To the Servants*] And hark ye, when I give the Sign, if you don't beat his Eyes out of his Head, I'll laſh ye, till your Backs be as full of Furrows as the Sea with Waves.

Lab. You wou'd not offer Violence?

Tra. Dare ſuch a canker'd Raſcal as you reproach us with Violence?

Lab. You Hell-hound, dare you be ſo impudent to me?

Tra. Suppoſe I'm a Hell-hound, and you the honeſteſt Man alive; theſe Girls are free-born ne'ertheleſs for that.

Lab. How, free-born!

Tra. Ay, Faith, and your own Miſtreſſes too, *Grecians* both. One of 'em is an *Athenian*, of a very good Family.

Dem. What's that you ſay?

Tra. pointing to Paleſtra. That this is free-born of *Athens*.

Dem. My own Country, as I hope to live!

Tra. Arn't you a *Cyrenian*, Sir?

Dem. No; I had my Birth, Nouriſhment, and Education at *Athens*.

Tra. Pray, Sir, then ſtand by your own Countrywomen.

Dem. Ah, my poor Daughter! the ſight of this, *brings my former* Trouble to remembrance. I loſt her at

at three Years of Age, and if ſhe be living, ſhe's juſt ſuch another. [*Aſide.*

Lab. I'm ſure I paid honeſtly for 'em to the Owner; what care I a Fart whether they were born at *Athens* or *Thebes*, ſince they're lawfully become my Slaves?

Tra. Pandering Dog, do ye pretend to detain Gentlemen's Daughters, kid-napp'd from their Parents, and make 'em a Prey to your ſilly Trade? Who the other is, I cannot be ſure, but I know her to be ten times better than your ſelf, you naſty Carrion.

Lab. Prove that, can ye?

Tra. Strip then, and our Backs ſhall be judg who's moſt to be truſted. If you have not more Remembrances on yours, than there's Pins in a Man of War, I'm the verieſt Lyar upon the Face of the Earth. After your Skin be ſhewn, mine ſhall; and you'll find it ſo clear, that ne'er a Workman in the Land but will ſay 'tis whole and tight enough for a Wine-Bag.——But why don't I jerk this Dog as long as I can ſtand over him?——Why do ye ſtare ſo at 'em? Touch 'em, and out go both your Eyes.

Lab. Becauſe you ſay ſo, I'll have 'em both away. [*Going away.*

Dem. Why, what will you do?

Lab. By *Vulcan*'s Help, fire 'em out of their Neſts; for he's an Enemy to *Venus*. [*He goes out of the Court towards* Demones's *Door.*]

Dem. Where goes he?

Lab. by Demones's *Houſe*] So ho! within there!——So ho!

Dem. Touch that Door, Sirrah, and, Faith, I'll make ye glad to glean up your ſcatter'd Teeth.

Ser. We keep no Fires; for we live all upon dry'd Figs.

Dem. I'll help ye to Fire, if that Steel-Face will ſtrike a Light.

Lab. 'Sbud, I'll find Fire ſomewhere.

Dem. What will ye do, when ye have found it?

Lab. Make a ſwinging Pile upon the Altar.

Dem. What to ſacrifice your ſelf?

Lab. No, to burn 'em both alive, where they are.

Dem. I'd fain ſee that. And, as I live, I'll catch ye by the Beard, throw ye into the Fire, and hang ye up, half roaſted, for Crows-Meat.——Now I conſider of it, this muſt be the Ape I dreamt of, that wou'd needs take the young Swallows from their Neſt, whether I wou'd or no. [*Aſide.*

Tra. D'ye mind what I ſay, Sir?——Good old Gentleman, defend the poor Girls by main Force, while I go fetch my Maſter.

Dem. Go, and find him out.

Tra. But have a ſpecial care this Raſcal——

Dem. He had better hang himſelf than touch one of 'em, or make the leaſt Diſturbance.

Tra. going out of the Court.] Take care, Sir.

Dem. I'll warrant ye——make haſte.

Tra. Take care too, that this Dog don't give ye the ſlip: For my Maſter's bound in a Bond to deliver this Whore's-Bud to the Jailer, upon Forfeiture of a full Talent.

[*Exit* Trachalio.

SCENE VII.

Demones, Labrax, Paleſtra, Ampeliſca, and *Servants.*

Dem. to Labrax. Tis now left to your Bawdſhip's diſcretion, whether you'll chuſe a good Beating, or a whole Skin.

Lab. I care not this, for what you ſay, Old Man. I'll tear 'em from the Altar by the Hair of their Heads, in ſpight of you, *Venus*, and *Jove himſelf.*

Dem. Touch 'em, do.

Lab. Rot me, if I don't. [*Going towards them.*

Dem. Come then, draw nigh.

Lab. Then order your Hang-Dogs to draw off.

Dem.

Dem. Towards you, I will.

Lab. Faith, I can ſcarce believe that.

Dem. What if they ſhou'd?

Lab. I'd retire.——But, old Fellow, if I ever catch ye in Town, and don't expoſe ye to the whole World, may I never bear the Name of Slave-Merchant.

Dem. Do what you pleaſe; but in the mean time, offer to meddle with either of them, and you ſhall be ſwing'd to ſome tune.

Lab. How ſwing'd?

Dem. As a villanous Bawd ought to be.

Lab. Puh, I laugh at your Threats; I'll have 'em both, ſpight of your Teeth. [*Goes into the Court.*

Dem. Lay a hand on 'em.

Lab. That I will, I'faith.

Dem. Do then: You know what follows.——*Turbalio*, run quickly for a Couple of Cudgels.

[Turbalio *goes out of the Court.*

Lab. Cudgels!

Dem. Strong ones.——make haſte.

[*Exit* Turbalio.

SCENE VIII.

Demones, Labrax, Sparax, *and Women.*

Dem. Now, Sirrah, I ſhall give ye your due, or I'm miſtaken.

Lab. aſide. O lamentable! I loſt my Head-piece too, in the Ship; if I had but that, 'twou'd ſecure my Skull.——[*to* Demones.] Won't ye let me ſpeak to 'em?

Dem. No, Sirrah.——O beſt of all! Here comes the Fellow with his Cudgels.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

To them enter Turbalio, *with two great Cudgels.*

Lab. Faith, they make my Ears tingle. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Sparax, take you the other Cudgel——One of ye ſtand on the right, and the other on the left ſide of the Altar. So, keep cloſe, and mind what I ſay: If the Rogue offers to lift up a Finger againſt 'em, give him his load ſo as he ſhan't be able to find the way home, or I'll hang you up both by the heels. If he calls one of 'em, do you anſwer; and if he offers to be marching, break both his Legs with your Clubs.

Lab. What will you keep me Priſoner too?

Dem. I've ſaid enough. When the Servant's come back, who is gone for his Maſter, come both of ye in: Obſerve exactly what I tell ye.

[*Exit* Demones *home.*

SCENE X.

Labrax, *Servants, and Women.*

Lab. walking on one ſide. Bleſs me! O' my Conſcience, in this ſhort time, the Temple's transform'd from that of *Venus* to *Hercules*, by the old Man's erecting his two Monuments, with Clubs in their Hands. As I hope to live, I know not where to hide my Head, for both Sea and Land are conſpir'd againſt me.——*Paleſtra!* [*Sorrowfully.*

Ser. What wou'd ye have?

Lab.

Lab. Hang ye, there's an ill meaning in it. Marry, the *Paleſtra* that anſwers, is none of mine.——Hark ye, *Ampeliſca!*

Ser. Have a care ye don't pull an old Houſe about your Ears.

Lab. aſide. Theſe lubberly Dogs adviſe me well however.——[*to the Servants.*] Hark ye, 'tis you I ſpeak to; will it be e'er the worſe for ye, if I come nigher to 'em?

Ser. Not for us.

Lab. Nor for my ſides neither?

Ser. Not if you be cautious.

Lab. What ſhou'd I be cautious of?

Ser. Of having your Bones broken.

Lab. Good Boys, let me go. [*Fawningly.*

Ser. Go, if you pleaſe.

Lab. By *Jove*, that's honeſtly ſaid; and I thank ye for your kindneſs. But I had rather ſtay by my Slaves.

Ser. Then ſtay.

Lab. Faith, my Affairs are in a damn'd Condition. But I'm reſolv'd to lay a cloſe Siege to theſe Girls to-day.

SCENE XI.

Enter Pleuſidippus *and* Trachalio, *at another part of the Stage.*

Pleu. entring.——The raſcally Merchant offer violence to my Miſtreſs, and tear her from the Altar by force?

Tra. Yes, Sir.

Pleu. Why did ye not kill him upon the ſpot?

Tra. I had ne'er a Sword.

Pleu. A Club, or a Stone ſhou'd have ſerv'd then.

Tra. What, ſtone a Man like a Dog?

Pleu. Yes, ſuch a Raſcal as he.

Lab.

Lab. 'Sdeath, I'm undone to rights! Yonder comes *Pleuſidippus* too: He'll have a confounded bruſh at my Coat. [*Aſide.*

Pleu. Were both the Girls upon the Altar, when you left 'em?

Tra. They're there ſtill.

Pleu. Who looks after 'em now?

Tra. An honeſt old Gentleman, a Stranger to me, who lives next door to the Temple: He and his Servants, have done their beſt to protect 'em: I left 'em in his hands.

Pleu. Shew me the Rogue *Labrax*: Where is he?

Lab. meeting him. Good-morrow, dear Sir. [*Fawningly.*

Pleu. Hang your Good-morrows:——Now, Sirrah, chuſe quickly, whether you'll go to Jail the uſual way, or be dragg'd by the Heels.

Lab. I'll chuſe neither.

Pleu. Trachalio, run quickly to the Sea-ſide, and deſire my Friend there, to meet me at the Town-Gate, and help to carry this Dog to Priſon; then come back, and look after theſe Girls, I'll have this Devils-bird before the Judg immediately.

[*Exit* Trachalio *running.*

SCENE XII.

Pleuſidippus, Labrax, *Servants, and Women.*

Pleu. Come, Sirrah; come before the Judg. [*Laying hold of him.*

Lab. For what Crime?

Pleu. What Crime! Did not you take Earneſt for a Girl, and then carry her quite away.

Lab. I didn't carry her away.

Pleu. Will you lye, Sirrah?

Lab. Truly, I only embark'd her; alas, I cou'd not carry her away.——I promis'd you to meet you at the Temple

Temple of *Venus*: Am I worſe than my word? Am I not here?

Pleu. The Judg ſhall determine that: That's the word for all.——Come along, Raſcal.

[*Dragging him by the Ears.*

Lab. aloud. O help, good *Charmides*, help! I'm arreſted here.

SCENE XIII.

To them enter Charmides *from the Temple, rubbing his Eyes.*

Char. Who calls me there?

Lab. Don't you ſee I'm hurry'd away, *vi & armis?*

Char. I do, and am glad of it with all my Soul.

Lab. Won't ye help to reſcue me?

Char. Who is't forces ye ſo?

Lab. Young *Pleuſidippus*.

Char. Ay, you may bear it patiently; you'd better by half go willingly. I'll warrant ye, you'll meet what a great many wiſh for.

Lab. What's that?

Char. A Reward according to your Deſerts.

Lab. Prithee come along with me.

Char. That's like your Rogueſhip: You're going to Jail, and deſire me to go along with ye.——What, do ye hang an arſe?

Lab. O, undone!

Pleu. That's it I'd have.——My dear *Paleſtra*, and you *Ampeliſca*, ſtay where you are, till I come back.

Ser. Truly, Sir, I think 'tis far ſafer for 'em to go in with us, till your return.

Pleu. Very well; I thank ye.

Lab. aloud. O I'm robb'd here!

[He makes for the Women.

Ser.

Ser. Who are the Robbers?

Pleu. Beat him off. [*They beat him off.*

Lab. O, good *Paleſtra!*

[*Exeunt Servants and Women.*

SCENE XIV.

Pleuſidippus, Labrax, *and* Charmides.

Pleu. Come along, Hang-Dog.

Lab. Honeſt Boarder!

Char. I'm none of your Boarder; I renounce your Bed and Board.

Lab. What do ye throw me off at laſt?

Char. Yes, I've enough of your Salt Meats, I thank ye.

Lab. Then the Devil rot your Bones.

Char. And your Corps in Priſon——— [*To himſelf, following them at a diſtance.*] Troth, I fancy Men are often metamorphos'd into one Brute or another: and I believe the Merchant's chang'd to a Stock-Dove; for by and by, he'll be ſtock'd into the Pigeon-Holes, where I'm affraid the poor Devil muſt make his Neſt to-night.——— However, I'll endeavour to plead for him, and help over his Trial, as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Demones *alone.*

I Vow, I'm glad with all my heart, that I ſhou'd help theſe poor Girls. I'm their Protector at preſent; and troth they're both young, and wondrous pretty. But my jealous prying Wife watches me on all ſides, for fear I ſhou'd be too ſweet upon 'em.——— But I wonder what's become of our Man *Gripus*, who went out a fiſhing laſt Night: Faith he'd have been wiſer had he kept his Bed. Certainly he muſt have loſt his Labour, and his Tackling too; the Wind has been ſo high ever ſince. By the Roughneſs of the Sea, I may venture to fry all his Fiſh in my bare Hand.——But hold, my Wife calls me to Dinner; I'll go, but I ſhall have my Ears deafned with her fooliſh Prattle.

[*Exit* Demones.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Gripus *alone, from among the Cliffs, at the further End of the Stage, with a Portmantle, Nets, &c.*

Thanks to my old Patron *Neptune*, King of the Salt-fiſh Regions, for ſending me home ſo well accouter'd from his Dominions, and thus richly laden; and for preſerving the little Boat that help'd me to this lucky new ſort of Fiſh, when the Sea ran ſo high. Faith, 'twas a wonderful ſtrange Bout, and the beſt that cou'd be; for the de'el a Fiſh caught I to-day, but what's in this Net. I roſe carefully at Mid-night, prefer'd Intereſt to ſnoring and ſleeping, hazarded my Carcaſe in a Storm, to relieve my Maſter's Wants, and my own Servitude. A lazy Rogue's good for nothing: I hate thoſe Cattle as I do the Plague. If a Fellow has a mind to have his Buſineſs go forward, he muſt be up and be doing, and not lie lolling in his Bed for his Maſter's Call: For ſuch as theſe gain nothing but a Jerking. Now I, who am careful, have happen'd on that, which, if I pleaſe, will keep me from all Care. This I found in the Sea: Whate'er is in it, 'tis plaguy weighty: Faith, I believe 'tis all Gold; and, what's worth all, ne'er a Soul to come in for a Snack. Now, my rare *Gripus*, is the critical Minute for the Magiſtrates to make thee a great Man. Now for my Policy and Contrivance: I'll go cunningly and ſlily to my Maſter, and offer him a little Mony for my Freedom: After I've got that, I'll immediately purchaſe Houſe and Land, and buy Slaves; then ſend out large Ships to trade to foreign Parts of the World, and be as great as a King. I'll have a *Royal Sun* for Pleaſure, like the *K*——— of *F*——— and ſail about from Port to Port. When my Nobility *and Splendor* begin to appear in the World, I'll build a *vaſt great City*, and call it from my own Name, Gripsburg, for

for the Memory of my Illuſtrious Fame, and Immortal Actions; and there will I erect a great and potent Monarchy.——Faith, I've great Deſigns in my Head; but firſt and foremoſt, let me hide this Portmantle.——After all, this Monarch here muſt dine to-day with a brown George, and only Salt and Vinegar Sauce.

[*He moves forwards.*

SCENE III.

Enter Trachalio *from the Cliffs, juſt behind him.*

Tra. Stay, Friend.

Gri. What for?

Tra. Only to unſhackle your Rope, that hangs at your heels.

Gri. Prithee, Friend, let it alone.

Tra. Faith, I muſt help ye; for a good Turn's never thrown away upon a good Man.

Gri. I tell ye, Fellow, I've no Fiſh, for there has been nothing but ſtormy Weather ſince yeſterday, therefore don't expect any. Don't you ſee I have a wet Net, and nothing in't?

Tra. I want no Fiſh, but only a little ſerious Diſcourſe.

Gri. Puh, I hate your baiting Impertinence, whoe'er you are. [*Going off.*

Tra. holding him. I muſt not part with ye ſo.——Stay, Man.

Gri. I'll break your Neck.——Why a pox do ye hold me?

Tra. Hear me a little.

Gri. Not a Word.

Tra. Faith, but you muſt.

Gri. Another time, as long as you pleaſe.

Tra.

Tra. Oh, but 'tis a Matter of great Importance, and muſt not be put off.

Gri. Speak then; what is't?

Tra. But does no-body dog us?

Gri. What's that to me?

Tra. O much.——Can ye adviſe me in one point?

Gri. What Point? Prithee be quick.

Tra. I'll tell ye, upon Promiſe of not betraying me.

Gri. I promiſe I won't betray you, whoe'er you are.

Tra. Obſerve then: I lately diſcover'd a Theft, and knew the Owner of the ſtolen Goods. Whereupon, I goes ſtreight to Mr. Thief, and offers him this Propaſal: *I know the Owner*, ſays I, *of your ſtolen Goods; and if you'll give me a Share, I'll ne'er diſcover it to him.* The Fellow gave no Anſwer. Now what think ye do I deſerve? Half Parts? I'll be judg'd by you.

Gri. Ay, Faith, and more too; or I'd diſcover the Rogue to the Owner.

Tra. I'll follow your Advice: Now take notice, this all belongs to your Caſe.

Gri. Why, how can that be?

Tra. I knew the Owner of that Portmantle this long time.

Gri. What ſay ye?

Tra. And I know how it was loſt.

Gri. And I how it was found; and the honeſt Man that found it, who now is become Maſter of it. In good Faith, 'tis nothing to you, to know the preſent Owner, as I do; nor to me, to know the former, as you do.—— I'll part with it to no Man, therefore pray don't flatter your ſelf.

Tra. What not to the Owner, if he comes?

Gri. There's no Owner but my ſelf: I ſay, don't fool your ſelf, for I caught it a fiſhing.

Tra. Did ye ſo?

Gri. And is there any Fiſh which don't belong to me? All that I take are my own, and I do what I pleaſe with 'em, no Man pretending to take 'em away, or *come in for a Share*, I ſell 'em in open Market, as my own *proper Goods*: For ſure the Sea is common to all Men.

Tra.

Tra. I grant it: And why ſhou'd not I come in for a common Share of it, ſince it comes out of a common Place?

Gri. O Impudence, Impudence! if that be Law, poor Fiſhermen may go hang themſelves: For when they carry their Fiſh to Market, the de'el a bit wou'd the People buy, but all come flocking in for their Shares, pretending they were catch'd in the common Liberty.

Tra. How, Brazen-Face? What compare Portmantles to Fiſh? Is there no difference, think ye?

Gri. 'Tis not in my power to catch what I pleaſe: Whene'er I throw in my Tackling, all is Fiſh that comes to the Net. And what's catch'd is mine, in ſpite of any Man.

Tra. No, by *Jove*, if you catch a Bag inſtead of a Fiſh.

Gri. A fine Fooloſopher!

Tra. Good Mr. Sorcerer, did you ever know a Man carry a Fiſh to Market, call'd a *Portmantle?* You muſt not think to follow as many Trades as you pleaſe. You wou'd not be Bag-maker and Fiſherman at the ſame time, wou'd ye? Either ſhew me a Fiſh call'd a *Portmantle*, or you carry nothing off without Scales, and that is not bred in the Sea.

Gri. Prithee, Fellow, didſt ne'er hear of a *Portmantle-Fiſh?*

Tra. You Dog, there's no ſuch Fiſh.

Gri. Gadzooks, but there is tho; and you'll give a Fiſherman leave to know his own Trade. I confeſs 'tis a very ſcarce Fiſh, and very few of 'em are catch'd upon our Coaſts.

Tra. You had as good ſay nothing: Doſt think to impoſe upon me, Rogue?——What Colour is it of, pray?

Gri. There are very few of this Colour: Others are red; when they grow big, they grow black and blue.

Tra. Very well.——Faith, if you han't a care, I ſhall change you to a *Portmantle-Fiſh*; make your Sides red firſt, then black and blue.

Gri. What unlucky Rogue have I happen'd on to-day? [*Aside.*

Tra. We ſtand wrangling and loſe time: Conſider to whom you'll put the Buſineſs.

Gri. To the Portmantle.

Tra. Say ye ſo, Goodman Fool?

Gri. Good-by, Sir *Solomon.* [*Going off.*

Tra. holding him. You muſt not carry it off ſo, without putting it into a third Man's hands, and leaving it to others Determination.

Gri. Prithee, art mad?

Tra. As a *March* Hare.

Gri. And I crazy, but not enough to part with my Goods.

Tra. Speak another Word, and I'll make Muſtard of your Brains.

Gri. Let me alone, or I'll ſqueeze out all the Blood of your Belly like a Spunge. If you touch it, I'll take ye by the Heels, and daſh ye as dead as a Herring.——Come, I'll fight with ye.

Tra. Hang fighting, now we may divide the Spoil.

Gri. You'll get nothing but a broken Head here; therefore don't provoke me.——Now I'll be gone. [*Going off.*

Tra. holding the Lines. I ſhall make your Ship tack about; therefore ſtay.

Gri. If you be at the Head, I'll keep at the Sterage.——Let go the Lines, Rogue.

Tra. Shall I ſo? Do you let go the Portmantle.

Gri. By *George*, you ſhan't be a Souce the better for what's in it.

Tra. Your Denial argues nothing, unleſs you give me Share, put it to Reference, or into other Hands.

Gri. What I caught at Sea?

Tra. And I found at Land.

Gri. At the Price of my Trouble, Pains, Nets, and Boat.

Tra. If the Owner ſhou'd come, ſhou'd I, who ſee you take it, be counted a leſs Thief than you?

Gri. No, without doubt. [*Offers to go again.*

Tra.

Tra. Stay, Hang-Dog.——By what Law muſt I be he Thief, and not the Sharer? make that out.

Gri. I don't underſtand your City Laws, not I; but only I know it belongs all to me.

Tra. And I know it belongs as much to me.

Gri. Hold a little, I've found out a Trick to prevent our being either Thief or Sharer.

Tra. What's that?

Gri. Let me go quietly one way, and go you another; you ſhall ſay nothing, and I'll give nothing; you ſhall be ecret, and I'll be ſilent. I think 'tis the beſt and faireſt Project in the World. Hah, Boy?

Tra. Will you make me no Propoſals?

Gri. I have already: Thoſe are, "To let go the Lines, and be gone, and to leave all Impertinencies."

Tra. Stay, and let me make Propoſals too.

Gri. Prithee, *make* the beſt of your way, and be gone.

Tra. Are ye acquainted hereabouts?

Gri. With my Neighbours I am.

Tra. Whereabouts live ye?

Gri. O, a vaſt way up into the Fields.

Tra. Will ye put the Buſineſs to the Man of this Houſe?

Gri. Let go the Rope a little, and I'll think and conſider of it.

Tra. Well then. [*He lets go the Line.*

Gri. walking by himſelf. Good, good! Things go rarely: This rich Prize is every bit my own. The fooliſh Fellow carries me to my own Dung-hill, and refers all to my own Maſter. I'll be ſworn, he'll ne'er give three half Pence from his own Servant. This poor Devil ſure knows not what he's about.——[*To him*] Well, I'll put it to reference.

Tra. What ſhou'd you do elſe?

Gri. Though my Conſcience tells me 'tis my Right, I'd rather do ſo, than give my ſelf the trouble of beating ye.

Tra. Now I like ye.

Gri.

Gri. Tho you ſummons me before an unknown Judg, if he does Juſtice, he's a notable, tho unknown Man; if not, he's a moſt notably unknowing Man.

[*They move towards* Demones's *Houſe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Demones, Paleſtra, *and* Ampeliſca, *with the Servants behind.*

Dem.——I'faith, ſeriouſly, my poor Girls, tho I ſhou'd be glad to do you any Service you can deſire of me, yet I'm miſerably afraid my jealous Wife ſhou'd thruſt me out a-doors; pretending that I bring my Miſſes under her Noſe, to affront her.——Therefore pray retire to the Altar, or I muſt my ſelf.

Pal. Amp. We're in a miſerable Condition.

[*They go to the Altar.*

Dem. I'll protect ye; fear nothing.——[*To his Servants*] What do ye follow me for? No body ſhall hurt 'em while I'm here. Go, I ſay, both of ye, and keep Centry by the Door. [*They retire to the Door.*

Gri. O Maſter, your humble Servant.

Dem. How now, *Gripus*; how is't?

Tra. Is he your Servant?

Gri. Yes, and no Diſgrace to him neither.

Tra. I've nothing to do with ye then.

Gri. Pray, be marching then.

Tra. Pray, anſwer me, Sir: Is he your Servant?

Dem. Yes.

Tra. So then, beſt of all! If ſo, I'm your Servant once more.

Dem. And I yours.——Are not you the Perſon, who a-while ago went to look for his Maſter?

Tra. The ſame, Sir.

Dem. What's your Buſineſs now?

Tra.

Tra. But is he certainly your Servant?

Dem. I tell ye, Yes.

Tra. That's as good as cou'd be, if it be ſo.

Dem. Why, what's the matter?

Tra. He's a great Rogue.

Dem. What has the Rogue done to ye?

Tra. The Dog deſerves to have his Legs broke.

Dem. What's the matter? What Conteſt is this between ye?

Tra. I'll tell ye, Sir.

Gri. No, I will firſt.

Tra. I think I ſhou'd, ſince I'm the Plaintiff.

Gri. If you are wiſe, go plant your ſelf ſomewhere elſe.

Dem. Obſerve, *Gripus*, and be ſilent.

Gri. Muſt he ſpeak firſt?

Dem. Peace, Sirrah——Begin. [*To* Trachalio.

Gri. Will you hear a Stranger before your own Servant?

Tra. How hard 'tis to ſtop his Mouth!——As I was a telling ye, the Slave-Merchant, that you drove from the Temple, had loſt a Portmantle, and this Fellow has got it.

Gri. I have it not.

Tra. Shan't I believe my Eyes?

Gri. aſide. Wou'd they were both out.—[*To* Trachalio] What if I have it, or what if I han't it, what need you concern your ſelf?

Tra. The Concern is, by what Title you hold it, whether a lawful one or no?

Gri. Had I got it on dry Land, you might lawfully hang me: But if I caught it at Sea, why is't more yours than mine.

Tra. to Demones. He equivocates; the Buſineſs is as I tell ye.

Dem. And how's that?

Tra. If he's your Servant, beat him into better Manners, and let the Accuſer ſpeak firſt.

Gri. You'd have him ſerve me as your Maſter does you, wou'd ye? Tho yours be good at that ſport, mine is not.

Dem. There, Boy, you've out-done him.——[*To* Trachalio] Come, tell me, what's your Buſineſs?

Tra. To ſpeak ſincerely, I neither require a Share in the Portmantle, nor pretend any Right to it. But there's a Casket in it belonging to this Girl here, whom I told ye was free-born.

Dem. You mean her, whom you ſay is my Country-woman?

Tra. The ſame: In that Casket, now in the Portmantle, are her Play-things ſhe had when ſhe was a Child. They'll do him no good; and if he reſtores 'em, 'twill be a means to find out the poor Girl's Parents.

Dem. He ſhall reſtore 'em; be ſatisfy'd.

Gri. Gadzooks, I'll deliver up nothing.

Tra. I deſire nothing but the Casket, and the Play-things within it.

Gri. Suppoſe they're all made of Gold?

Tra. What ſignifies it to you, whether they be Gold or Silver, you ſhall have Weight for Weight in kind.

Gri. Let me ſee your Gold then, and you ſhall ſee the Casket.

Dem. Sirrah, beware of a Beating, and hold your Tongue.——[*To* Trachalio] On with your Buſineſs, Friend.

Tra. Firſt, I muſt beg you take pity on theſe poor Girls, if this Portmantle ſhou'd prove the Slave-Merchant's, as I ſuſpect. 'Tis only a Conjecture, I'm not certain 'tis his——

Gri. How the Rogue goes to hook him in!

Tra. Prithee, don't interrupt me.——If it belongs to this Raſcal I was talking of, theſe Girls can tell: Command him to ſhew it openly.

Gri. How! ſhew it openly!

Dem. Why, there can be no harm in that, *Gripus.*

Gri. 'Shud, 'twill do the greateſt Harm in the World.

Dem. Why ſo?

Gri. Becauſe if I do, they will infallibly ſay they *know it.*

Tra

Tra. You ſuſpicious Cur, do ye think every body as great a Rogue as your ſelf?

Gri. I can bear all this, as long as my Maſter's of my ſide.

Tra. But he's gone over to the other, and that the Casket will witneſs.

Dem. Hold your Tongue, *Gripus.*——[*To* Trachalio.] Tell me in ſhort, what you'd have.

Tra. I have already; but, if you did not rightly underſtand, I'll tell ye again.——As I was ſaying, theſe Girls are both born free; one was kidnapped very young from *Athens.*——

Gri. Pray, what's this to the Portmantle, whether they be free, or not free?

Tra. You Rogue, you'd have me begin again, and ſo pin out a whole Day in the Relation.

Dem. Ceaſe this ill Language, and anſwer me directly to what I ask.

Tra. There ſhou'd be a ſmall Casket of Oſier in the Portmantle, where the Play-things are, which ſhe had when firſt ſpirited away, and by which ſhe might diſcover her Parents, as I ſaid.

Gri. Wou'd the Devil and his Dam had ye. What ſay ye, Sorcerer? The Woman are both dumb; are not they of Age to ſpeak for themſelves?

Tra. They're quiet as Lambs, for a ſilent Woman has always the whip-hand of a Talker.

Gri. Then, Faith, by your Diſcourſe, you're neither Man nor Woman.

Tra. Why ſo?

Gri. Becauſe you can neither talk nor be ſilent to any purpoſe.——Pray, Sir, ſhall I never ſpeak?

[*To* Demones *threatning him.*

Dem. Speak another Word, Sirrah, and I'll crack your Fool's Pate.

Tra. As I ſaid before, Sir, do but command your Servant to deliver up the Casket; if he requires any thing for the finding, he ſhall have it; and let him take the reſt of the things beſides.

Gri. O, now you're in another Tune, when you ſee 'tis my Right: Juſt now, you came ſwoop for half Parts.

Tra. So I am ſtill.

Gri. So I've ſeen a Kite come ſwoop at a Chick, but ſnap'd ſhort tho.

Dem. Will nothing but Blows ſtop your Mouth?

Gri. Let him hold his Tongue, and I will mine; but if he talks, ſurely I may ſpeak in my turn.

Dem. Gripus, let me ſee the Portmantle.

Gri. I'll truſt it in your hands, upon condition you return it, if none of his things be there.

Dem. I will.

Gri. Here, Sir. [*Gives him the Portmantle.*

Dem. Paleſtra and *Ampeliſca*, hear what I ſay. Is this the Portmantle that has your Casket in it?

Pal. 'Tis the ſame.

Gri. Hey brave! my Buſineſs is in a hopeful Condition, before ſhe can well ſee it, ſhe cries 'tis the ſame.

Pal. I'll make the Buſineſs as clear as the Sun. The Casket's made of Oſier: I'll name ye every thing in it, one after another, before I ſee 'em. If I ben't in the right, it ſhall be nothing; you ſhall take all you find. If I be, pray then reſtore me my things.

Dem. Very well, 'tis nothing but Juſtice, in my Opinion.

Tra. Troth, and in mine too.

Gri. What if ſhe be a Witch, or a Devil, and can tell every thing that's there, ſhall ſhe have 'em for her pains?

Dem. She ſhall have none, unleſs ſhe ſpeaks Truth; her Witchcraft ſhall do her no good.——Come, open the Portmantle, that I may know the Truth of the Buſineſs.

Gri. tearing it open. ——So;——there then;——now 'tis open:——O, the Devil! here's the Casket.

Dem. to Paleſtra. Is this it?

Pal. Yes, yes. O my dear Parents, I have ye both in*clos'd there*; there lies all my Wealth and Hopes of dis*covering* ye.

Gri.

Gri. Marry, you'll ne'er come to good, whoe'er you are, for cramming your Father and Mother into ſuch a pitiful narrow place.

Dem. going on one ſide. Gripus, bring it this way: Your Buſineſs ſhall be clear'd.——Now, my Girl, without ſtirring from your Place, name every thing in the Casket, and how they're made. Troth, if you miſtake in the leaſt, and ſpeak ne'er ſo much Truth after that, you'd as good talk to the Wind.

Gri. That's nothing but right.

Tra. Far unlike your Worſhip, who's neither for Right nor Reaſon.

Dem. Now ſpeak, *Paleſtra*.——*Gripus* obſerve, and hold your Tongue.

Pal. There are Childrens Play-things.

Dem. I ſee 'em.

Gri. Troth, I'm fell'd at the firſt Blow.——Hold, Sir, don't ſhew her 'em yet.

Dem. What are they? Anſwer in order.

Pal. Firſt, there's a little Sword of Gold, with an Inſcription upon it.

Dem. Tell me what is it.

Pal. My Father's Name. In another part of the Caſket lies a ſmall two-edg'd Ax of Gold, mark'd with my Mother's Name.——

Dem. Stay! Firſt, tell me your Father's Name on the Sword.

Pal. Demones.

Dem. Heavens! where are my Hopes?

Gri. And mine, by *Iago*. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Prithee, go on.

Gri. Softly, Sir.—Or wou'd you were hang'd. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Tell me your Mother's Name on the Ax.

Pal. Dedalis.

Dem. The Gods have preſerv'd my Happineſs.

Gri. And damn'd mine. [*Aſide.*

Dem. She muſt be my Daughter, *Gripus*.

Gri. So ſhe may for all me.—[*To* Trachalio.] Wou'd old *Belzebub* had ye, with your plaguy prying Eyes, and

me too, when I drew out the Net, without looking about a hundred times, to see if the Coast were clear.

Pal. Then there's a small two-handled Dagger of Silver, and a little Sow,——

Gri. Go and be hang'd, with your Sows and Pigs together. [*Aside.*

Pal.——Besides a little golden Bottle, which my Father gave me on my Birth-day.

Dem. 'Tis certainly she, I must embrace her.—— [*Embracing* Palestra.] Bless ye, my Daughter; I'm thy own Father: I'm *Demones*, and your Mother *Dædalis* is within.

Pal. O, my dear unexpected Father!

Dem. My dear Child; how I joy to have ye in my Arms!

Tra. And I, to see your Goodness thus rewarded.

Dem to Trachalio. Good Boy, take this Portmantle a little, and bring it into the House; come along.

Tra. taking the Portmantle. See the Effects of *Gripus's* Rogueries.——Honest Sir, I congratulate your good Success. [*To* Gripus.

Dem. Come in, my Child, to thy Mother, who can better judg of the Proofs, and is much more acquainted with the Tokens.

Tra. Let's all in, since we are all concern'd in the matter.

Pal. Come you too, *Ampelisca.*

Amp. I'm almost ravish'd, to see Heaven so favourable to ye.

[*Exeunt all but* Gripus.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Gripus alone.

Well, I'm the damn'deſt Puppy in nature, in finding ſuch a Prize, and not hiding of it in ſome cunning Hole or other. Faith, I thought as much, that 'twou'd prove a plaguy bitter Buſineſs to me, ſince I found it in ſuch bitter ſtormy Weather. Zooks, I do verily believe there's a World of Gold and Silver in it; and what wiſer Courſe can I take, than to ſlink away and hang my ſelf; at leaſt for a-while, till this plaguy Sorrow's over?

[*Exit* Gripus.

SCENE VI.

Enter Demones *alone.*

Heavens! was ever Man more fortunate than I, ſo unexpectedly to find a Daughter? Is not it plain, that when Heaven beſtows its Favours, 'tis upon the account of Mens Pieties? Thus have I accidentally found my poor Girl, beyond both my Hopes and Belief; and I intend to beſtow her upon an ingenious young Gentleman, of a good Family, and my Country-man. I wiſh ſomebody wou'd deſire him to come hither. I order'd his Servants to follow me, and ſtep to the Town for him: I wonder why he does not come, for my part.——I think I had beſt go to the Door.——[*He goes to the Door, and looks in.*] But what's here to do? My Wife hugging my Daughter? Theſe Careſſes are too formal and tedious.——[*To his Wife within.*] Enough, Wife, leave your

your kiſſing, and prepare for a Sacrifice, to thank our Gods for our Family's Increaſe. We have Lambs and holy Pigs on purpoſe. —— [*To the Women within.*] Why do ye hinder *Trachalio* from coming?——O, here he is as luckily as may be!

SCENE VII.

To him enter Trachalio.

Tra. I'll find out my Maſter, if he be above ground, and bring him to ye.

Dem. Tell him what good Luck has befallen my Daughter; and pray him to leave all Buſineſs, and come hither.

Tra. Well.

Dem. Tell him, he ſhall have my Daughter——

Tra. Well.

Dem. That I'm acquainted with his Father, and he's my Country-man.

Tra. Well.

Dem. But make haſte.

Tra. Well.

Dem. While you're a going, we'll provide a Supper.

Tra. Well.

Dem. Is every thing *Well?*

Tra. Very well.——Sir, do ye know my Requeſt? To remember you promis'd to procure my Freedom.

Dem. Well.

Tra. Perſuade my Maſter what you can to perform it.

Dem. Well.

Tra. Get your Daughter to ſpeak a good word for me; ſhe'll eaſily obtain it.

Dem. Well.

Tra. And that I may marry *Ampeliſca*, when I'm *free.*——

Dem. Well.

Tra.

Tra. That my Services may appear to have been grateful to ye.

Dem. Well.

Tra. Is every thing *Well* with you too?

Dem. Very well.——And I thank ye for't.——But run to the Town, and back again, as faſt as you can.

Tra. Well.——I'll be with you inſtantly. The mean time, get all things in a readineſs.

Dem. Well.——A-duce on him, for his Wells and Waters, he has ſtuff'd my Ears with nothing elſe. Whatever I cou'd ſay, all is well.

[*Exit* Trachalio *running.*

SCENE VIII.

To him enter Gripus.

Gri. I'd ſpeak a word with ye, Sir, when you're at leiſure.

Dem. What's the matter, *Gripus?*

Gri. And concerning the Portmantle too. If you know what belongs to your Profit, ſecure what Heaven has ſent ye.

Dem. Do ye think it juſt to lay claim to what's none of my own?

Gri. Did not I find it in the Sea?

Dem. So much the better for him who loſt it; but 'tis none of yours the more for that.

Gri. 'Tis this Honeſty of yours, that makes ye ſo poor.

Dem. O *Gripus*, take notice, there are a great many Hooks laid to catch Mankind, which often entangle 'em. And troth, they are commonly ſo well baited, that if any covetous Fool chance to ſnap at 'em, they are caught, and muſt pay Sauce for their Greedineſs. But the Man who carries himſelf warily, carefully and cunningly, may long enjoy his well-gotten Goods. I'm perſuaded it will be more for our Profit to return this Prize to the Owner, than *to keep it*: And ſhall I pretend to keep what I know belongs

Tra. What you ask.

Pleu. What's your Advice worth?

Tra. Mine? I adviſe——

Pleu. Leave *adviſing*, and don't be always a Counſellor.

Tra. That's my Advice.

Pleu. Shall I run?

Tra. That's my Advice.

Pleu. Or had I better go ſoftly?

Tra. That's my Advice too.

Pleu. Shall I ſalute her at the firſt entrance?

Tra. That's my Advice.

Pleu. And her Father too?

Tra. 'Tis my Advice.

Pleu. Then, her Mother?

Tra. 'Tis my Advice.

Pleu. What then? Shall I embrace her Father at the firſt entrance?

Tra. That's not my Advice.

Pleu. Nor her Mother?

Tra. That's not my Advice.

Pleu. Nor her ſelf?

Tra. 'Tis not my Advice.

Pleu. 'Sdeath, the Fellow has chang'd his Note, and has *adviſ'd* me to a fine purpoſe.

Tra. You are out of your Wits; come along, Sir.

Pleu. Where you pleaſe, my Patron.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Labrax *alone.*

Was ever Mortal in a more miſerable Caſe than I? *Pleuſidippus* has caſt me before the Judges; they have given him *Paleſtra*, and I may go hang my ſelf. I'm perſuaded that all Merchants of my Faculty were born to make the World ſport, every body's ſo mightily pleas'd when they light upon any Misfortune.——Well, I'll to the Temple, and take her who is left behind, for ſhe's all the Goods I have in the World now.

SCENE III.

Enter Gripus, *with a Spit in his Hand.*

Gri. to his Maſter within. By the Lord *Harry*, you ſhan't ſee *Gripus* alive at night, if I han't the Portmantle again.

Lab. I'm ready to ſwoon at the Name of a Portmantle; ſhe very word goes to the Guts of me. [*Aſide.*

Gri. to himſelf. This Dog *Trachalio* has got his Freedom; but I, who found the rich Prize, am deny'd every thing.

Lab. Bleſs me! The Fellow makes me prick up my Ears. [*Aſide.*

Gri. to himſelf. 'Sbud, I'll poſt it up every where in Letters as big as Milſtones, *That if any one has loſt a Portmantle full of Gold and Silver, let them repair to* Gripus. They ſhan't carry it off as they think.

Lab. O' my Conſcience, the Fellow knows of my Port-

Portmantle.——I muſt board him. Now Heaven proſper me.

Gri. to them within. What d'ye call me in for? I'll ſcour the Spit here. [*He cleans the Spit.*] Faith, I think 'tis all made up of Ruſt, not Iron; the more I ſcour it, the more yellow and ſlender 'tis. Zooks, I think it has got a Conſumption, it falls away ſo wretchedly.

Lab. Bleſs ye, young Man.

Gri. And you too, with your bald Face.

Lab. What are ye about?

Gri. Scouring this damn'd Spit.

Lab. How fares your Corps?

Gri. Why that Queſtion? Are ye a Mountebank?

Lab. No, Faith, I'm another ſort of Beak.

Gri. What then, a Bankrupt?

Lab. Thou haſt nick'd it.

Gri. It agrees with your Complexion.——But what's the matter?

Lab. Why, laſt Night I was caſt away, my Ship ſunk, and I've loſt all I'm worth.

Gri. What have ye loſt?

Lab. A Portmantle, full of Gold and Silver.

Gri. Do ye remember what was in't?

Lab. What matters that; ſince all is gone to the bottom of the Sea?

Gri. Nothing: Let's talk of ſomething elſe.——Suppoſe I know who found it; I'd willingly be told the Marks.

Lab. There was 800 pieces of Gold in one Purſe, and 100 *Philips* in a little Bag by it ſelf.

Gri. aſide. As I live, a noble Prize; I muſt require a ſwinging Reward for finding of it. The Gods are generous, and I ſhall be damn'dly rich: I ſee it is his Portmantle.——Go on with the reſt.

Lab. A whole Talent of Silver, in a great Bag; beſides, a Baſon, an Ewer, a Boat, and a Goblet.

Gri. O living! You were a plaguy rich Fellow.

Lab. That ſame *were*, is a miſerable hard Word, ſince 'tis gone and paſt.

Gri.

Come, what will you give the Party that ſhall and bring it to ye? Speak quick; in a twink-

Three hundred Pieces.

'Tis three hundred times too little.

Four hundred.

Four hundred Farts.

Five hundred then.

A Fiddle's end.

Six hundred.

You'd as good bid for many Farthings.

I'll give ſeven hundred.

Have ye ſwallow'd a Fire-Coal, that you can't open mouth?

I'll give a thouſand then.

Puh, you bid nothing.

Not a Souce more. Go.

But hark ye; troth, if I once go, you find me no here.

Will a hundred more do?

Sure you nothing but dream.

Prithee tell me how much will.

Not to make ye bid twice, a great Talent's the and not a Farthing to be abated of that! therefore ſy, or No.

aſide. I ſee I'm forc'd to it.——I'll give it [*To him.*

going to the Altar. Come hither then. *Venus* be witneſs of all.

Command what you pleaſe.

Lay your Hand upon the Altar.

I do.

You muſt ſwear by *Venus*, to——

To do what?

What I dictate to ye.

Dictate what you pleaſe.——[*aſide*] I'm ſo furniſh'd with Equivocations, I need not borrow of neighbours.

Take hold of the Altar.

I do.

Gri-

Gri. Swear to pay me the Mony, as ſoon as you have your Portmantle.

Lab. I will.

Gri. and Lab. together. " I do promiſe here before " *Venus* of *Cyrene*, if I find the ſaid Portmantle I loſt " in the Ship, together with all the Gold and Silver " therein incloſed, and it comes ſafely into my Hands and " Poſſeſſion——

Gri. " That will I give to this preſent *Gripus*—— Lay your Hand upon me, and ſay after me.

Lab. " That I will give to this preſent *Gripus* ——

Gri. and Lab. together. " A great Talent of Silver. " So help me *Venus*."

Gri. If you equivocate, wiſh *Venus*'s Curſe to rot your Head and Joints all over.——[*aſide*] And may it come to paſs, as ſoon as you've finiſh'd your Oath.

Lab. If I break my Oath, may *Venus* ſend all the Plagues of Bawds upon my Head.

Gri. aſide. Ay, and tho you keep it.——Stay here; I'll bring out my old Maſter to ye: Be ſure to challenge him with the Portmantle.

[*Exit* Gripus *with the Spit.*

SCENE IV.

Labrax *alone.*

Tho he does help me to my Portmantle, the de'el a Farthing ſhall the Dog get of me. I'm Maſter of my own Tongue, and I'll do as I pleaſe.——But mum for that. Here he comes, and the old Gentleman with him.

SCENE

SCENE V.

To him enter Gripus *and* Demones *with the Portmantle.*

Gri. Come this way, Sir. But where's this Woman-merchant?——Hark ye, ho, ho! This Gentleman has your Portmantle.

Dem. I have ſo, and own it; and if it be yours, you may have it, and all that's in't, juſt as you loſt it. Take it, if it be yours.

Lab. O wonderful! 'tis mine.——Welcome, my dear dear Portmantle. [*Hugging it.*

Dem. Is't yours?

Lab. Do ye queſtion it? Faith, if it fell into the hands of *Jove*, 'tis mine nevertheleſs.

Dem. There's nothing touch'd, but only one ſmall Casket, and a few Play-things, which help'd to diſcover my Daughter?

Lab. What Daughter?

Dem. Your *Paleſtra* is found to be my Daughter.

Lab. Truly, Sir, I'm glad of it; and receive an extreme Satisfaction in finding things fall out ſo happily on your ſide. [*Fawningly.*

Dem. I can ſcarce believe your Compliment.

Lab. Then, Sir, to ſhew you my Intentions are real, I deliver up all my Right to your Daughter, without demanding a Farthing of ye.

Dem. That's a piece of Generoſity indeed.

Lab. O dear, Sir, 'tis more yours than mine. [*Taking the Portmantle.*

Gri. Hark ye, Friend, are ye poſſeſs'd of your Portmantle?

Lab. Yes.

Gri. Then make haſte.

Lab.

Lab. To do what?

Gri. To pay me my Mony.

Lab. Marry, I'll not pay ye a Souce, nor do I owe ye any.

Gri. What Roguery's that? Not owe me any?

Lab. No, Faith, not I.

Gri. Did not you ſwear to me?

Lab. I did ſwear, and ſo I will again, if I think fit. Oaths were deſign'd to make a Man, not to break a Man.

Gri. You perjur'd Dog, pay me the Talent ye owe me.

Dem. What Talent do ye demand, *Gripus*?

Gri. He promis'd me upon Oath, to give me——

Lab. 'Twas my Pleaſure to ſwear: Are you a Magiſtrate, to puniſh me if I break my Oath?

Dem. Upon what account did he promiſe this Mony?

Gri. If I help'd him to this Portmantle, he ſwore to give me a great Talent of Silver.

Lab. Get one to go before the Judg with me then, where I'll prove your Demands all Trick and Cheating, and that I'm older than your Worſhip by 25 Years.

Gri. Here's one ready. [*Pointing to* Demones.

Lab. I've nothing to ſay to him.

Dem. I'll not part with it thus, till things be a little clear.——Did you promiſe him this Mony?

Lab. I don't deny it.

Dem. What you promis'd my Servant, belongs to me. Therefore, good Sir, you muſt not think to ſham us off with your Bawdſhip's Legerdemain Tricks.

Gri. Sure you think you've to deal with a meer Bubble. Come, down with the Mony fairly, and I'll give it my Maſter for my Freedom.

Dem. Since I've been ſo civil to ye, and by my means, your Goods were ſav'd——

Gri. interrupting. Troth, Sir, 'twas by mine, therefore don't ſay, by yours.

Dem. to Gripus. Hold your Tongue, Fool.——[*to* Labrax] You ſtand oblig'd to acknowledg the Favour.

Lab. True, becauſe you defend my Right ſo well.

Dem. 'Twou'd be ridiculous to defend it with the loſs of my own.

Gri.

Gri. I'm pretty ſecure: The Woman-Trader's brought a peg lower, and that foretels my Freedom. [*Aſide.*

Dem. He found it, and he's my Slave; therefore I've kept it for ye, and all the Mony ſafe.

Lab. I thank ye for't, and now I find there's no reaſon to hinder ye of the Talent I ſo ſolemnly promis'd.

Gri. Hark ye, give it me quickly, if you're wiſe.

Dem. Will you never be ſilent?

Gri. You pretend to be my Friend, and 'tis all for your ſelf. But, as I live, you ſhan't trick me out of this, as you did the Portmantle.

Dem. Sirrah, ſpeak another Word and I'll cane ye.

Gri. Ay, Faith, you may kill me too; but I'll ne'er be quiet, till my mouth's ſtopt with a Talent.

Lab. 'Tis all for your good, therefore hold your Tongue.

Dem. Come this way, *Labrax.*

Lab. Well then. [*They walk on one ſide.*

Gri. Don't act underhand, I'll have none of your cloſe Committees and Whiſperings.

Dem. Tell me, what did you give for *Amphitrita*, the other Girl?

Lab. A thouſand Pieces.

Dem. Shall I make a good Propoſal to ye?

Lab. With all my heart.

Dem. I'll divide the Talent.

Lab. Very well.

Dem. One half ſhall go for her Ranſom, and the other he ſhall have——

Lab. Beſt of all.

Dem.——And I'll give him his Freedom for't, who was the cauſe of your finding your Goods, and of my finding my Daughter.

Lab. Well decided, Sir; a thouſand Thanks to ye.

Gri. Well, and ſhall I have the Mony?

Dem. The Matter's made up, *Gripus:* I have it.

Gri. Faith, I'd rather have it my ſelf.

Dem. Troth, there's nothing for you, *Gripus*, therefore you muſt not expect it. I'd have ye diſcharge him *from his Oath.*

Gri.

Gri. Zookers, I'm undone: I muſt go hang my ſe or elſe I'm a dead Man. You ſhall ne'er deceive me a cond time.

Dem. Labrax, you muſt ſup with me to-night.

Lab. I'll accept of your Kindneſs, Sir.

Dem. Come along both.——[*Turns to the Spectator* Gallants, I wou'd invite ye all, but I've nothing to tertain ye with, nor any good thing to ſet before ye, I preſume you're all engaged elſewhere. But, if pleaſe to give us one good Applauſe, I invite ye to a C lation on this Day ſixteen Years.——[*to* Lab *and* Gripus.] You two, ſup with me to-night.

Lab. We will.

Dem. to the Spectators] Kind Gentlemen, your probation.

[*Exeunt om*

The End of Rudens.

REMARKS

UPON

RUDENS.

THIS Comedy is call'd *Rudens*, or the *Cable*, but with ſo little Reaſon, that Madam *Dacier* chang'd the Name in her Verſion, and call'd it *L'Heureux Naufrage*, the *Happy Shipwreck*; which indeed is the more proper Name of the Play. The *Subject* of this, as well as the laſt Play, is not ſo noble as that of *Amphitryon*, it being chiefly the Diſcovery of *Paleſtra*; yet the Variety of *Incidents* affords more Diverſion than *Amphitryon*, and the Decorations of the Stage, are finer than either that of *Epidicus*; or indeed, than any of his, or *Terence's* Plays. The *Cataſtrophe* adds more to the ſatisfaction of the Spectators than *Epidicus*; for here is not only the Diſcovery, but the Marriage of *Paleſtra*. The Poet's Management is the more remarkable in this Play, for bringing to paſs ſo many ſeveral *Incidents* in ſuch a private, and almoſt unfrequented Place, without offending the leaſt againſt Probability.

The

The PROLOGUE.

THE *Prologue* is ſpoken by a God, becauſe only ſuch a one can be ſuppoſed to know all what is there related; and by *Arcturus* in particular, becauſe he was moſt generally believ'd to raiſe Storms and Tempeſts in the Sea, therefore the more proper for this *Narration*. The Fore-part of this *Prologue*, exactly ſhews the Opinions, Morality, and Doctrine of the Pagans in theſe Times.

Pag. 168. l. 14. Diphilus *calls this City* Cyrene.] This was *Diphilus* the *Greek* Comedian, from whence *Plautus* borrowed the Subject of this and ſome other of his Comedies.

Ib. l. 15. *Here dwells* Demones, *&c.*] This is the beginning of a *Narration* of all what paſs'd before the opening of the Stage, a thing very inartificial in a *Prologue*, becauſe it is ſpoken immediately and directly to the Audience. This was *Plautus*'s uſual way in the reſt of his *Prologues*, tho not in ſo ill a manner as in that of *Amphitryon*, where he foretels the *Cataſtrophe*, which of all things ought to be conceal'd. The principal Fault of this, is the letting the Spectators know that *Paleſtra* is *Demones*'s Daughter; which takes away much of the Pleaſure of the Surprize, and ſeems but one Degree beneath that of the Diſcovery of the *Cataſtrophe*.

P. 169. l. 12, &c. *The Girl I told ye of, and another with her, in a Fright, are leap'd into a little Boat; and are now driven by the Tide, from the Rock towards the Shore.*] This is the latter end of the *Shipwreck*, and here the Stage opens; and the Poet (as in the two foregoing Plays) has contriv'd it as nigh to the *Cataſtrophe* as

it is poſſible; but the ſeveral *Incidents* he has laid, and prepar'd before-hand, ſtill put it off, and furniſh matter ſufficient for five Acts. This is one of the principal Secrets of a *Dramatick Poem.*

ACT II.

Scene the Firſt.

PAG. 170. l. 7. *It can be no Wind, but ſome Conjurer raiſing the Devil.*] *Non ventus fuit, verum Alcumena Euripidi.* This is an Alluſion to that *Tragedy* in *Euripides*, call'd *Alcumena*, where a dreadful Storm was ſo lively repreſented, that it became a Proverb at laſt for all Tempeſtuous Weather. This is loſt among us, therefore I have taken a little Liberty. Madam *Dacier* obſerves, that it was not ſtrange for a Slave of *Cyrene* to ſpeak of this, becauſe he was ſuppos'd to have long ſerv'd his Maſter in *Athens*, where he might have often ſeen that Play acted.

Ib. l. 10. *The Windows ſhatter'd, ſo we ſhall keep open Houſe now.*] *Illuſtrioris fecit, feneſtras indidit.* It ought to be *Illuſtriores*, and refers to *Ædes*, underſtood. It is taken in a comical Senſe, not without ſomething of a Pun; therefore *Open Houſe*, or, if you pleaſe, *Splendid Houſe*, ſeems a true Imitation of the Author's Deſign.

Scene the Second.

The three Gentlemen whom *Pleuſidippus* brings along with him, are all *Mutes*. If any of our modern Poets had had the Management of 'em, they wou'd undoubtedly have made 'em ſpeak ſeveral things; and perhaps with Reaſon

Reaſon, it being ſomewhat improbable they ſhou'd be ſilent all the time they were there: But the Antients, in this point, were extreme fearful of embaraſſing the Stage and often to a Fault, and too great a Limitation to the Variety of the Diſcourſe. They had commonly more *Actors*, and we have uſually more *Speakers*.

Scene the Third.

Pag. 171. l. 22, &c. *Father, well met.* Dem. *Good-morrow to ye, Sir.* Sce. *Are ye a Man or Woman, that ye call him Father?* Pleu. *A Man, undoubtedly.* Dem. *If ſo, you muſt ſeek elſewhere. I had once a little Daughter, which I loſt formerly, but ne'er had a Son in my Life.*] *Demones's* mentioning the loſs of a Daughter, was a very neceſſary Circumſtance for the Audience to take notice of, and an excellent *Preparation* for the main *Incident*: But for the manner of bringing of it in, tho there appears little deſign of inſtructing the Audience, and conſequently well in that reſpect, yet, methinks, it might have been better, or at leaſt more civil after this manner. Pleu. *Father, well met.* Dem. *Ah, Sir, that word Father, brings my poor Daughter to remembrance, that I loſt formerly.*

P. 173. l. 1. *Hark ye, Sir, you that haunt the Temple for your Belly-ſake.*] *Heus tu! qui fana ventris cauſa circumis.* This was a very high Affront to a Gentleman, in thoſe days. But *Pleuſidippus* takes no notice of it, either becauſe his Thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd, or rather (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) from the likeneſs of the word *Ventris* to *Veneris*, and by means of the Pronunciation he might miſtake the Sound. But this I cou'd not preſerve in my Tranſlation. It is obſervable beſides, that the Scurrility, and the low Jeſts of *Sceparnio*, which ſeem ſo very odd to us, do very well ſhew the Nature and Diſpoſition of the poor Slaves of thoſe Days.

Pag.

Pag. 173. l. 13, &c. *I fancy they're ſome damnable Shmeſters.* Dem. *Why ſo?* Sce. *Becauſe they've loſt all, their Ship and all.*] *Ut mea eſt opinio, propter viam illi ſunt vocati ad prandium.* Dæ. *Qui?* Sc. *Quia poſt cœnam, credo, laverunt heri; confracta navis in mari eſt illis.* This is a very difficult Paſſage, and is founded upon a Cuſtom of thoſe days, of ſacrificing to *Hercules* before they made a Voyage, and all what they cou'd not eat, they burnt, ſo that nothing was left behind. From this Cuſtom, *Sceparnio* takes an occaſion to ſay, that thoſe People on the Sea, *propter viam illi ſunt vocati ad prandium*, that is, *they had ſacrific'd for a Voyage*, becauſe, ſays he, *poſt cœnam laverunt*, that is, *had conſum'd all*; for *Lavo*, here, and in ſeveral other Places of *Plautus*, ſignifies to *loſe*, to *deſtroy*, to *get rid off*, and the like; and the word *Cœnam*, ſignifies the Meal they made at that Office. This is undoubtedly the true Explanation of this Paſſage; but the Jeſt is loſt in our Tongue, therefore I have made ſomething that has much of the ſame *Force* and *Deſign*.

Ib. l. 26. *Fare ye well.*] Here *Pleuſidippus* goes to the Aſſiſtance of the Perſons ſhipwreck'd, but finds 'em not, tho he had ſeen 'em juſt before. This may ſeem improbable for a Man of his amorous Temper to look ſo negligently; and Madam *Dacier* reckons it a conſiderable Fault. But in anſwer to this, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that the Rocks and Cliffs, and the diſtance of the Shore, might make him miſs of 'em, and come too late, for they were landed immediately after his leaving the Stage. If it be ask'd, why did he not give this, or ſome other Reaſon for it, when he came next on to the Stage? It may be reply'd, that neither his Haſte, Buſineſs, nor the Subject, wou'd admit of ſuch a *Narration* at that time. But if this be not allow'd as an Anſwer, and it ſtill be counted a Fault, yet thus far muſt be allow'd, that our Author has not ſuch another in all the three Plays.

Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 174. l. 1. *I vow, two little Girls, all alone, in a ſmall Boat,* &c.] In the Original, nothing can be more natural and lively, than *Sceparnio*'s Diſcourſe about the two Women in the Boat:. And this is a ſufficient Inſtance of *Plautus*'s excellent Strokes upon an occaſion.

Scene the Fifth.

Paleſtra was ſeparated from her Companion, firſt by the greatneſs of her Fright, which made her ſuppoſe her drown'd; then by the different ways they took through the Cliffs and Precipices, and this makes her appear alone upon the Stage. What ſhe ſays is very natural for one of her Circumſtances, and agreeable to the Doctrine and Religion of her time.

P. 175. l. 27. *I was born a Gentlewoman, it avails nothing; I'm more miſerable than if born a Slave.*] Theſe Words ſeem to have been ſpoken with no other Deſign than to expreſs *Paleſtra*'s Concern at this time, and they appear only the natural effects of her Paſſion; but the Poet deſign'd 'em as a *Preparation* towards the main *Incident*, her *Diſcovery*.

Scene the Sixth.

P. 176. l. 29. *Prithee, whereabouts are ye?*] *Ampeliſca* cou'd not ſee her Companion, becauſe of the Cliffs between each other, at the further end of the Stage; tho' at the ſame time the Spectators might do both.

Scene

Scene the Seventh.

Pag. 178. l. 5, 6. *'Tis a huge way from the Place we first set out at.*] In reality it was but a small distance from *Cyrene*, the Place where they put to Sea at, but the Fright, and Ignorance of the Girls, made 'em think it a vast way off.

Ib. l. 7. *You came in a Ship, by Sea then?*] *Nempe equo ligneo per vias cæruleas estis vectæ.* This seems to have been taken from some *Greek Tragedy*, it being so like their way of Expression, and particularly to that of *Homer*, Αἰδ' ἁλὸς ἵπποι Ανδρά οι πέλονται. But this Expression wou'd by no means do in *English Comedy*.

ACT II.

THE first *Interval* is fill'd up, with the Priestess's Care about *Palestra* and *Ampelisca*, and with all what passed in the Temple.

Scene the First.

This Scene of the Fishermen, and their Discourse, is a good *Preparation* for the second Scene of the Fourth Act; and *Plautus*'s lucky choice of a Place, to bring 'em there with probability, is remarkable. The only Fault is, their speaking a little too directly to the Audience, so mixing the *Representation* with the *Theatral Action*, but not in so open a manner as he does in some other of his Plays.

Pag. 179. l. 12. *We make Incursions, every Day, from the Town to the Sea, for Forage.*] *Ex urbe ad mare huc prodimus pabulatum.* The word, Pabulatum, is a pro-

per military Term, ſignifying *Forage*, and here by a comical Metaphor apply'd to *Fiſhing*; therefore the Tranſlation, I believe, is juſt.

Pag. 179. l. 18. *We ſlink home, well liquor'd with Salt-water.*] *Salſi lautique pure domum redimus clanculum.* The Comicalneſs of this Paſſage cannot be well preſerv'd in our Language, conſiſting in the equivocal meaning of the Phraſe; which, as Madam *Dacier* obſerves, ſignifies either, *A fine Treat of Salt Meats*, or, *A waſhing and cleanſing with Salt Water*, which was the trueſt ſenſe in this Place. The equivocal meaning of the Phraſe, *well liquor'd*, ſeems to preſerve a little of the Deſign, tho not much.

Scene the Second.

Pag. 180. l. 10. *Not drown'd yet?*] *Ut Peritis?* This is inſtead of, *Ut valetis*, which is, *How do ye?* and that makes the thing ſo comical; it being a perfect oppoſition of Terms, which will not do in our Tongue: Therefore I thought the beſt way to preſerve it, wou'd be to have a word proper to their Trade.

Scene the Fourth.

Pag. 182. l. 37, &c. *Faith, 'twas an excellent Caſt; it has quite gammon'd the Raſcal.*] *Profecto nimio lepide jeciſti bolum: perjurum perdidiſti.* The Beauty of this doth in a great meaſure conſiſt in the double ſignification of the Phraſe, *Jacere bolum*, which is equally apply'd to caſting of a Net, and to caſting of Dice, therefore it has the greater propriety in this Caſe; and likewiſe to the different meanings of the word *Perdere*, which ſignifies either to *Periſh*, and to *Ruin*, in a ſtrict ſenſe, elſe to *Loſe*, or to *Break*, in a Gameſter's ſenſe. All theſe things I cou'd not preſerve in my Tranſlation.

P. 183. l. 3. *Troth, I believe the Whore's-bud has drunk more than he cou'd bear.*] Credo hercle *ananeas de-*

tum quod biberet. This is an Alluſion to the Cuſtom in ſome of their great Feaſts, of finiſhing all with a larger Cup than ordinary, which every one was oblig'd to drink without loſing a drop; and this was call'd *Anancæum poculum*, ἀναγκαῖον, a *Cup of Neceſſity*. So that, in effect, *Ampeliſca* ſaid, *That* Neptune *had invited the Rogue to a Feaſt, and had kill'd him with his Cup of Neceſſity.* But this cou'd not ſo well be taken notice of in a Tranſlation. Some think it alludes to that deadly Cup given to ſome ſort of Criminals; and others, to the Water of *Lethe*: but neither of theſe is very probable.

Pag. 183. l. 13. *Juſt at Morning, we were thrown half dead aſhore.*] Here *Ampeliſca* finiſhes her *Narration*, which is very ſhort and to the purpoſe. It is very remarkable how handſomly and judiciouſly the Poet leaves out all that latter part of the Ship-wreck, which the Audience were already inform'd of by *Sceparnio*, in the fourth Scene of the firſt Act. This is a thing that ought carefully to be obſerv'd by Dramatick Poets in all *Narrations*.

Ib. l. 15. *He is a plaguy hard Cuſtom-maſter.*] *Faſtidioſus Ædilis eſt.* Part of the Buſineſs of the *Edils* was to inſpect Merchants Goods, examine Weights and Meaſures, and the like. Therefore *Cuſtom-maſter* is the moſt proper for us, to make it intelligible.

Ib. l. 20, &c. *I think I had beſt ſend for Gown and Fur-Cap, and ſet up for a Fortune-teller.*] *Capillum promittam optumum eſt, occipiamque ariolari.* The *Latin* ſignifies, *I'll let my Hair grow*, &c. It was uſual for their *Fortune-tellers*, and ſuch kind of People to wear extreme long Hair; but that being a Cuſtom not known among us, I thought it not neceſſary to obſerve it in a Tranſlation, the force of it being preſerv'd after a more intelligible manner.

P. 184. l. 1, &c. *She's mightily concern'd for* Labrax's *taking away a Casket of hers; for there ſhe had ſomething to diſcover her Parents by.*] It ought to be obſerv'd that this, and ſix or ſeven lines further were deſign'd by the Poet to intereſt *Trachalio* more firmly in Paleſtra's Con-

Concerns, and to give a fair Pretext for demanding the Casket in the fourth Scene of the fourth Act; without which, the main Discovery cou'd never have been brought about. So it is an excellent *Preparation* for that; but the Spectators cou'd by no means foresee it.

Scene the Sixth.

P. 185. l. 24. *What a fine black Complection! I meant a lovely brown!*] *Subvolturium! illud quidem; subaquilum volui dicere.* The Word *Subaquilum* signifies *Brown*, that is, *Nigh the Colour of an Eagle:* Now *Sceparnio* aiming at that Word for *Ampelisca's* Skin, cou'd only call to mind 'twas the Colour of some great ravenous Bird, therefore forges the Word *Subvolturium*; and therein consists the Comicalness of this Expression, which cannot easily be preserv'd in our Tongue. Some think, that after *Sceparnio* had compar'd *Ampelisca's* Skin to a Vulture, by reason of its Brownness, he, recollecting himself, calls it, *Subaquilum*, as being much of the same Colour, but the nobler Bird of the two. This Explanation agrees best with my Translation, but is nothing so good as the other.

Ib. l. 27. *I'm not for every one's turn.*] *Non ego sum pollucta pago.* The Word *Pollucta* is a Term borrow'd from the Sacrifices, and is not to be express'd in our Tongue. When they offer'd to *Hercules*, that little Part of the Beast which was burnt upon the Altar, was call'd *Porrectum*; and the rest, which was expos'd to the People's eating, was call'd *Polluctum:* So that the Beauty of the Word consists in the Allusion to that Custom, and the figurative Sense, which is lost to us. If I had done it, *I'm no Pye for every one's cutting up*, it wou'd have been somewhat nigher the Design, but not so modest.

Scene the Eighth.

P. 187. l. 10. *Without Flattery.*] *Præſiſcine.* This *Præſiſcine* was always us'd as a mollifying Word when one commended himſelf, and ſignifies properly, *without Envy.* The Pleaſantry of this Place, conſiſts in *Sceparnio*'s applying it to quite a contrary thing, namely, to his calling himſelf *Great Owl* immediately after.

Ib. l. 11. *I was a great Owl for not falling in love before now.*] Not ſo much for the Pleaſure of the Amour, as the Eaſe of drawing of Water with half the Pains; a Fancy natural and comical enough, when rightly apprehended.

Scene the Tenth.

Labrax and *Charmides* were both caſt away at the ſame time with *Paleſtra* and *Ampeliſca*, but yet 'tis a conſiderable while after, that they appear upon the Stage; becauſe they were thrown a-ſhore on a diſtant Place from them, ſometime after too, and the mean time were ſearching for what they had loſt.

P. 188. l. 12, *&c. Ah Liberty, thou'rt a rare Goddeſs too, thou ne'er go'ſt to Sea with a Hero.*] *Edipol, Libertas, lepida es, quæ nunquam pedem voluiſti in navem cum Hercule una imponere.* This Paſſage is founded upon the Story of *Hercules*'s Voyages, which were undertaken againſt his Will; from whence, the People afterwards took an occaſion to ſay, *Liberty never much cared for a Hero's Company at Sea.*

Ib. l. 33. *'Twas a more fatal Supper to me, than e'er Thyeſtes's and Tereus's was to them.*] *Thyeſtes* and *Tereus* had their Children ſerv'd up to 'em at Supper. This Story is not ſo well known among us, but for want of a parallel one in our Ages to preſerve the Force of this Paſſage, I was forc'd to take it as it is.

P. 189. l. 10, *&c. You were a freſh raw Fellow, now I've ſeaſon'd your Underſtanding.*] *Te ex inſulſo ſalſum feci opera mea.* The Jeſt of this conſiſts in the equivocal meaning of the Word *Salſus* which ſignifies either *Salted*, or elſe *Cunning*, *Subtle*, and the like; but the equivocal Words, *Freſh*, *Raw*, and *Seaſon'd*, have done e'en as well in our Tongue.

Ib. l. 13, *&c. Wou'd the Devil had ye for a Rogue.* Char. *And you too: I'm ſure I made broad Signs to have him come for ye.*] *Quin tu hinc is a me in maximam malam Crucem.* Ch. *Eas: easque res agebam commodum.* I will not poſitively affirm that I have hit of the true Senſe of this Paſſage; but however the Beauty of *Charmides's* Anſwer conſiſts in the playing upon the Word *Eas*, which is either a Verb or a Noun, and that makes ſuch a double Meaning, as I do not find our *Engliſh Tongue* is capable of expreſſing.

Ib. l. 23, *&c. Faith, I tremble like one ready to engage the Enemy; and my Jaws do ſo quake, that my Words break out like Flaſhes of Lightning.*] *Equidem me ad velitationem exerceo: nam omnia coruſca pra tremore fabulor.* This is a very difficult Paſſage to underſtand, and more to tranſlate, by reaſon of the Harſhneſs of the Simile in our Tongue. *Velitatio* ſignifies a *Skirmiſh*, which was uſually made by the *Velites*, that is, the *light-harneſs'd Soldiers*; and theſe Men always made uſe of Darts, whoſe Points wou'd glitter at a diſtance, ſometimes one way, and ſometimes another. Now *Charmides* trembling with Cold, compares himſelf to theſe *Velites*, or *Skirmiſhers*, who never keep their place; and his Words, which came out broken and by piece-meal, to the unequal Glitterings or Flaſhes of their Darts. This is the beſt Interpretation I can find of this Place, and the little Liberty I have taken, cou'd not be avoided.

Ib. l. 27. *This God can't afford one Brandyſhop in all his Dominions.*] *Ne thermopolium quidem ullum inſtruit.* There *Thermopolia* were certain Publick Places, common in *Greece* and *Italy*, where they drank hot Waters, ſometimes mingled with Wine and Hony; but this cou'd not be taken notice of in a Tranſlation.

1b. l. 34. *I fancy, I ſhou'd make an excellent Snap-dragon.*] *Quid, ſi aliquo ad ludos me pro manduco locem?* The Ancients had their *Manduci*, and their *Citeria*; to march before their great Sights and Triumphs; the firſt were certain Antick Figures, with wide Mouths, like our *Snap-dragons* for Mayor's Shows, and the ſecond were ſomewhat like our *Merry Andrews*.

Scene the Tenth.

P. 190. l. 25, *&c. The poor Creatures are mightily afraid of ſomebody, and talk of being toſt all Night long, and thrown aſhore this Morning.*] By theſe Words of *Sceparnio*'s, *Labrax* finds out his Girls, whom he ſuppos'd to have been drown'd; which moſt naturally clears the Stage and finiſhes the Act. The Poet's Conduct in bringing about this material Diſcovery, is excellent: *Ampeliſca* is ſent out in the fourth Scene for Water to *Demones*'s Houſe, and upon that depends the greateſt Part of the Act. The Time *Sceparnio* is gone in to draw Water, ſhe is frighted off the Stage, which occaſions him to follow her to the Temple; and in his Return, he drops theſe Words accidentally, ſo that nothing cou'd have been brought about more naturally.

Scene the Eleventh.

P. 191. l. 25, *&c. For ſhame! Arn't ye content to have the Sea waſh all away, but you muſt be for the ſame Sport at Land too?* Sce. *Be waſh'd and powder'd too, I care not a Straw.*] *Eho! an te pœnitet in mari quod elavi, in hic in terra iterum eluam?* Sce. *Eluas tu an exungare, ciccum non interduim.* The Word *Eluo* is equivocal, ſignifying either *Waſhing* or *Ruining*; upon which depends *Sceparnio*'s Anſwer, *Eluas tu an exungare*, where I render'd *Exungare Powder'd*, becauſe *Anointing* is not known among us. The Word *Ciccum*, ſignifies that Skin or Membrane which parts the little Cells or Holes of a

Pomgranate, and contains the Kernels; and is here mention'd as a thing of the ſmalleſt Value in the World.

Scene the Twelfth.

P. 192. l. 6. *Old* Neptune *put upon us with his Water, as tho it had been Wine of the beſt.*] *Quaſi vinis Gracis Neptunus nobis ſuffudit mare.* In thoſe times, they always mingled Sea-Water with all *Greek* Wines when they tranſported 'em, except that of *Chio*, which makes *Horace* call it, *Chium maris expers.* The natural Senſe of this Paſſage is, Neptune *has mixed us with Sea-water, as tho we had been* Greek *Wine*; but the Wit of it is in a great meaſure loſt to us.

ACT III.

THE ſecond *Interval* is fill'd up with what paſs'd in the Temple between *Labrax*, *Paleſtra*, and *Ampeliſca*: And here *Plautus*'s Judgment is very remarkable in concealing *Labrax*'s Sacrilege from the Spectators Eyes, who in thoſe days wou'd have been much diſguſted at the Sight.

Scene the Firſt.

This Scene begins exactly like the firſt Scene of the ſecond Act of *Plautus*'s *Mercator*; and this Dream is an ingenious Preparative for ſome things that follow, but more eſpecially deſign'd for a Pretext to bring *Demones* from all Company, and to conſult by himſelf upon the Stage.

Scene

Scene the Second.

P. 194. l. 21, *&c. As ye hope for a good Crop of Herbs, and a plentiful Harveſt of Plants.*] *Si ſperas tibi anno multum futuro Sirpe & Laſerpitium.* This *Sirpe* is a Species of *Benjamin*, from whence ſprung an odoriferous Liquor, call'd *Laſerpitium, quaſi Lac Serpitium*; which was ſo common in *Cyrene*, that it was call'd *Laſerpitifera Cyrene*. Theſe Names, being unknown to us, and making but an indifferent Sound, were not ſo neceſſary to be taken notice of in a Tranſlation.

Scene the Third.

P. 196. l. 7. *Pluck out his Eyes, and make Cat's Meat of 'em.*] *Jube oculos elidere, itidem ut ſepiis faceunt coqui.* That is, *Pluck out his Eyes, as Cooks do thoſe of Cuttle-Fiſhes.* This relates to a Cuſtom of thoſe times, which perhaps we know nothing of; and conſequently unfit for a cloſe Tranſlation.

Scene the Fifth.

P. 198. l. 26, *&c. They know that you were born out of a Lobſter, and therefore can be no Enemy to Cherry-Cheeks.*] *Te ex concha natam eſſe autumant: Cave tu harum conchas ſpernas.* More cloſely thus; *They are ſenſible you were born of a Shell-Fiſh, therefore deſpiſe not their Shell-Offerings:* for ſince they had loſt all, they had no other Offerings but Shells, things uſually conſecrated to Temples nigh the Sea, which were much garniſh'd by them. But ſtill the principal Joke lies in his metaphorically calling theſe Girls *Shells*, becauſe they were *empty*; and that made me tranſlate it as I did.

Scene

Scene the Sixth.

P. 200. l. 5, 6. *I'll ſtrait away with 'em both.*] *dem iſtas jam ambas educam foras.* The word *fo* ſpoken here only with reſpect to the Entrance int Temple-Court, in which almoſt all this Scene paſs'd.

lb. l. 15, 16. *I'll laſh ye, till your Backs be as f Furrows, as the Sea with Waves.*] *Quaſi myrteta cis, item ego vos virgis circumvinciam.* In the Te of *Venus*, were ſeveral Bundles of Mirtle hung up conſecrated to her, and theſe were bound up with R from theſe *Demones* takes an occaſion to threaten hi *to bind 'em* (or rather to *line* 'em) *like theſe Bund Myrtle.* But the Beauty of it is loſt in our Tongue, made me take this liberty in my Tranſlation, tho p not with equal Succeſs with ſome other Paſſages, w was forc'd to take the like liberty.

lb. l. 28. *One of 'em is an* Athenian, *of a ver Family.*] This Paſſage does not only help to inter *mones* in the Girls Affairs, but is alſo a further *Pr tion* for the main *Diſcovery* in the fourth Act; tho th not appear ſo to the Audience, the Concealment of makes the great Cunning of the Poet.

P. 201. l. 13. *If you have not more Remembran yours.*] *Ni offeramentas habebis plures in tergo tuo.* is to ſay, *Laſhes*, or *Streaks* of a Whip. The wor *ramenta* is a religious Term, ſignifying *Offerings* c *ſents*, and is very comically apply'd in this Place; b Beauty of it is loſt in our Tongue. I cou'd not th a better word to anſwer it than *Remembrance*, whic enough bears a double Meaning.

lb. l. 31, 32. *Faith, I'll make ye glad to glean u ſcatter'd Teeth.*] *Jam hercle tibi meſſis in ore fie gis pugneis.* The word *Merga* ſignifies a *Pitchfor* the true Meaning of this Paſſage is paraphraſtically *As they lift up their Pitchforks to heap Corn, ſo lift up my Fiſts, and heap a whole Harveſt of C*

your Face. But this Simile will not do in our Tongue, therefore I have alter'd it, ſtill preſerving as much of the Alluſion as I cou'd.

Scene the Ninth.

P. 204. l. 7. *Give him his Load.*] *Ni iſtunc iſtis invitaſſitis.* The word *Invito* is a Term borrowed from Feaſts and Treats where there is hard Drinking. This Metaphor is comically apply'd to Blows, and happily enough, ſince they have often the ſame ſtupifying Effects with Drink. The Tranſlation ſeems as lucky as the Original, tho its *Deſign* is not ſo well perceiv'd at the firſt ſight.

Scene the Tenth.

Ibid. l. 21. *By the old Man's erecting his two Monuments.*] *Ita duo deſtituit ſigna.* The word *Deſtituo* is a Term of Husbandry, and ſignifies to *ſet*, *plant*, or the like. The word *plant* might have done well enough here, but only *erect*, join'd to *Monument*, makes the truer Propriety of Terms.

P. 205. l. 1, 2. *Marry, the* Paleſtra *that anſwers, is none of mine.*] *Hæc equidem Paléſtra, qua reſpondit, non mea eſt.* This *Paleſtra* was a Place of publick Exerciſing, over the Gate of which was a Statue of *Hercules*, with an Inſcription, *PALÆSTRA*; now *Labrax* finding this ſtout Fellow with his Club, whom before he had compar'd to *Hercules*, anſwering inſtead of *Paleſtra*, he wittily alludes to that Statue, and ſays, *That* Paleſtra *was none of his.* So that the Beauty of this Paſſage can never be preſerv'd in our Tongue.

Scene

Scene the Eleventh.

Ibid. l. penult. *What, ſtone a Man like a Dog!* Pleu. *Yes, ſuch a Raſcal as he.*] *Quid ego, quaſi canem, hominem inſectarer lapidibus nequiſſimum?* This Paſſage is wrong in all the common Editions; it ought to be ſpoken by two Perſons, not one, and muſt be read thus: *Quid ego, quaſi canem, hominem inſectarer lapidibus?* Pleu. *Nequiſſimum?*

P. 206. l. 2. *He'll have a confounded Bruſh at my Cout.*] *Converret jam hic me totum cum pulviſculo.* That is, *He'll not leave a bit of Duſt on me*; or, *He'll make nothing but Duſt of me.* My Tranſlation will anſwer either way, and wou'd be as comical, were it leſs common.

Ib. l. 16, 17. *Whether you'll go to Jail the uſual way, or be dragg'd by the Heels.*] *Rapi te obtorto collo mavis, an trahi?* When any Perſon was brought before the *Pretor*, they always threw his Gown or Cloak about his Neck, and led him that way; and this was call'd, *Rapi obtorto collo.* But this cou'd not be well taken notice of in a Tranſlation.

Ib. l. 20. *Meet me at the Town-Gate.*] *In urbem ire obviam ad portum mihi.* It ought to be read *Portam*, and in this the common Editions are all falſe.

Scene the Twelfth.

Ib. l. 32, &c. *I didn't carry her away.* Pleu. *Will you bye, Sirrah?* Lab. *Truly, I only embark'd her.*] *Non avexi.* Pl. *Cur negas?* Lab. *Quia pol provexi.* This ſame playing upon the words, *avexi* and *provexi*, is not eaſily preſerv'd in our Tongue.

Scene

Scene the Fourteenth.

P. 208. l. 16, &c. *I believe this Merchant's chang'd to a Stock-Dove, for by and by he'll be ſtock'd into the Pigeon-Holes.*] *Illic in columbum, credo, leno vortitur: nam in columbari collum haud multo poſt erit.* The word *Columbar* ſignifies either a *Dove-houſe*, or a certain *Iron Collar* us'd for the Necks of Priſoners, ſomething of the nature of our *Stocks*; and this word occaſion'd this Pleaſantry. Our *Stocks* being often call'd *Pigeon-Holes* in merriment, has made the Tranſlation every way up to the Original in that reſpect.

ACT IV.

THE third *Interval* is fill'd up with *Pleuſidippus's* carrying *Labrax* before the *Pretor*, and his Tryal, and likewiſe with what paſs'd in *Demones's* Houſe.

Scene the Firſt.

P. 209. l. 8, &c. *But my jealous prying Wife watches me on all ſides, for fear I ſhou'd be too ſweet upon 'em.*] This ſeems to have been ſpoken with no other Deſign than *Demones's* complaining of his Wife; but in reality, it is an ingenious *Preparation* of the Poet's, for *Demones* to have a good Pretext for bringing out the two young Women in the fourth Scene of the Act, when there was a Neceſſity for their coming upon the Stage. This is a neat Caſt of our Poet's Skill.

Ib. l. 11, 12. *What's become of our Man* Gripus, *went out a fiſhing laſt Night.*] This is a *Preparatic Gripus*'s appearing in the next Scene. Methinks his ing might have look'd ſomewhat more natural, if I *nes* had drop'd theſe Words ſomewhere in the laſ perhaps in the finiſhing of the Ninth Scene, when l the Stage, and not ſo immediately before his Appear but then there wou'd not have been ſuch a plain P for *Demones*'s appearing this time, for the lookin *Gripus* may be ſuppos'd to be one reaſon of his co on the Stage.

Scene the Second.

P. 210. l. 18, 19. *Now I, who am careful, have pen'd on that, which, if I pleaſe, will keep me fro Care.*] *Nam ego nunc mihi, qui impiger fui, reppe piger, ſi velim, ſiem.* There ſeems a peculiar Hap in the *Latin* Tongue for theſe ſort of Turns, of both *Plautus* and *Terence* have many elegant ones. Tranſlations in theſe Places will reach the Air of the ginal but in a tolerable degree, it is as much as I hope for.

Ib. l. 29, 30. *I'll have a Royal Sun for Pleaſure the K—— of F——.*] *Poſt animi cauſa mihi n faciam, atque imitabor Stratonicum.* This *Strato* was Treaſurer to *Philip* of *Macedon*, ſo rich as he be a Proverb among the *Grecians*, as *Craſſus* among th *mans.* If any one blame me for taking too much ty; after owning it is the moſt I have taken throu my Tranſlation, I muſt ſay, I cou'd not make it ſo ligible to an *Engliſh* Reader without this, or ſome like it.

P. 211. l. 4, 5, 6. *After all, this Monarch here dine to-day with a brown George, and only Salt an negar-Sauce.*] This was the moſt ordinary Diet o Slaves in thoſe Days, therefore wittily enough rem by *Gripus.*

Scene the Third.

P. 211. l. 12. *Only to unſhackle your Rope, that hangs at your heels.*] *Dum hanc tibi, quam trahis, rudentem complico.* This *Cable* gives name to the whole Play, becauſe upon this depends the Diſcovery of *Paleſtra*; but by the ſame reaſon the Poet might as well have call'd the Play's Name, *Portmantle*, *Casket*, &c.

P. 212. l. 38. *No Man pretending to take 'em away.*] *Nec manu aſſeruntur.* The Phraſe, *Aſſerere manu*, properly ſignifies *giving Freedom to a Slave*, which thing *Gripus* comically applies to Fiſhes, and immediately after ſays, *Vendo pro meis venalibus*; for *Slaves* were call'd *Venales*. Theſe are not eaſily preſerv'd in our Tongue.

P. 215. l. 23. *Will ye put the Buſineſs to the Man of this Houſe?*] *Trachalio* had all the reaſon that cou'd be to get the Buſineſs refer'd to *Demones*, he being the only Man he knew thereabouts; and *Gripus* had as much reaſon to allow of that Perſon, ſince he was forc'd to admit of a Reference, becauſe he was his own Maſter; Theſe two things ought to be obſerv'd. Now *Trachalio*'s Deſign was only to aſſiſt the poor Girl, whoſe Intereſts he had moſt juſtly eſpous'd; but the Poet's Deſign was greater, to wit, *Paleſtra*'s Diſcovery, which cou'd not ſo eaſily be foreſeen by the Spectators. This is one great Piece of Art in *Dramatick* Poetry.

Scene the Fourth.

Perhaps ſome may think that there is too much *Trifling* in this Scene, and that *Gripus* makes too many Delays; but this is ſo far from being faulty, that it is an extraordinary Piece of Art, which covers and conceals the Poet's Deſigns, and makes the *Diſcovery* ſeem ſtill more *unaffected* and *accidental*; and nothing can be more pro-

bable than *Gripus*'s Unwillingneſs of parting with ſo rich a Prize.

P. 220. l. 35. *So*;——*there then*;——*now 'tis open.*] *Bene: Hoc habet: ſoluta eſt. Gripus*, taking much pains, opens the Portmantle, then cries, *Hoc habet*, the Grace of which conſiſts in its being the Gladiator's Phraſe, and therefore is not to be preſerv'd in our Tongue.

P. 221. l. 26. *Firſt, tell me your Father's Name.*] Here comes the main *Diſcovery*; and this, as well as that in *Epidicus*, is attended with both the *Admirable* and *Probable*: the *Admirable*, in the great Surprize on all ſides, in finding a Daughter, after ſo many Years miſſing of her; and the *Probable*, in adjuſting of all Circumſtances, ſo as to fall out *neceſſarily*. The *Probability* appears more clearly by the Audience's knowing that *Demones* had loſt a Daughter, and that *Paleſtra* wanted Parents.

P. 222. l. 4. *And a little Sow.*] *Et ſucula.* The word *Sucula* ſignifies both a *Sow*, and the *Barrel* of any Engine to draw up great Weights; and by reaſon of this double Signification, *Gripus* makes anſwer, *Quin tui directa, cum ſucula, & cum porculis*; that is, *Go and be hang'd, with your Sow and Pigs together.* I cou'd not preſerve this, without I had call'd it a *Ram*, which ſignifies an Engine as well as a Beaſt; but then I muſt have wanted a fit word for *Porculis*.

Scene the Seventh.

P. 225. l. 9. *A-duce on him for his Wells and Waters.*] *Hercules iſtum infeliciter cum ſua licentia. Demones* ſays this, becauſe of the word *Licet*, *Trachalio* had ſo often repeated juſt before, of which, *Well* was a true Tranſlation; upon which account I was forc'd to tranſlate *Licentia*, *Wells and Waters*, rather as an Imitation of what *Plautus* wou'd have ſaid in this Caſe, ſuppoſing him an *Engliſhman*, than what he really did as he was a *Roman*.

Scene

Scene the Ninth.

P. 226. l. penult. *But I'll in to the Sacrifice, and there give order for the Supper.*] Here ends the fourth Act, which is contrary to all the common Books, who make it end a Scene after; a thing very uſual in moſt of our Author's Plays.

ACT V.

THE fourth *Interval* is fill'd up with *Trachalio*'s going to find out his Maſter, and *Demones*'s Sacrifice within doors, as likewiſe *Labrax*'s Tryal.

Scene the Firſt.

In this Scene our Poet has drawn *Pleuſidippus* both amorous and fooliſh, and all *Trachalio*'s *Trifling* is chiefly to laugh at him.

P. 228. l. 4. *Leave* adviſing, *and don't be always a Counſellor.*] *At ſume quidem, ne Cenſionem ſemper facias.* Here *Pleuſidippus* plays upon the equivocal Meaning of the word *Cenſeo*, ſo often us'd by *Trachalio*, which is either to *paſs Judgment* upon a thing, or a Term of Sale, which ſignifies to *prize* a thing, or the like. The little liberty I have taken, does in ſome meaſure anſwer the *Deſign*.

Ib. l. 24, 25. *'Sdeath, the Fellow has chang'd his Note, and has* advis'd *me to a fine purpoſe.*] *Perii! delectum dimiſit, nunc non cenſet cum volo.* Now *Pleuſidippus* runs upon another Meaning of the word Cenſeo, which is likewiſe

likewiſe a proper Term of the *Cenſors*, ſignifying to *liſt* or *muſter* Soldiers. When *Trachalio* had chang'd his Note, and came to his *Non cenſeos*, *Pleuſidippus*, taking it in his own Senſe, did in effect ſay, *Alas! I'm come too late, he'll receive no more Soldiers.* I cou'd not preſerve this in my Tranſlation.

Scene the Second.

P. 229. l. 5, 6. *I'm perſuaded that all Merchants of my Faculty were born to make the World ſport.*] *Nam lenones ex gaudio crede eſſe procreatos.* More cloſely thus; *I believe that all Slave-Merchants were born* (or *produc'd*) *out of Joy.* But this wou'd not do in our Language.

Scene the Third.

P. 230. l. 6, 7. *I think it has got a Conſumption, it falls away ſo wretchedly.*] *Namque quidem hoc vere natum eſt verū, ita in manibus conſeneſcit.* More cloſely thus; *I think 'tis like the Spring-Flowers, that wither at a Man touches 'em.* I alter'd it becauſe the Simile will ſcarce do in our Language, and I ſuppoſe it was made upon the account of the Likeneſs of the words, *Ver* and *Verū.*

Ib. l. 13, &c. *Are ye a Mountebank?* Lab. *No faith, I'm another ſort of Bank.* Gri. *What then, a Bankrupt?*] *Num medicus quaeſo es?* La. *Immo edipol una litera plus ſum, quam medicus.* Gr. *Tum tu mendicus es?* By the help of a little Liberty, the Humour of this Paſſage is preſerv'd, but that is more owing to the Language than the Tranſlator.

P. 231. l. 12, 13. *Have ye ſwallow'd a Fire-Coal, that you can't open your Mouth?*] That is, for fear the Wind ſhou'd get in, and blow it up afreſh.

Scene

Scene the Fifth.

Scene finiſhes the Play, and it is very remarkable Antients often ended their Plays with few Actors, th a ſmall Appearance upon the Stage; and they ver us'd an Actor but with an abſolute Neceſſity of ; on, or unravelling the *Plot*. Our modern Co- generally end with a multitude of Actors; now if done with Probability, and neceſſary Pretexts of , and likewiſe without embaraſſing the Stage, or ding the Audience, it is undoubtedly a Perfection Antients ſeldom or never aim'd at.

6. l. 7. *Gallants, I wou'd invite ye all*, &c.] Here s ſpeaks directly to the Spectators, but ſince it is e finiſhing the Play, it has few or none of thoſe ill uences it wou'd have had in another place.

End of the Remarks upon Rudens.

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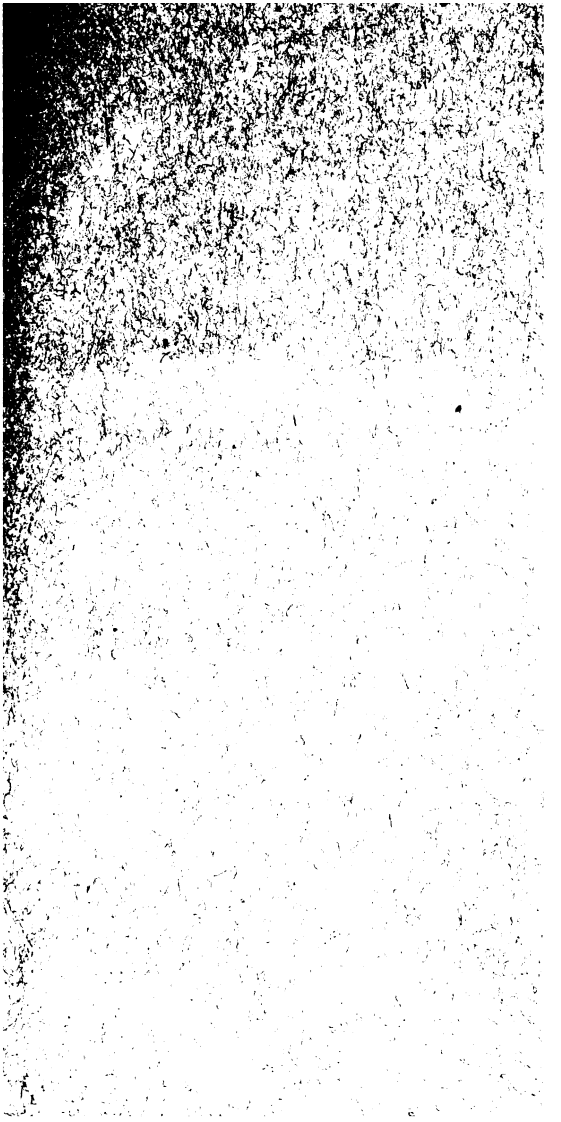

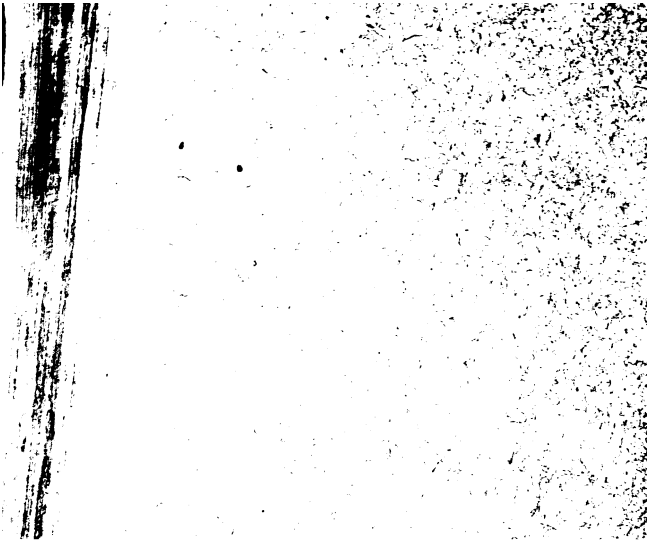

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